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THE CHAOS OF MODERN MARRIAGE

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AMONG the many subjects agitating the minds of the people of the United States to-day none compares in its insistence and acuteness with the question of the future of the institution of marriage in America. A complete change in attitude, often in the form of a violent revolt against the former ideals and customs affecting the marriage relation, is in full swing and the general uncertainty and instability in the relation is probably more marked than in any other country. People all over the land are aroused by the disturbed conditions and they are arguing, writing, and preaching about it from all angles, in an effort to stem the tide of disaffection and disruption which is making such inroads upon this ancient institution.

It is too late. The will of youth, together with the force of social and economic changes, are in full possession of the situation, and only a seer would attempt to predict what the outcome will be or when the final stage of disintegration will be reached. Nevertheless, there may be discerned definite tendencies which suggest possibilities of the future direction and render a study of the actual conditions of considerable importance in guiding, if not in stemming, the rapid movement.

The chaotic state of marriage is not confined to the United States; the same warnings are heard in England, where similar conditions are discussed and an anxiety is manifested which approximates our own. One questions whether the general disruption is peculiarly involving the Anglo-Saxon nation and, if so, whether it is due to the failure of the romantic ideal on which their marriages have been based.

There are differences in the American situation, however, which it is necessary to understand in order to account for the earlier beginnings of the laxity and the more exaggerated conditions manifested at present.

The most striking characteristic among the younger generation is the utter absence of any sense of responsibility or regard for anything except what affects their personal feelings. Obligations to society or custom, even duty to chil-

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dren, when they conflict with the individual's own wishes, scarcely exist. With none of the old restraining influences, marriage is entered into lightly and carelessly, even trial marriages and trial separations are frequent, divorce and remarriage follow each other in quick succession, and children are passed back and forth between the parents, whose only communication with each other is through their lawyers. The disrespect and careless attitude of children toward their parents is not a recent matter; but the disregard and neglect of parents, who pursue their own pleasures with little consideration of their duties to their children, is a phenomenon of recent development. These conditions are found not only among the latest generation, the older group as well is swept along. Further, there is evident all over the United States a growing disinclination toward marriage, and this cannot be considered to bear any relation to the differences in proportionate numbers between the sexes, such as exists in England; for here the numbers of men and women are about equal. Of much more influence is the frequency of divorce, the dislike of responsibility on the part of men, and the economic independence and greater demands in marriage on the part of women. In the thought of modern youth marriage is not the most important event in life.

II

In order to gain some insight into the forces operating to produce the extreme position occupied by the United States in this matter to-day, it is necessary to review briefly the unusual conditions that have characterized our national and social life and to remember not only the youth of the nation but the effect of a primitive environment upon the spirit of a people. In the one-hundred-and-fifty years of our national existence we have passed from a struggle with the wilderness and the most primitive life to a period of the most intense industrialism. Experiences and achievements which normally occupy many centuries have followed one another with startling rapidity. Intolerance of restraint, haste, impatience with delay are all characteristics fostered by our environmental conditions and are now playing their part in the marriage situation.

American laws and the social attitude and customs were modeled originally on the English code; and the same romantic ideal of love and happiness for the individual—so beautiful in theory and so difficult of attainment—ruled the marriage choice.

The severe legal restrictions surrounding women according to English marriage laws were rigidly adhered to by the early Puritan settlers. In addition, their conception of duty and responsibility was entirely opposed to the ideal of happiness for the individual after marriage; and the stern moral and religious attitude looked upon a divorced woman, or one separated from her husband, regardless of the cause, as standing forever in the shadow of disgrace. This was the beginning, and for a long time divorce was as difficult to obtain in America as it is still in England.

The most powerful force controlling conduct is public opinion crystallized into tradition; but in America these customs and this attitude were planted in virgin soil having no native substance of traditional life. Because they were taken over from without, instead of growing up from within, there were no roots to nourish them, and for the coming generations they were bound to weaken and perish. Moreover, their disintegration was hastened by the very condition which at the time contributed to make Puritan marriages more enduring and in some ways more satisfactory than marriages of modern times. This condition was the sharpness of the struggle for existence in a primitive environment which made equal demands upon the women and the men.

The Puritan wife was noted for her devotion and unceasing labor beside her

husband during the long pioneer period. Women were recognized as equally important with men in the general life. The small opportunity for social life, coupled with the mutually directed interests of husband and wife toward the same end—that of carving out a home and fortune for themselves in the new country—inevitably produced a closer bond in the marriage relation than exists when the major interests of one are separate from the other. Such a situation, unconsciously and regardless of laws, tends eventually to loosen the pressure of discriminating and restrictive measures surrounding marriage in its relation to women. A condition in which men are dependent upon women for their assistance and care inclines always to produce in them a special attitude of respect and regard, which operates to lessen the frequently wide cultural distinction between the sexes and to bring about a more equal relation. This, in turn, affects the women, who become conscious of their own value and gain the capacity for that consciousness of self which has been the distinctive quality of masculine psychology and is necessary to command respect.

Thus, informally, great modifications were made in the old standards regulating marriage brought over from England. Moreover, because of the autonomous character of the states into which this country is divided, a curious situation of considerable psychological significance has arisen. Each state, as it entered the Union, brought its own laws, and these were either preserved or modified according to the predominant type and original nationality of its citizens. Thus it happens that there are scarcely two states that agree in their laws regulating marriage, and divorces and remarriages which are legal in one are null and void in another. The restrictions range from no divorce at all to the greatest latitude.

This lack of uniformity has tended to produce an effect similar to that produced by too many laws: it has caused individuals to disregard law and the formal aspect and to take matters into their own hands, becoming a law unto themselves and conducting their relationships according to the dictates of their own immediate desires. As a consequence, we have groups for whom marriage possesses the same binding power as of old existing next door to persons who are practically espousing a trial marriage.

All of these conditions are the special objective influences that have contributed to produce the particular state of chaos and disturbance which afflicts marriage in America to-day.

III

The great change in the labor conditions of women inaugurated by the Industrial Revolution began when the country was still very young. The effect upon American women was not general or profound, however, for a long time, for our grandmothers in large numbers were still pioneers in some parts of this vast country. One by one, however, the factory took over the domestic occupations of women, while the men became more and more preoccupied with the pursuit of material values and the lure of the opportunities for exploitation offered by the new country. This left the women and children largely to themselves, for the men, after their intensive labor, had little time or energy for the family or the love life or for the development of those cultural and spiritual values which underlie a true companionship. As a substitute for this—as soon as the men were able—they lavished money and material possessions upon their wives, looking to them to symbolize the success and prosperity which they themselves were too busy to enjoy.

As individual wealth increased, this condition spread and its influence permeated all classes. Practically all American husbands will say, when asked why they work so hard and intensively, that

they do it for their families. This is the fiction which they repeat with monotonous uniformity, regardless of the fact that these same wives and families frequently implore their men to give them less of material things and more of themselves, that they may share interests together. The fact is the men are caught in a mechanism of their own creating, which now has become independent of the individual will and which drives them on regardless of necessity or wish.

Nor is the problem less acute in the thousands of homes where wealth does not exist. The same industrial moloch, which with one machine has supplanted hundreds of brawny men, is responsible for the curtailment of that other great labor of women—the bearing and rearing of many children, for which there is now no social demand. The few children and small routine household tasks left to women have permitted an enormous amount of unused human energy to accumulate without an adequate object for its employment. For ages women have been the steady laborers of the world, responsible for all that concerns the welfare of the family and the home. The reduction of this labor and responsibility by the machine and factory has fostered idleness and irresponsibility in many women.

Thus there is presented a social condition in which the most violent contrast exists between the sexes. The husband, even in wealthy circles, is so intensely occupied with his business interests that he has no energy left for more cultural fields or for the family, while the wife, because she has so much idle time on her hands, and no necessity to force her to independent constructive activity, becomes unhappy and neurotic—a waste product without meaning or purpose. This idle time lying heavily on the hands of such large numbers of women, who have been encouraged by their male relatives to seek out pleasure and personal gratification with which to fill the empty hours, created havoc not only with the marriage relation but also with the moral character of many women and contributed largely to the beginning of the present chaotic condition. American husbands have been notorious for their indulgence to their wives, but it has been similar to the indulgence of the fond father towards the child. Wives have been supplied freely with money, comparatively few demands or exactions have been made upon them; and they are able to travel, or to go on vacations, usually without the husbands, who are too busy to leave or who prefer to take their pleasure unhampered by the responsibility of wife or children.

The men have been pathetic in their bewilderment at the turn of affairs. How many times I have heard husbands and fathers say, "What is the matter with my wife (or my daughter)? She has nothing to do but enjoy herself. I give her all the money she needs. Why can't she be happy? Why is she so restless?" It seems impossible for the masculine mind to realize that idleness and the pursuit of pleasure are as destructive to women as to men, and are accountable for much of the disorder and uncertainty so rampant among the present generation of young women.

However, this idle condition could not continue with the energetic American woman possessing in her veins the blood of hardy pioneer life so recently behind her. There began a period of great restlessness and dissatisfaction. It is the dissatisfaction with, and unwillingness to accept, the role of parasitic woman, coupled with the complaisance of the American man, and the lack of hard and fast tradition, that has resulted in the nearly free opportunity (unequalled elsewhere in the world) for women to engage in all forms of labor—professional, educational, and industrial—that are open to men. It is the refusal of the women to become a parasitic class, in spite of wealth and every facility to do so, that is the best insurance against the ultimate disintegration of marriage and the decay of American civilization. For

the women in all healthy nations and culture periods have been the foundation and upholders of the national life, and the final sickness and decay came when wealth and leisure produced a parasitic class of women, unable or unwilling to enter into the new and untried forms of labor which the masculine world offered.

The American woman is typically an active type with a fund of available energy; therefore, in order to find a substitute for the old domestic labor, large numbers have pushed eagerly into occupations formerly monopolized by men.

The enormous expansion of industry, the constant development of new fields of labor, together with the pressure of the women for opportunities for remunerative work, created a steadily increasing demand for their services. It is safe to say that neither the men nor the women had any conception in advance of what effect the change in the status of women, brought about through working outside the home and the winning of economic independence, would produce in the marriage relation. For it is not possible to separate the changed attitude towards marriage from the changed status of women. One is dependent upon the other. It is women who have revolted and for whom the conflict over marriage has arisen.

The suppression of the woman's individuality and her personal needs and wishes for the sake of her husband, the submersion of herself in his life and interests, and in those of her children, has become no longer acceptable, since the whole social condition which demanded this has changed. And this applies not only to the present generation. Older women who have devotedly followed this ancient path have repeatedly told me that it had been a mistake, that it did not bring to either husband or wife the happiness and contentment which was expected from it, and that they would not submerge themselves in this way if they had the experience to live over again.

An interesting commentary on the submerging effect of marriage on women is afforded by the numerous instances in which wives separated by death or otherwise from their husbands have blossomed suddenly into happy, capable, useful individuals. Even among what have appeared to be successful marriages, there has come about after the final adjustment had been made to the separation, the transformation of the wife from submergence, semi-invalidism or a dependent inconsequential existence to a healthy, socially valuable personality. This tells more eloquently than words of the damaging repression of the capacities of the women through marriage wherever social and industrial conditions place her in a situation limiting or inhibiting the full exercise of her active powers.

It is obvious why in the past marriage has been considered of far more importance to women than to men for, owing to the limitation formerly placed upon women's occupations, it was only within marriage, as child-bearer and responsible creator and manager of the home, that she could find opportunities for the free exercise of her capacities.

It is the dislodgment of marriage from the supreme place in the interest and life of women that has produced the situation which a recent writer characterizes as the greatest revolution that has taken place in regard to marriage in all history.

IV

To those who think in terms of the past and are unable to see any possible value arising out of the destruction of the old, the present chaotic condition of the marriage relation is a tragedy and means only the ultimate disintegration of our civilization. They forget that, if marriage as it has existed had been the satisfactory relationship which it was supposed to be, it is certain that women would not be in the revolt they are today; for even if it has ceased to be her sole occupation, every woman knows

that marriage is still the most important function for her. But it is the disintegration of the outer shell that is producing the modern disturbance; the substance has long needed reorganization.

My own investigations have convinced me that there is little more unhappiness or mismating among modern marriages than there was in the days of our mothers and grandmothers. The great difference lies in the changed social attitude toward the married state itself. When practically the only occupation or position for women was marriage, and they were frowned upon or ostracized if they attempted anything different, both economic necessity (especially if there were little children to consider) and fear of condemnation kept them from expressing their dissatisfaction and deterred them from taking any steps toward a reconstruction of the relationship. Consequently, we heard little of their difficulties and unhappiness. Hard pioneering work still existed for the mass of women, and they were as inarticulate and submissive as of old to the demands made upon them. Only when the intense demand upon them was lessened, and the weight of necessity removed, did they begin to become conscious of their dissatisfaction.

The movement of women out from the home to the business and professional world has profoundly affected their psychology. They are fast awakening from their long sleep—a sleep in which they were unconscious of themselves as individuals and conscious only of the object—the man and the child for whom they lived. As Weiniger expresses it, the woman had no ego, no self, but patterned herself after the style or type desired by the man and the environment which he created. Woman's struggle to-day is the mighty birth throes of a new self.

The cult of the ego which dominates this age has produced its effect upon her, and she is becoming articulate and thinking. Her contact with the business and the professional worlds is creating a new consciousness within her, and she is demanding recognition for herself as an individual separate and distinct from man. Many of the forms which this unfamiliar attitude assumes are far from beautiful or attractive, and it is inevitable that this should be, for the pendulum has swung from one extreme to its opposite. It reminds one of the license and extravagance, indulgently known as the "sowing of wild oats," which occurs when a young man first escapes from the restrictions of stern parental authority. Women have escaped from the authority and restrictions imposed upon them as the result of the unalterable convictions of man that his wife was his property, and that she must live her life as he wished it. The twain are no longer one flesh—the man being "the one"—but instead they are two distinct personalities, forced to find a new basis of adaptation to each other and a new form of relationship.

V

It can hardly be said as yet that the revolution of woman has reached beyond the stage of destructiveness. It is still closely connected with the divorce court and with extra-marital activities. In a recent series of interviews with hundreds of judges on the bench presiding over divorce trials in every part of the country it was brought out that divorces had increased seventy-five per cent in ten years, and that eighty per cent of all divorce actions were brought by women. The attitude of the judges, who had listened to testimony given at thousands of trials, was unanimously sympathetic with the women; there was no condemnation but instead a recognition that it is not divorce that needs legal restriction but marriage that is diseased and in need of a complete reorganization. Meantime, women will not accept the marital conditions of the past, and the divorce court is the evidence of their discontent. The overwhelming part played by the economic factor in holding

women to the marriage bond when marriage was their sole occupation has become tragically clear. Necessity held them for "better or worse," and "good" women remained married regardless of the conditions "when divorce barred them from heaven and human society." Now, when women, from those in the highest social positions to the mothers in factory and mill towns, can walk out with their children clinging to them and by their own labor provide for their care, there is no further necessity to accept the wretched relations. The entire attitude is summed up in the words of a young woman, "Why should I wait until I have six children? I will leave now while I have only three, for there is no future here for them or me."

Few men have any real comprehension of the situation. Only those who, like the judges, have had wide opportunity for unbiased observation of actual marriage conditions, are able to understand the psychology of the women. The others are aware that an unpleasant change has taken place, one which renders marriage conditions much more difficult for them, and they are in full retreat. The disinclination of men toward marriage is not a recent development, it is true, but their former attitude was more of an egotistic unwillingness to give up the pleasures of bachelor freedom or to assume the responsibility and obligations of a family. The present attitude is frankly one of fear and uncertainty regarding women.

The girls understand this change on the part of men little better than others understand their own attitude. One college-trained young woman gave the explanation that men are attracted only to morons; that the resourceful, serious, companionable girls are looked at askance; and only the irresponsible, incapable, physically attractive ones are sought in marriage. This may be a statement of fact but it is not an explanation. The capable, intellectually developed girl demands much more development from the man than formerly and will not accept weaknesses and inferiorities that prevent her respect. This puts a strain on men and interferes with the operation of the pleasure principle. In addition, because of her mental qualities, this sort of girl is less appealing sexually than the purely emotional, sensuous type, and thus the relation is forced upon a new basis in which the intellectual aspect of the personality plays its part as well as the emotional. The girl enters the marriage state to-day with a full sense of herself as an equal partner in a relation which means a mutual give and take. She feels she has something to sacrifice for the new relation as well as the man. There is little consideration of the claims of society or of its opinions. Marriage is regarded as a purely personal affair, and the major interest lies in the individual emotional problems and their solution. Even the children receive much less consideration than formerly.

One has only to talk with the young women just graduating from school—and this means not only college but also the finishing schools, which cater largely to the daughers of wealthy parents—to realize the attitude of modern girls. Marriage no longer holds the first and only position in their thought: they are busily concerned with the problem of what occupation they shall espouse and what training they shall take to fit themselves for it. It is this demand, so universal at present, that has influenced our colleges to establish courses in all sorts of practical subjects, for the whole tendency is to raise the status of woman's work, so that even in various household branches the college training puts the young woman in an equal class with the young man. I do not mean to imply that marriage is disregarded or out of the thought of these young women, for this is not so. On the contrary, owing to the timidity and fear on the part of men, they are more openly in pursuit of husbands than ever before but with this difference—they want to make their own terms. Instead of conforming or

fitting themselves to the ideal of the man, they are revealing themselves as they really feel. Marriage is no longer considered as the substitute for an occupation, nor does it take exclusive place in their thoughts. It is "my work" and marriage that they discuss.

Perhaps one of the factors influencing this attitude toward marriage is the freedom of thought and action on sexual matters that has replaced the former prudishness and coyness. Instead of regarding marriage as the open door to all knowledge and life, their attitude is more like that of their brothers, and they think of it as something of a restriction and responsibility, even though a desirable and important state. The careless superficial ones regard it as somewhat of a lark—a pleasant change in their lives, from which, if it becomes difficult, they can easily escape.

The conception of finality in relation to marriage has largely disappeared. The tendency in action is toward the trial marriage idea, although this is far from receiving social sanction, and the legal ceremonies still imply permanency and a contract for life.

Scores of young women are struggling with the problem of how to carry on the responsibilities entailed in marriage, the care of the children and home and, in addition, the occupation of their leisure time in some gainful and interesting way. For many it is necessary to add to the family income, since one of the results of the new economic freedom is a recently revived tendency toward earlier marriage. This is one of the contradictory phases of the present disordered condition. It is from the youthful impulses and willingness to take the chance and follow the fresh emotional urge toward mating that the marriages are arising, instead of from those who have delayed the step until later when they could afford it or had experience behind them. Instead of waiting until the man has an income sufficient to maintain the wife and family in idleness, as has been the custom of the period just passing, the young couple, both of whom are working, decide to pool their interests. The wife's earnings often contribute materially to the income and, in a way, serve the same purpose as the *dot* in Europe—a custom which has never been known in America.

On the other hand, many women in industrial life are earning more money than the men whom they could marry. Their positions are of the type that demand all of their time and cannot be continued in connection with other responsibilities. They desire to marry for the sake of the home and children, and their outside work is necessarily limited. They are thus confronted with the question of sacrificing for the sake of marriage the good position with an independent income often larger than that of the proposed husband, which must then suffice for two.

All these and numerous problems brought about by our industrial age are the external factors largely responsible for the chaotic condition of marriage to-day.

VI

There is, however, another aspect and significance to all this disturbance which is less obvious, and before which the problem of the individual woman or of any one class of women fades away. This concerns its psychological significance and its effect upon the race.

For ages woman as an individual creature has been considered by the masculine mind to be inferior: only as mother did she possess a position and win recognition for herself. Therefore, the mother-woman was the ideal towards which all women strove. But this was not woman as individual and differentiated; in this aspect she remained as far from attainment and recognition as ever. But the present age is strongly individualistic, and it is impossible for women to remain untouched by this tendency. Consequently they cannot continue in their ancient path. Moreover, the need for a new direction and an awakening of their

latent potentialities is very great, for if the women remain static and unchanged in their eternal maternal strength, as they are so often told they must, it is certain that the race will remain psychologically unchanged and bound fast to them. For a maternal woman is the weakness and the despair of man, the one to whom he at last inevitably succumbs. The race can move no higher than the women who bear it.

To-day women are in a mighty struggle towards differentiation and an individual direction. They have cast aside the maternal ideal as their goal and are demanding recognition as individuals first, and as wives and mothers second. They are claiming the right to dispose of themselves according to their own needs and capacities and are often blindly reaching forth for that which proves to have no value. But this is an unavoidable part of all learning, and even foolishness has a value when learning is sought.

It is in this struggle that the women of America form the vanguard of a vast army. Through natural conditions and comparative freedom from the hoary bondage of tradition, they have had the opportunity to gain an independence of feeling and action which is unknown in the old world. In the bloodless revolution that is in progress the institution of marriage, which for ages has symbolized for woman both her bondage and her power, is inevitably the greatest sufferer. Even motherhood is no longer held sacred and apart, as an end in itself, but is being subjected to the same disintegrating process. It is becoming clear that while all normal women can produce children, not all are mothers in the real sense of the term; and women are gaining the courage and honesty to declare this openly.

The relation between the sexes is perhaps in a more healthy and normal state than at any time of which we have historical knowledge. Sexual hypocrisy and pretence is largely a thing of the past. Men and women are meeting much more simply and directly as human beings and companions who have differences of opinion and attitudes needing understanding and adjustment, but who are unconcerned with keeping up a fiction which shall conform to an image each may hold of the other.

A complete reorganization of our ideas of the distinctions and relations between the sexes is being forced upon us, and if the man still fails to understand woman and see her as she really is—simply a human being full of faults and weaknesses, desires, and longings not so different from his own—it will not be the fault of the woman. It will simply be the man's inability to understand human psychology or else his unwillingness to surrender his subjective image of woman and his use of it as a symbol.

VII

It is true that much that was beautiful and desirable in the past is being destroyed along with the ugly and outworn, and that the present condition of chaos is in no way satisfactory; but that is true of all revolutions. There is, also inevitably, much suffering and hardship, particularly accompanying the dissolution of individual marriages; but even here there is a complete change of attitude.

A particularly marked example of this change is found in a case which embodies both the old condition of marriage, with its insincerity and silences, and the modern shifting and instability, with its many inevitable unfortunate effects. The family, consisting of the parents and four children, is one of the best type, both husband and wife having a good family background, education, and cultivated tastes. Their marriage, entered into on a purely love basis when both were very young, had lasted for fourteen years, when quite suddenly the husband told his wife he did not love her any longer and wanted a divorce. The wife is the mother type, content with her home-making and her devoted care of

the children and quite unaware of what was going on around her. Her husband's announcement was like the sudden dropping of a bomb into her Garden of Eden. With the blindness and unconsciousness typical of so many old-fashioned women she had not the slightest notion that all was not well with those closest to her. "How could I know," she moaned, "that my husband did not love me any longer or was unhappy and dissatisfied when he never complained or told me anything about it? He was a good husband and loving father to the children and did not complain about anything. I realized our relation was dull at times and there was little emotional stimulation, but I thought all married people became like that." On the husband's side, the subsidence for his love for his wife had been going on for years. Feeling that she was completely absorbed in her children, and that he was quite outside her circle, he had sought and found other companionship, and for two years, ostensibly to avoid having any more children, had had no marital relation with her. He had no other complaint except to tell her he felt he was merely wanted as breadwinner; and, with no effort to arrive at a new mutual understanding, he announced that he wanted to break with her and establish a new home.

The shock and pain of discovery brought to the wife the awakening she had needed. Instead of weakly succumbing, she inaugurated the discussions and efforts at understanding which should have taken place years before and would have been successful had there been no other woman involved. There was more of a relation between these persons during the painful months of the wife's efforts to hold her husband and keep their home together than there had been for years previously; and, although the husband did not recede from his position, the wife told me that she felt the experience had brought her an increased consciousness and a new understanding of life. After the first months of bewilderment and distraction the adjustment began, and she looked for and eventually found a new interest for herself outside of home and motherhood.

There was no ugliness between these people, for each desired simply to face the situation and, when finally the wife had accepted the idea that separation was inevitable, to make the change with the least possible injury to all concerned. It is to be observed that the children were not considered at all until the father's initial aim had been achieved. Then all possible effort was made to protect them from any unfortunate consequences that might arise from the separation of their parents. But the pursuit of personal happiness, which has so largely supplanted the conception of duty and responsibility to others as the dominant force in the marriage relation, is here revealed in its baldest form. Yet these are not careless, superficial people, but persons of high standards and ideals.

This case, which with slight variations is endlessly repeated, shows also the effect upon the man of the changed attitude towards marriage. He no longer wants the mother-woman but seeks a real companionship in which children are not the dominant factors. He has not yet reached the further attainment of being able to bring about the desired relation within the marriage circle.

It is safe to say that very few of the great numbers of disrupted marriages have any basis that could not be remedied if, with an awakened consciousness, husband and wife made a joint effort to develop a true relationship. What is needed is a deeper awareness of both self and the other person coupled with a mutual desire to create a relationship, and a willingness on the part of each person to meet the difficulties directly and without evasion. The marriage must seem of importance and worth saving; then there will be a willing effort and sacrifice to make of it something of value to each.

The eager espousal by women of opportunities for labor in the various fields which have been occupied by men is bringing them into relation with collective life. It is giving them a clearer understanding of men and of their lives through their contact with an aspect of man's personality that is never seen under domestic and social conditions. The rending of the illusion and glamour surrounding man in the eyes of women, which the freedom of his life and the age-long tradition of superiority have lent him, is producing an objectivity of thought and feeling that will inevitably bring about that larger, more impersonal, attitude in which women have been so lacking. It is also making for honesty in facing the facts of life and of themselves about which women have been quite blind.

VIII

It cannot be hidden from anyone that there is a quickened consciousness in the world to-day, a sense of something inadequate and unsatisfactory in the ideals and conceptions we have held, and a groping after new values. Women are in the forefront of this awakening and this groping, even though the hasty actions, the avoidance of responsibility, the pleasure-seeking and noisy chatter frequently obscure the deeper-lying significance of what is occurring. These phenomena are but the bubbles on the surface of the swift-flowing waters—the most obvious and glaring accompaniments of this first stage of so-called freedom or equality for women. They are the inevitable products of collective psychology, and must needs be before any clear emergence of the new values can occur.

It is even probable that comparatively few women are aware of the new great social issues to which they are contributing any more than the common soldier is aware of what he is fighting for in war. They are consciously concerned only with their individual problems and welfare. Nevertheless, the new ideal in relation to marriage is rising. The old ideal of duty and responsibility to society, to religion, and even to family, which kept marriage intact, is gone never to return; but a new duty and responsibility more solemn, more binding, and more imperative than the old is here. Just as to all men of honor their unsupported word seriously given engages their feeling of integrity and responsibillty, binding them far more securely than all the legal and business restrictions could do, so the new ideal of personal freedom in marriage places a responsibillty upon the individual far heavier than that of the past.

Marriage is a duty of the indivdual to himself, for only within such a close relation volitionally entered into can there be found those opportunities for the development of an individual integrity, of an adaptation to reality, and of those higher human attributes without which there is no such thing as a real happiness for the individual or for the world. A failure in making the strongest efforts to work out a satisfactory relation is a failure of the individual within himself. Therefore, instead of acting from impulse and personal gratification in regard to marriage, the necessity exists for an honesty towards oneself, for serious reflection and thoughtful action—intellect co-operating with feeling—in order to insure the basis for the development of a true relationship.

Furthermore, this ideal involves a far greater and more impersonal aspect than that of the individual or of the family; it reaches out to embrace the whole problem of general human relationships. For whether the individual considers it or not, the welfare of society depends upon marriage and the family more than on anything else. Therefore, a new ideal and a new reality attained by individuals in marriage is the first step towards the attainment of new world relations. To carry this ideal through and to create thereby a new life of relationships is the great social task of women.

I am just in receipt of a letter from a

gifted young woman who is in the midst of this struggle, first to attain and preserve her individual separateness and express herself through her gifts, and second to preserve and create something adequate out of a very difficult marriage situation. It illustrates the new condition very well, and I shall quote from her words:

I see that I have been living a dream with Harvey. Now my eyes are opened, and I see the situation as it really is. I have not faced it before, but have tried to pretend that it was all right and that things were as I wanted them to be. This has meant, of course, that I have been emotionally bound, and thus unable to come through to any real human relationship. Harvey has been so jealous of me in every way—he can't bear that I should be successful or have anything of my own and he constantly criticizes everything about me and everything that I do. Our whole marriage relation is dependent upon his moods. But I've got to work it through. I know I mustn't run away, although sometimes I think I can't bear it any longer. I think there must be some new relation between husbands and wives than can be attained. But to gain that there must be a real morality between them, for the new evolution of love and reality.

These words illustrate very clearly the deepened consciousness of the young woman, and the new attitude to the situation.

When the personalities are emotionally immature, caught in the autoerotic phase of development, incapable of object love, but demanding that their emptiness shall be filled by the other person, there is little possibility of a satisfactory marriage unless a definite effort at recognition and overcoming of the personal inadequacy is made.

We have heard much of sex antagonism and the fundamental enmity between the sexes, but from a long experience I can say that there is no sex antagonism between persons who have freed themselves from their infantile desires and mechanisms and are emotionally mature. The struggle in the soul of man between love and power is the basis of sex antagonism and is at the same time the condition which operates to destroy the whole fabric of human relations.

The marriage ceremony marks the beginning of the great opportunity for the development of an emotional maturity in which the sense of justice, of consideration, of understanding, and of forbearance towards others shall be born. These attributes represent the greatest need of each individual to-day, not only to produce a satisfactory marriage, but also to bring about happier human relationships in general than those at present existing. The importance of an inward harmony of personalities in marriage is recognized as never before, and this vision and ideal toward which both men and women equally shall strive is the new demand of women in the marriage relation. This is the first fruits of woman's new-found individualism.

One of the happiest marriages I have ever known is conducted on a strictly modern basis externally, and internally the living of the new ideals has produced a reality not met in the finest marriages of the past. There are four children, one of whom is adopted. There is a beautiful home exceptionally well organized and managed; the domestic machinery runs without friction. But the peace is not that of a sheltered life. Besides fulfilling so capably her duties to her husband and children, the wife is actively interested in politics and in civic and educational reform. During political campaigns she makes most successful state-wide speaking tours. In all this she has her husband's sympathy, and often his counsel. Nor is she less interested in his activities. They are two distinct individualities with separate and mutual interests which they share in a rare companionship. A visitor feels the warm vitality of this home as soon as he enters it and, needless to say, there is no marriage problem there. The wife's surplus energies are fully occupied in a socially valuable way. She is her husband's companion as well as his wife and

home-maker. And this is by no means an isolated case. Scores of such marriages are already existing, and many women are making honest and intelligent efforts to increase the number. Homes like this are the islands that provide the soil from which the higher human society of the future shall develop.

Through her maternal impulses of love and service woman possesses the instinctive basis for the evolution of the new humanity in which the principles of understanding, of love, and of altruism shall supersede the principles of power and greed. She is the sex which gives birth to the new generation in the physical realm. The responsibility is upon her to bring forth the new humanity in the spiritual realm. But this is not an instinctive act, like the first one, but a task that requires the greatest self-consciousness, and a volitional effort of the highest order.

The great movement which is now sweeping over the land, affecting the women of all classes, carries with it something immeasurable, for it is the destroyer of the old mold which for ages has held women bound to instinct. The new humanity which is crying to be born needs a new womb and a new mother with unfettered capacities to bring it to birth, and to nourish it.

This is the significance of the struggling woman, and of the new marriage which she is demanding.

ISOLATION

BY HENRIETTE DE SAUSSURE BLANDING

YOU are gone so far from me.
Was it yesterday we stood, immediate,
Indissoluble?
To-day you are gone into a perilous country
Where I may not follow.
The stones are sharp to my feet,
The sun beats fiercely,
No voice cries in this wilderness.
I face you, and behold a door
Immitigably closed.
To-day I am but the mute interrogation
In the page of your life
Which you cannot erase.

What am I to hang as a stone upon you?
What are you, that I should derive from you?
Have I no heights to climb, no stars to grasp,
No torch save of your kindling?
No fire save of your burning?

I am broken, quenched, put out . . .
You are gone so far from me.

THE POLITICAL DECLINE OF AMERICA

BY FRANK R. KENT

NO OPEN-MINDED man with an inquiring disposition who travels much about this country can very well help feeling pessimistic about it politically.

Speaking not at all from the party but wholly from the public angle, it is in a sorry, soggy, sloppy state.

It isn't pleasant to play the role of Cassandra, and it is quite true that since the founding of the nation various persons, at irregular intervals, have felt it was headed downhill and could not be stopped. Somehow or other, it has managed to pull through, bumpily avoiding collapse, even growing bigger and more indecently rich. Probably it will continue to wobble along its unwieldy way in spite of its present deep-seated and disgracefully diseased condition. However, these are not reasons why those who see the significant symptoms of the present should refrain from pointing them out. For one thing, it may help a little in the cure. For another, some time or other one of these prophets of disaster is going to be more or less right.

The truth is that as things are to-day there are only two classes pleased with the country politically. One of these is composed of those who, directly or indirectly, profit one way or another from politics. The other embraces those who either do not know the facts or cannot understand them. It must be conceded that this is a very large class indeed. In it are included some of our leading writers of Pollyanna editorials, who tell us what a wonderful country we have, how happy everybody should be in it, and what a dreadful thing it is to pick flaws when we have such a great strong man as Mr. Coolidge to guard us from harm. In it, too, are the numerous business men who can see nothing wrong in a country where you can make plenty of money.

To be candid, that last is a fairly unanswerable argument. It forces you to admit that as things are now they are all right, and that they will probably be all right for some time to come. But you have a right to look beyond and when you do the menacing clouds are very visible. The fact is that not in many years has the outlook been more dampening to the spirit of those who consider the intellectual and moral progress of the nation along with its material prosperity.

Regardless of party, the men with keenest vision and the deepest penetration, in every section of the country, are talking and thinking along the same lines. It is hard to tell which discourages them the more: the issues that do interest the people or the issues that do not interest them. Over either or both there is not the least doubt that there is basis for discouragement.

Take first the issues to which they do respond—you can go across the country from coast to coast, stopping in each state to talk and learn, as I recently did, and you will strike fire only when you touch one subject—Prohibition. On that they respond but, until a few weeks ago, on no other. It is all very well for political leaders in dry territory to tell you that it is "finished business" in their states and that their people no longer

think of the subject, but that isn't true. To-day, just as much as it has been for five years past, Prohibition is not only in politics in every section, but it obscures all other political issues. No man not openly professing to be a dry can be elected to any conspicuous office in dry territory, and none not howling wet can successfully aspire in the wet centers. The most degraded dry can still beat the best wet in some sections, and the most asinine wet can still overwhelm the most deserving dry in the others.

The merits of the men, their character and intelligence, their records and views on every other issue are subordinated to this one. That was true five years ago. It is still true—and every man in politics knows it.

The only way in which man can be measured against man is to have them both openly marked with the same brand on this question. And that is what we have come to in nearly every state. Wet runs against wet and dry against dry. That is the test in most of the states today. Nothing else much matters. It is the one thing which really stirs public sentiment.

That is, it was the one thing until a short while ago. Now we have another —not fundamentally different, dividing men and women along the same lines, and capable of even more deeply stirring them—to wit, the Bible issue. Perhaps it would have come into politics without the Dayton trial. It was on its way, but the Bryan-Darrow battle, the enormous publicity from evolutionist and anti-evolutionist with which the world was drenched while the case lasted, the fight between the scientists and the fundamentalists which is continuing in nearly every community, has thrust this issue deep into our politics.

Few political observers doubt that we are at the start of another such fight as we had over Prohibition, that here is another issue which reaches the hearts of the people and on which politicians will straddle, seekers for office trim and pose —another issue that will promote hypocrisy and deceit and encourage the fools, the frauds, and the fakers. It is easy to imagine its progress not, perhaps, to the point of a constitutional amendment like Prohibition—that is unthinkable—but to the point where in many states sentiment will be so strong that it will be necessary to nominate fundamentalist against fundamentalist and, in others, evolutionist against evolutionist, in order to avoid the blind wrath of the voters who feel but do not think on such questions.

It is hard to see how it can be other than disheartening to thoughtful persons to grasp the fact that these two issues, neither one of which has the slightest business in politics, are the only ones capable of striking a spark from nine-tenths of the people of the country today. It is impossible to doubt this. Any politician in any state will tell you that on the World Court, the tariff, the League of Nations, the railroads, water power, agriculture, or any other item of foreign or domestic policy, there is among the masses of the people not only no real interest but a complete and profound indifference. They don't know about them and they don't care. About the other two—Prohibition and the Bible—they don't know either—but they do care. If that is not a disheartening situation to those who look ahead politically, what would be?

Now then, when you add to those two things, which do ring the bell of the public interest, the astounding inertness, indifference, and ignorance concerning the government generally, coupled with the apparently unshakable determination of half of the qualified voters not to participate in its selection, a combination is presented that rather justifies feeling anxious over the outlook.

Just a few weeks ago, figures compiled by Simon Michelet of Washington, a recognized authority on the subject, show the United States, in the matter of voting efficiency, practically at the very tail of the long list of civilized nations. In other words, the proportion of our

population which goes to the polls and votes is less than that of nearly every other, with the exception of China. England, France, Germany, Belgium, all the Scandinavian countries, and Switzerland beat us all hollow. In Great Britain the percentage in the last election was 82. Most of the others are above 70. Ours was just a fraction over 50 per cent in 1924; just a fraction under 50 per cent in 1920. In 1924 there were three Presidential candidates instead of two, and an enormous "get the vote out" drive was made by various non-political organizations. In the light of these circumstances the showing was worse, not better, than four years before. Forty years ago 80 per cent of the American voters went regularly to the polls and we were in the first column in point of voting efficiency. Now we are last. Even Mexico and the Latin-American countries, Mr. Michelet shows, equal us in voting efficiency—some of them exceed.

Here are the facts:

In the 1924 election for House of Commons in England, 76 per cent of the total electorate voted—in the preceding election 82 per cent went to the polls. In Germany at the first election of the Reichstag under the constitution of the German Republic 75 per cent of all Germans over 20 years of age voted. In the 1924 election the vote increased by four millions and exceeded 80 per cent; in April of this year—the Hindenburg presidential election—the German percentage reached 82. A 20-year average for the Australian and New Zealand States shows approximately 75 per cent voting in Australia and 80 per cent in New Zealand. In the 1924 election New Zealand and Queenstown show close to 84 per cent, which establishes them as the most efficient voting people in the world, with Great Britain and Germany close rivals.

Belgium, Holland, and Denmark are not far behind. They range from 60 to 90 per cent, with an average over 20 years of 75 per cent. In Norway and Sweden approximately 76 per cent of the men and 60 per cent of the women consistently vote.

On an average, the French vote is slightly above 70 per cent and in many districts much higher. In the recent parliamentary election in Italy, 64 per cent of the total adult population, men and women, voted. In Switzerland the record for years shows better than 75 per cent, and in Canada the average is 70 per cent, as compared to our 50 per cent.

Latin America, where they have to cope with an Indian and hybrid race illiteracy ranging from 40 to 80 per cent, and the United States are fairly even in this matter of voting. In the last Cuban election and in the recent Mexican election as close to 50 per cent of the qualified voting population was polled as in the United States in 1920. Cuba made twice as good a showing at the polls as did Florida, just across the Gulf Stream, and Mexico in the last presidential election delivered at the polls more than twice as high a percentage of its total adult population as the average for our Gulf States. In the South the alibi is a colored population 15 to 20 per cent illiterate. Mexico has to wrestle with a 70 per cent illiteracy. Down in Buenos Aires, Argentina, and Uruguay the vote averages slightly better than 65 per cent of the whole adult population.

Now, the above figures and facts, as compiled by Mr. Michelet, are new, important, and authoritative. There is no guesswork about them, no easy way of explaining them. Very definitely, they place us, with our average of 50 per cent voting efficiency, at the very bottom of the heap, with even Mexico and Cuba threatening to outdistance us in a few more years. It is not a pleasant thing upon which to meditate—that we, who started out to show the world what a Democracy really ought to be and how beautifully a great people could govern themselves and how sound an experiment ours was—should fall back so far that fully half of our population is so little concerned about its government, and so slightly

interested in its political system that it does not go to the polls at all—that in political intelligence, information, and activity we grade with Mexico and the Latin-Americans—far below every nation in our class. The plain truth is that we have slipped. If, from 1880 down to 1896 an average of 80 per cent of American voters voted, why, since 1896, have we been steadily decreasing the proportion until to-day we can barely claim 50 per cent?

When all allowances are made for the various elements, which for one reason or another are disfranchised, it is still clear that the great bulk of the 50 per cent of non-voters are persons who fail to vote, not because they cannot vote, but because they will not vote. It isn't only that they do not vote in the general election, but, what is worse—in very much greater numbers they do not vote in the primaries, which, under our political system are infinitely more vital. The primary in this country is really the key to all politics. It is the gate through which 99 per cent of all candidates must pass in order to get on the ticket.

Control of the primaries is control of politics—it really is control of the country. Those who thus control are in a position to limit the choice of the general election voter to their choice in the primaries. Completely missing the great significance of the primary, the proportion of voters who regularly participate in them is absurdly small—rarely more than a tenth, frequently less than a twentieth, often a thirtieth of those who could. Of course, there are exceptions. Occasionally in a city or state there will be a really hot primary fight over a real issue, and a real vote will be polled. But these are rare occasions. For the most part, primaries everywhere are a farce—a mere ratification of a machine's choice, made by an absurdly small number of machine men. Thus are our delegates to the national conventions that nominate our Presidents chosen. Thus are our senators, governors, mayors and judges nominated. Thus is the country run—not by the people but by the politicians.

Thus are our rulers chosen in the last analysis, not by a majority, not even by a majority of a majority, but actually by a majority of an exceedingly small minority.

There is not space here to go into the reasons for the political inertia, indifference, and ignorance of the American people toward politics. The fact is that no one is certain about the reasons. It can be blamed on the movies, on the newspapers, on the politicians, on the propagandists, on the absorption in business, on the general prosperity, on sports, on any number of things.

The favorite place to unload responsibility is on the daily press, and certainly a strong indictment can be made of the American newspapers. However, when you admit every charge against them—their cheapness, coarseness, and sordidness—that does not adequately explain the low political estate to which we have fallen. There is, for instance, an idea in uninformed quarters that the British press is superior in tone and standards to ours. It is true, there are a few first-class, high-grade English newspapers, but so are there a few such in America; but take them as a whole and they grade no higher. As a matter of fact, the papers with the largest circulation in England are just as sensational and as bad as any we have here. The worst of theirs are slightly more rotten than the worst of ours. That will be an unpalatable statement to certain British critics who have formed the habit of regarding American newspapers as unspeakably bad largely because their methods differ from those of the English papers. It also conflicts with the convictions of some of our leading American correspondents in London, who come over here occasionally and contrast unfavorably the press of their own country with the press on the other side.

No, it isn't because they have a better press than we that Great Britain is so

far above the United States in the average political interest, intelligence, and activity of her citizens. There may be various contributing causes but the basic fact is that there is in the English people a political consciousness conspicuously lacking in the United States. The average Englishman considers politics more seriously. There is inherent in him a deeper respect for law and a stronger desire to have some part in the selection of his government, some say as to who shall run things and how. And not only the Englishman has this to a greater degree than we, but the Frenchman, the German, the Belgian, the Canadian. We, too, had a real political consciousness once. Up to about 1890 the average American's conception of political duty and his interest in his government, city, state, and nation, left relatively little room for criticism. Exactly what has happened to cause us to slide down the scale to the very bottom while the nations with whom we formerly stood on a par maintain their standard in the face of the same sort of modern development, is hard to say.

Nobody can be certain about the reasons. It is enough to know that the facts are true. There is, however, one basic fact of which we can be sure—that the evils of politics in every community are exactly equal to the indifference of the voters to the primaries. That is a provable proposition and it is about all you can prove regarding the situation except that it exists.

Actually, when the vital nature of politics to every individual is considered, when it is reflected that it touches the lives of us all directly and indirectly in scores of ways, and that there is no possible escape from its influence and effect, the steady lessening of political clarity, political interest, and activity among the masses of the people, and the unfavorable light in which the Michelet figures show us in comparison with other nations, are a distinct reflection upon our intelligence as a people. There isn't any doubt about that.

It raises a number of interesting questions:

Is the country too big to govern itself well?

Is there a point in the development of a democracy where it becomes too unwieldy to work as such?

Is the United States approaching that point and are we entering a transition period?

Has not the theory of a government by the people bogged down?

Through the force and solidity of governmental machinery that has been seasoned by centuries we can keep going under existing conditions—even if they become more extreme—for an indefinite time. Of course, there is going to be no collapse and, of course, no one need feel unduly alarmed about the country's future. It will wobble out of these depressing conditions as it has wobbled out of many others.

However, it does make a joke out of the good old doctrine that "the people rule" with which we have for so long fooled ourselves. Also, it renders rather ridiculous, in the face of the facts, the idea that this is the most enlightened and intelligent nation of them all. It isn't a fatal disease—this political inertia complicated by religious blindness and bigotry with which the people are afflicted—but it ought not to make any thoughtful man happy to think about it.

It is easy enough to be satisfied with the fact that, in spite of the failure of our people to vote and their deadly indifference to and ignorance of political matters, we are certainly as well off politically, and far better off materially, than any or all of those who exceed us in these things. It is also easy to say, "What's the use of complaining when things are going well? If the American people took a greater interest in politics and voted in greater numbers we might be as badly off as some of those other countries where the people take their political duties more seriously."

But is that an answer? And, if it is, isn't it a lovely answer for a democracy?

THE HEAD

A STORY

BY CYRIL HUME

THE worst school, I thought, that parental credulity and indifference ever permitted to exist. The boys were a shambling, scuffling crew. They used to congregate in a shed known as "the gymnasium" to smoke and plot insubordination. Or they would troop off to a negro tuck-shop in the neighborhood and ruin their digestions with fried food. Sometimes in the dingy school corridor one of the masters would scuttle by me with a pile of copy books under his arm and an apologetic smile on his little face. O'Rourke, the athletic coach, was different—a big, vulgar, asthmatic man who once lured me up to his coop of a room and made me drink bad gin while he cursed the boys and the faculty and —with startling obscenity—his employer, the headmaster.

This gentleman I had not met so far. I knew only that he was officially known as "The Head" (a characteristic bit of affectation), but that everyone, boys and masters alike, always called him "Old Pure-heart." The reason for this I discovered in the conversational catchphrases of the place. I used to overhear mocking references to "the tone of the school, youth, ideals, and knightlike lives," and I would imagine weekly addresses in the school assembly-room. . . . Old Pure-heart. . . .

Naturally I expected him to be the most objectionable type of hypocrite, but when I met him I was forced to admit that he was sincere and honest. His virtues, however, roused in me only a faint repugnance, tempered with amusement and pity. He was one of those unfortunate beings whose sincerity elicits no respect, and whose honesty has all the detestable attributes of hypocrisy. He was an earnest, righteous man, but he had the oleaginous personality of a tippling parson, and I should have found it easier to like him if he had been a rogue who knew how to act the gentleman.

He was a bulky, poorly set-up man with a flat face and a tremendous domed forehead over which he brushed slips of brown hair in an attempt to disguise the pallid baldness above. His chin was broad and square, cleft with a deep dimple. His lips were thin and colorless, his mouth very wide, but somehow weak. Brown eyes blinked with tremendous fatuity behind magnifying spectacles with gun-metal rims, and his nose, placed meticulously in the center of his face, was tiny and finely formed, as were his pale, close-set ears. The man's usual manner was one of half-courtly, half-servile geniality, and he used to dress in such sporting tweeds as I fancy fitted in with his conception of a British country gentleman. Customarily he beamed with his swimming distorted eyes. He was like an old family servant or an incredibly benevolent archbishop. But there were occasions when he became serious and spoke of his splendid boys, the ideals of the school, or that contemptible and degraded creature who had, for a while (until detected) pretended to teach English Literature at the Institution. Then Old Pure Heart's face

became very grave and lost its gigantically infantile simper. Little hairlike wrinkles appeared all over it, and Old Pure Heart was truly old in spite of his brown hair. The beard under his transparent skin was so blue as to be violet.

When I met him first he was most affable and kind and he continued to be so after our acquaintance had ripened. . . . The boy whom I used to visit as a matter of duty while his family was in the West was away that afternoon at the tuck-shop. I was glad, for I was not fond of the boy, while he for his part distrusted me. I think he imagined I was there to spy on him—God knows for what. So I was strolling around the unkempt school grounds with my pipe, waiting until it should be time for my train back to the city, bored and unhappy as a cat in a spring cleaning. . . . A fubsy urchin came and told me that The Head would like to see me in his rooms. There was nothing better to do, so I knocked my pipe out and went at once.

The Head's rooms were on the second floor to the south. I rapped, and a thin baritone voice beyond the door called, "*Come* in!"

I found myself in a largish room, furnished with shabby victorian comfortableness. The Head was waiting for me with his back to a sunny bow window. His big silhouette was like one of those Rodinesque cartoons of laborers, so dear to the practitioners of modern art. The light was strong in my eyes and I could see only that the figure's hands were clasped behind its back and that a light-reflection was glimmering on the scalp under the thin hair.

"Ah! How do you *do*, sir!" he called, coming toward me with slack briskness and holding out his hand. When we were close enough for my eyes to peer through the dazzle of the window, I saw that he was smiling at me and blinking his magnified brown eyes.

I said, "How do you do, Doctor," and we shook hands and assured each other that we were glad to become acquainted. He guided me to a morris chair and put me into it with a great deal of jovial fuss. He gave me the impression that he was trying to be hearty and hospitable but did not quite know how. The attempt was undignified and embarrassing. "Make yourself comfortable! Make yourself comfortable, sir! Light up, as they say. Ah, yes! I've seen you from my window puffing around the grounds. Go right on, sir. Have your pipe. I won't object, I assure you. I'm not the kind to object to a pipe, if I *am* a schoolmaster. I have a cigar myself now and then." I could see he imagined himself a man of the world, a man among men, brusque, sporting. He sat down opposite me, flung one stockinged leg over the other with a grunt, and continued to beam at me.

I set about loading and lighting my pipe, rather at a loss for something to say; but the Head gravely went on making conversation. He assumed a friendly, demi-humorous, mezzo-grave judicial manner—his professional manner I concluded, and began to discuss the character of my young friend, the pillar of the tuck-shop. "He's a fine boy, sir. A fine, clean boy. Good blood there. Perhaps now and then he's a *little* self-willed and a *little* self-indulgent; but what healthy young fellow isn't? If there were no defects to be overcome in the young fellows, what would be the use of old fellows like me teaching them?" The Head laughed with roguish heartiness. "But I think I can promise," he continued more soberly, "that by the time we have graduated him, those defects will be well in hand. The hills shall be leveled and—ah—the rough ways straightened. The boy has good stuff in him. A fine, eager, sensitive, responsive young man. Good satisfactory material to work in. It does one's heart good to see that type of boy grow and blossom out and develop under one's hands. True, clean, manly stuff, sir. In a year or two he'll be a credit to his school and, I think, to his country too,

thank God!" The good man's eyes swam enormously behind his spectacles. His chin was very blue with earnestness. I made no comment on his observations.

When The Head had made some further remarks in the same vein, conversation waned, and I began glancing around the room for some topic with which to renew it. The furnishings were, for the most part, heavy and shabby and comfortable and unimaginative. Presently, however, I noticed a picture hanging over the desk near the bow window, a small pen and ink of a boy's face which I took at first to be a copy from Romney's King of Rome. But when I rose and went closer I saw the resemblance was superficial. The pose was different, the expression less dreamy. Then I saw that the picture was an original, rather beautifully done in spite of an amateurish technic.

"How fine!" I said. "What a nice little boy."

I glanced at my host. He had become very grave. He rose and came toward me. "That is my son," he said. "He was five years old then. His mother was the artist."

I was surprised, for there was no resemblance between the delicate face in the picture and the heavy-visaged man beside me. However, I only remarked, "What a fine kid! How old is he now? At school here, I suppose." As I spoke I was conscious of a hope that this might not be so, that a child who appeared so intelligent and beautiful might be spared this place. . . . But the Head was staring at his fingers, muttering. Presently he cleared his throat. "The—ah—the boy is dead. He would be in college now. . . ."

How many before and since myself have made similar blunders! There is nothing more painful, no social slip more difficult to bear, because it cannot be passed off with a joke. I was speechless and miserable. I finally managed to gasp out, "Oh! I'm awfully sorry, Doctor!"

He patted my shoulder very kindly. "Don't mind. Don't mind," he said in a gentle voice. Then he turned and stared out of the bow window in a reverie while I fumbled in my pocket for my pipe and cursed myself for an ass.

But The Head discovered my confusion and came to my assistance with more delicacy than I had imagined he possessed. He faced about from the window, smiling. "My dear young man, don't mind. Tut, tut! Don't mind. You couldn't know, could you?" At the moment I had a strong impression that he liked me better for having hurt him with this memory. . . . When he spoke again his words amazed me. "You are not, I hope, a teetotaler?"

I gawked and said that I was not.

The Head opened a closet door and took down a tin box of sweet biscuits, two glasses, and a dark bottle. These he placed carefully on his desk blotter. "Well, I am not one either," he laughed, pouring two decent drinks. "I consider teetotalism among grown men sheer mollycoddlism." He swaggered ever so little and became portentous. "Of course," he went on, his chin was bluish with earnestness for perhaps the sixth time that afternoon, "I believe in moderation. Alcohol, like all God's gifts, is to be used, not abused, as I often tell the boys. For myself, I make no secret about keeping a small stock of refreshment for my guests."

It was good port, very good port as far as I could tell, though I am no judge of such cultured liquor. But I told him it was excellent, whereupon he beamed upon his glass which he had been alternately sipping and holding to the light. He smacked his wide lips. "Yes, it *is* good, isn't it? Mr. Sutfink—one of the school's kindest patrons, sir—sends me a dozen every year or so. You must meet him, sir. A very kind, high-minded gentleman, who has the interests of education at heart."

I captured my young ogre before I left that afternoon, hailing him unwilling from a collation of grease.

"Who," I said, "and what, is Sutfink?"

"Oh, he's an old bird that hangs around the school a lot," the charming youth answered vaguely. "Has a lot of money for this burg!"

"Oh, he lives in town then?"

"Yes. He's a sort of lawyer. Got a political job."

This was all the information the boy could give me on that score. He was eager to get back to his refection, but when I told him that I had drunk port with the Head, he opened his eyes in something like admiration. "Say! You've been getting away big! He don't hand that out usually except to parents with cars."

From that day I never missed visiting the Head in his rooms whenever I came to the school. We became almost intimate. For some reason or other, perhaps because he had spoken to me of his dead son, he came to like me. For myself, when I had drunk a glass or two of the man's port I was able to overlook his softness and servility and oppressive goody-goodyness, and his poor, thin affectation of manliness, as palpable as his coiffure. I was able almost to like him in return.

Often as we sat opposite each other in the ugly, comfortable morris chairs, conversing and sipping our port, the Head would let bits of his history slip out, half inadvertently, half in confidence. Finally I had almost the whole story. (I can tell it now, for he is dead, poor man.) And when I had met Mr. Sutfink, a lean, coldly handsome gentleman whose coloring consisted solely of shades of steel gray, hair, flesh, eyes, I was able—at least to the satisfaction of my own imagination—to set it down in its entirety . . . the whole story. Some from Sutfink (not that he ever told me a word of it), some from my own intuition, but most of all from the Head himself. It did not come as I have set it down here, in a continuous narrative, but in little haphazard bits that I have been forced to reorganize and join together with words of my own. . . . I remember the Head's narrow lips moving in speech between economical sips at the port, his huge face beaming, or blue-chinned with solemnity, his thin baritone voice rambling almost eloquently. . . .

"I have always lived in this town. Except for the years I spent at college, I have never been out of it. All my interests and possessions are here. Nearly all my friends. As a boy I went to this very school and when I had graduated from college I came back here and taught under old Doctor Howard. Howard was an honest, well-meaning man, but he was not capable of ever really understanding boys. They used to call him Howler among themselves. When I think of this and of some of the things that went on undetected under his nose, I have to smile at poor Doctor Howard's simplicity. I have nothing very interesting to tell you about myself at that time. I am afraid I was always rather an unexciting, humdrum young man. I was very studious and quiet, for I had neither the time nor the money to take part in the foolish and sometimes vicious adventures usual among boys of my age. The others went in for athletics and mild dissipation. I had very little interest in either. Besides, when I had finished my college course, I had my position at the school to consider. A book, or a quiet talk with one of the other masters after study hall was all my pleasure. I worked hard during those days and I think I did my work well for a young master. . . . Conscientious young masters are rare creatures, sir. If they are steady, they are dull. If they are brilliant, they dissipate or go into business.

"There was one youthful frailty, however, which I was not able to avoid, for I was a normal young man, in spite of my academic habits. I fell in love. I had fallen in love even before I went to college, and I never fell out again . . . not to this day." The Head smiled with

touching self-consciousness. His eyes floated vaguely behind his spectacles.

"She was a beautiful young creature, several years younger than I. As tall as myself and slender, with heavy honey-colored hair as smooth and orderly as flowing water. Her mouth was rather large for a girl, but beautifully shaped and very red in her luminous pale face. I think the most remarkable thing about her, physically, I mean, were her eyes which held the soft unchanging brilliance of light and shadow that one sees in set sapphires. Another remarkable thing—her eyes were absolutely symmetrical. One was the exact reverse of the other, a rare thing if you come to think of it. And except when she laughed, this symmetry made her face seem like a pale beautiful mask. . . . She was a happy, impetuous person, was Rose. I have never seen any young creature more on fire with life, more shaken with vivacious energy than she. Even when she was a little girl she was mad for pleasure and excitement and admiration. And as she grew older this side of her nature only increased in strength. Frankly, she was vain and headstrong at the time, and her actions were often indiscreet. They were always harmless, of course, utterly happy and innocent, but that did not keep small-town scandal-mongers from speaking calumny of her. People took her gaiety for wildness and her innocent frankness for freedom. So, in spite of the fact that she belonged to one of the best families in town, she got an unsavory reputation among the gossips. I knew the truth about her and naturally was wild with indignation. But how could an obscure school teacher convince or combat an entire town?

"My position at the school was new to me then and I was working very hard teaching Latin to the upper forms. Still I managed to get away one night a week to call on her at her father's big house on Bellevue Avenue. I would sit on the porch with her for an hour or two when it was warm, or in the library during the winter. Talking . . . I could not have been very entertaining during those visits. I was too much in love with her and far too much awed by her to be amusing. She used to joke me very kindly about my stiffness, saying that I was too virtuous to be a man and that I bored her to death. She seemed bored with everything. She would fret and sigh and say that she was going to leave the pokey little town and go to some place where there were amusements and entertaining people. . . . But I was not to be discouraged, and persisted in asking her to marry me. Such a solemn young man I must have been! Then she would laugh more than ever and say, 'Oh, Frederick! We'd make each other so miserable! You'd bore me to death, and I'd break your poor heart. For you'd soon find out I'm not all the lovely silly things you think I am, and you couldn't bear to find out, poor Frederick. It would kill you. No, I'm not good enough for you. Of course, you don't believe that, but I'm not. I'm not the angelic person you think I am. Inside I'm quite a horrid person, Frederick.' And I remember telling her that no matter what she was, nothing could make me so happy as to lead her to the altar. Of course, I knew what a fine creature she really was. I suppose she imagined herself very wicked because the people who misunderstood her thought her so. But I knew the truth though I pretended to admit the possibility of her being quite a wicked young woman. You see . . ." the Head looked demurely at me, "you see, even the best women love flattery. But Rose was obdurate, no matter what I said. 'No, Frederick. Even if I wanted to marry you it wouldn't be fair to you. Besides I shall never marry anyone in this nasty little town. Ever.' And I said, 'Rose, promise me you'll let me know before you *do* marry anyone here.' She laughed a great deal and said, 'I promise, Frederick.'

"I went away happy when she had said that. At least she would not be married before I had a chance to speak

for myself again. . . . I had been worried on that score because I had sometimes thought that Rose inclined toward Mr. Sutfink. Young Jimmy Sutfink, then. Sutty. He was a much more colorful person at that time (if less admirable) than he is now. A dashing young fellow with a reputation for brilliance and wildness. He knew how to be very agreeable to young women. Besides, he was already making a name for himself in the biggest law office in town and quite outshone me as a match. Sutfink and I were not such friends then as we are now. As rivals we were naturally antipathetic. I suppose he looked down on me as a slow, prosy fellow and, to be quite honest, I envied him his dash and good looks. I am afraid even I sometimes envied him his bad name.

"I recall one evening we both met at Rose's house and glowered at each other for an hour while she made fun of us both, calling me Saint Anthony and Sutfink a disappointed Don Juan. We two young men came away together and saw each other along our road home. He stopped me on a street corner just before we parted and spoke to me. 'Look here, Fred,' he said sulkily, 'take my advice and drop out of this race.' I asked him why. 'Because *I'm* in it,' he answered with a savage expression. 'Because I'm mad for that girl. Crazy. Insane. Frantic. Do you understand? Because I'm going to have her if I break all ten commandments in as many minutes. Do you understand?' His face was white and twitching. His eyes—have you noticed how bright and close-set they are?—were feverish as they looked at me. Presently he laughed. 'No,' he said, 'you don't understand. You're not my sort of person. But understand this, you pedagogical fish'—I remember his words perfectly—'you stay clear of Rose's house until I've had my fling there!'

"Now I don't often use profanity." The Head's chin was almost azure with gravity. "But my blood was up. 'You go to hell, Sutty!' I said. 'I'll call on Rose just as often as she'll let me. I know I'm not fit to go there, but that's for her to say, not you. I repeat, you may go to hell.' He stared at me for a moment, puzzled. Then he turned and suddenly left me and went off alone down the street, laughing and laughing to himself under the dark trees.

"I was not much disturbed by his laughter for I had Rose's promise. Besides, she herself went away soon after that to an art school in Massachusetts. She did not return for two years. . . . That was a long two years. All I had to recall her by was a little snapshot of her in a summer frock that had been taken when she was sixteen years old. She was twenty then and I was twenty-six.

"I worked very hard during that time and got Old—forgive me—Old Howler to increase my salary considerably. Even at that time he had as good as promised to make me head-master when he retired. I often stood in front of the little snapshot of Rose, telling myself that I could honestly ask her to marry me now that I was able to afford it. But she was away for two years.

"I was not the only busy person during those years. Young Sutfink had been increasing his legal reputation. And at the end of that time—I suppose Rose had refused him too—he became engaged to Mary Toumy, the daughter of Judge Toumy, his employer. This was considered a brilliant match in the village. The judge was rich and a political power in the district. So Sutfink was thought to have found a well-lined nest for himself. He was ambitious, you know, legal and political aspirations. The engagement seemed to steady him considerably.

"Then Rose came home again. Even now I do not know exactly why she came home. She never liked talking about this part of her life. I suppose she had found her art studies uncongenial. . . . When I learned of her return I was tremendously agitated, as you may imagine. I called on her at once, not with-

out some hope that this time she would have me. But she refused me again, laughing as she had always laughed. Rose had changed very little in her two years away from home. Perhaps she was a little more bored and a little more irresponsible. Certainly she was more beautiful. I think too she was more unhappy. The poor girl had not yet found herself.

"When I called next I found Sutfink there before me. I was silent that evening, perhaps with amazement that he should be there when the whole village knew of his engagement to Mary Toumy. But he was brilliant and handsome and —and ardent, and Rose was only too obviously interested in him. Of course, I took the first opportunity after that to inform her of Sutfink's engagement, thinking that she could not know of it. She looked at me languidly and rather scornfully as I told her. 'Oh, I know that, Frederick,' she said. 'You didn't have to bear tales.' I thought this unjust and answered with some heat that I had only done what I believed right under the circumstances. But she laughed at me without humor and said, 'Oh, Frederick! You are incorrigible! Right and wrong! Right and wrong! What *is* right and what *is* wrong?' . . . Judge what an upset condition she was in, poor child. She had not yet found herself.

"After that I often made a third when Sutfink called upon her and, though I tried not to see the situation, I was finally forced to realize they were in love with each other. . . . I wonder if you know how agonizing a thing it can be to see the woman you love laughing and intimate with a rival. To see the woman you adore burning for another man.

"I suffered considerably, so that it was almost a relief when Rose, keeping her promise, told me she was going to marry Sutfink. I made no protest. I saw it would be useless. It was very painful. For as she spoke to me she was too excited and happy to disguise her feelings. I remember her eyes that night. They shone as I never saw them afterward.

"I made up my mind to being unhappy after that, and as a matter of fact I was really quite miserable. It is all very well to say that young people forget those griefs and disappointed longings they suffer and cause each other to suffer, but a lonely fellow such as I was, with nothing to distract him except routine work, does not forget very quickly. In order to forget, it is not only necessary to lose the memory of a painful event. The empty place must be filled with some new preoccupation or the old pain comes back. Now a young schoolmaster, a half-recluse, has not so many niches of memory that a vacant one may be overlooked or easily filled. Of course, he has plenty of mental activity to distract him, but his actual memories of past emotions and adventures are easily enumerated. Take one of those memories away or spoil it, and you have done a tremendous thing to a person of that sort. . . . Yes. I was quite intolerably miserable. I was deprived even of the relief that I might have got out of confiding my mishap to some other person, for Rose had extracted a promise of secrecy from me. Her fiancé needed time to release himself from his former engagement without damaging his prospects. He was very much concerned about his prospects which were then in the hands of Judge Toumy, and Judge Toumy was not a man to stand for any trifling with his daughter's affections. So I had to suffer in silence like a Red Indian who may not even ease his pain with a groan or a quiver. . . . I worked hard and prepared my classes most conscientiously while I waited for the news of the engagement to become known in the town. But that announcement was still postponed, doubtless out of tenderness for Sutfink's prospects. And the town began to whisper behind its hand that the young people were being seen far too often in each other's company.

I saw them myself once or twice. I had walked up Bellevue Avenue after dark for a sentimental glance at the light in Rose's window, and I saw them coming back from a nocturnal stroll of their own. They seemed very much absorbed in each other, and they clung close as they walked. But there continued to be no announcement, and Sutfink was still known as Mary Toumy's fiancé. For my part I waited for the hateful news with a strange desperate eagerness, and prayed for it as a tortured man might pray for a *coup de grace* to end his misery. But the blow was withheld and I was half mad waiting for it in my little room in the smaller house. I was racked more cruelly every day as the interval drew out and stretched my endurance closer and closer to the breaking point. After a month of it, I was unable to distract myself at all. The feeling of tense dreadful expectancy was with me always. Waking or sleeping I could not rid my memory of Rose. As I said, I was not mentally myself.

"Then one night, six weeks or so after Rose had told me of her promise to Sutfink—study hall was over and the boys in bed, my light alone burning over to-morrow's Cicero—the great adventure, the crucial circumstance of my life came to pass. I heard no sound but smelled a vague familiar perfume. Rose was standing near my table. She was wrapped in a dark cape, and the light of my gas flame was gleaming on her smooth hair. I had no idea how she had found my room or how she had come there undiscovered. It was an apparition rather than an arrival, and to me there was something unearthly in the pale repose of her face, now more than ever like a waxen mask. We stared at each other for a moment, I in amazement and rapture, she expressionless even to her eyes. 'Frederick,' she said, 'do you still love me?' I could only go down on my knees. . . . I recall distinctly that I first removed my green-celluloid eye-shade and closed the Cicero. I had been preparing a passage in which there were some coarse references to the habits of Catiline and I would not offend her delicacy by leaving the book open . . . it never occurred to me that she might not be proficient in Latin. As I say, I went down on my knees, quite unable to speak. In the silence, my eye-shade tumbled down from the table where I had tossed it. It struck the floor with a crackle like egg shells and the white gas flame whistled and hissed. . . . Presently Rose spoke again. '*Do* you, Frederick? Because if you still do, I am ready to marry you.' I could not understand, I could not believe. Imagine my agitation! I remember only that I passed from amazement and adoration to a condition of wild joy. I think I cried and kissed her hands. But very little definite remains to me of that memory of confused emotions and half-articulated phrases.

"I recollect repeating, 'But Sutfink?—but Sutfink?' over and over. Then I would interrupt myself to tell her that she must not be found in my room. And 'How did you get in to me, Rose?' And then, 'But Sutfink?—but Sutfink?' again. . . . She told me very quietly that Sutfink could not marry her after all. He dared not marry her. Judge Toumy had got wind of the affair somehow and had gone into a raving passion. 'He told me,' said Rose, 'that his prospects would be gone. He said that if he married me his prospects would be ruined—ruined!' She threw back her head and laughed wildly at the words. 'Ruined, Frederick!' she said, 'ruined! *Ruined!*'

"It was such a confused forty minutes. I cannot recall parts of it at all and the rest but disconnectedly. I cannot remember the chronology of what we said. Only I was mad with happiness through it all. At one point I must have spoken of marrying in the spring after the school term was over. She grew very grave then. Almost scornful. Almost angry. 'You must take me now if you want me at all, Frederick,' she said; and we arranged to be married

secretly within two days. . . . Later on —I suppose I had been speaking wildly and worshipfully to her—she covered her face with her hands and wept a little. 'Frederick! Poor Frederick!' she said, 'don't speak like that. Don't speak to me as though I were a good person. Please don't, because I'm not, Frederick. I'm wicked and I'm unhappy. But you told me you wanted me no matter what I was, didn't you? I'm only taking you at your word, aren't I? And I promise you, I promise you before God I'll be a good wife to you when we're married!' . . . A most confusing forty minutes, and when she had left me, I found myself still upon my knees."

The Head blinked fatuously at me and chafed his palms together. "You, a young man," he said, "are not a sentimentalist, I suppose. No more am I. But . . ." The Head's mouth was wide and grave again—"I cannot refrain from asking you to imagine how great a happiness it must have been to a hitherto lonely young man to find himself joined in marriage to the only woman he ever cared for. To—his first love. It was more than happiness. It was a sort of sacred exultation. And in spite of the intimacy which marriage implies, I could never quite forget the feeling that I was less a husband than a worshipper. A marvelously privileged worshipper. To think that I, for no comprehensible reason, should be found worthy, beyond my wildest hope, to be joined to a creature so perfect as Rose. That sort of happiness is as heartbreaking as sorrow. It was almost too much to bear. While we were together I never ceased to wonder at it. To this day I have never ceased to do so.

"Of course we could not keep our marriage long a secret. Within a week or two it had become public property, and for a while I was lifted out of my obscurity and became a figure of romance. To be quite frank, this prominence pleased me, for I was unused to it. I was pleased besides by the kindness of Rose's parents who had previously shown me no particular favor. My great happiness was only increased by these things. . . . To my surprise, Sutfink seemed happy enough too. He married Mary Toumy shortly afterwards and, as far as I can see, the pair have got on very well together since.

"Rose was the only person in the affair who never showed the least sign of discontent. Not that her manner toward me was anything but what I might have prayed for, but I thought sometimes she seemed resigned rather than positively happy. She was never what might be called very much—oh, in love with me. But I loved her too much to be importunate or to resent her slight coldness. In fact, I never had any cause for resentment during all the years we were together. She gave me nothing but the most generous kindness and consideration and affection. The discontent which I mentioned appeared only during the first months of our married life. Then occasionally she was irritable or petulant. Sometimes she cried. And all this, I think, was because she was shortly to have a child. When the child was born Rose became and continued to be the most admirable and perfect wife and mother.

"Our little boy was born prematurely when we had been married only a fraction over seven months, but he was entirely normal and fully developed in every way, which the doctor said was a very remarkable thing. . . . He was a beautiful child. I may say so without vanity, for he resembled me only in certain occasional shades of expression. He was blond and had gray eyes which were always full of intelligence. You may judge for yourself from that little picture you admired how beautiful he was shortly before he died. . . . Rose and I were happy with our little son. Ours was a deep happiness if a quiet one. It was a wonderful and admirable thing to see the girl who had been so wild and reckless subdue herself and suit herself to her new life and new duties. She cared for the child personally and with

great efficiency, as she conducted our small apartments in the school. She was a conscientious and industrious woman, but through it all she had the dignity and appearance of a very calm madonna. And (I hope I am not irreverent in thinking so) the child with his fine intelligent face, calm as his mother's though keener of eyes, was like the young Christ. I was, I suppose, a very humble Joseph watching and adoring them.

"A schoolmaster's life is a busy one morning and night, and I could not see much of my wife and child during the term times, especially after Doctor Howard died and left his position to me. So naturally I loved the long, sleepy vacation of summer best of all. Then I could be with my family and have them to myself. . . . Strange, but the memory that remains to me of my married life after the years have passed seems to be a long unbroken interval of summer. The rest of what happened in those years merges and is forgotten with the humdrum affairs of my bachelor days and widowhood. We rarely went away in the summer; we rarely went out in the town even to call on Rose's family, for Rose preferred the quiet seclusion and spaciousness of the empty school. Here she passed hours in meditation that left her face still, as a statue's face. Other hours she would spend with the boy, playing with him, talking to him, performing her unhurried duties. I watched and I was happy because she seemed content. . . . I remember unending summer afternoons. . . . We would take out a rug and spread it under a tree. Sometimes we had an early supper there. The child would run from one to the other of us as the sun grew more golden and the shadows lengthened, weaving us into the happy monotonous games that childhood invents. When he was tired he would come to me and frighten himself by saying I was a bear. Then his mother would smile or fall into another reverie. Just before sunset two or three rabbits would hop out upon the far edge of the lawn and play with each other in and out of the striped shadow. The child would call them softly and wave his hands to them until the sun set and the shadows lay all about us. Then Rose would start and say, 'Heavens! It's long after bedtime!' She would come smiling and kiss us both and carry the boy away. They would move off, their two sweet faces together, looking back at me, more than ever a madonna with the child. And I would sit alone as the dark deepened, until I heard Rose singing the child's last song in the house. . . .

"They died, both of them in a week, when the boy was five years old and reading *Robin Hood*. I was quite alone —but not unhappy. When the first grief was quieted a little, not unhappy. A man that, like myself, has known perfect happiness cannot ever really lose that happiness. I had had my love. I had lived with and been loved by a woman so dear, so marvelously perfect, that in five years I had had more happiness than I could justly have hoped for in twenty lifetimes. Only a short separation too. Only a short time. I shall see them again and be joined to them again in happiness. . . . You see, I bore my grief easily. Besides, Mr. Sutfink was very kind to me during that time. We had been estranged while Rose lived. But Sutfink came to both funerals and has since been most kind to me and helpful in my work."

This was the last June afternoon of our many afternoons together. I thought the Head had finished, but as I searched my mind for a suitable comment, I saw that more was to come of the pause which had fallen. His blunt fingers played with the stem of the wine glass upon is knee. His face was grave with a fleeting dignity when he spoke again. "I think she had a premonition that she was to die. One summer evening she spoke such strange consoling words as I shall never forget. She had taken up the boy to carry him off to bed, and now

she paused before walking to the house. . . . Only two months before she died. . . . 'Frederick,' she said, 'have I made you happy? I've been a good wife as I promised to be, haven't I?' I tried to tell her everything she had been to me. I spoke only of my gratitude, for I loved her too deeply at that moment even to mention love. As I spoke she seemed half abstracted by another of her reveries. The calmness of her face was changed to sorrow. 'I've tried, Frederick, I've really tried. But . . . perhaps I've acted wrongly after all.'

"Do you not find something awful and pathetic in those words?" asked the Head. His monstrously magnified eyes swam quite noticeably now. "That all but perfect woman, that—saint, sir, reproaching herself with some imagined fault, some coldness to me! Even upon the pinnacle of her perfection, her pure humility made her question her own virtue. *Perhaps I have acted wrongly after all* . . . what a lesson! What an inspiration! I have embodied those splendid words of hers in the school seal, changing Doctor Howard's conception, a clenched hand with the motto *Firmiter atque fortiter*, to a balance with the inscription, *Forsan peccavi, perhaps after all I have acted wrongly*. So nothing is lost, sir. That pure soul's words continue to inspire my boys. No, not mine. My boy is beyond need of any inspiration. But the boys in my charge, teaching them to be humble even when they have attained perfection."

The Head's chin was blue as a lump of lapis-lazuli. I had a mad impulse to suggest my own interpretation of the splendid motto. What would he do? But it occurred to me that one does not stab one's host with a rusty knife or throw burning coals in his face. Besides, my cynicism was abashed by something ridiculously noble in the man. . . . I eased myself by being savage with my youthful ogre when I looked into the tuck-shop to say good-by. . . .

The Head is dead now. For some obscure reason he left me the little picture of his son as a legacy. A fine young face marvelously like Romney's King of Rome.

PADEREWSKI: THE PARADOX OF EUROPE

BY EDWARD M. HOUSE

WHEN the Great War broke upon the world and continued so long and with such fury, it was difficult properly to assess either men or events. The loss of life was so appalling that our sensibilities became blunted and we could no longer think of such things as we thought in normal times. Some men we exalted beyond their merits and others we appraised at less than their worth. How many of those who led in the council chambers and in the field history will acclaim great is yet uncertain. There are some, however, whose ultimate claim to fame is beyond doubt, and one of these is Ignace Jan Paderewski.

Paderewski is one of the best-known, one of the most written about, and one of the least understood of those who stand foremost among men. His genius as a musician has obscured his achievements as a statesman, as an orator, a linguist, and patriot. Let us go back to the day he was born in the Province of Podolia, Russian Poland, November 6, 1860, and trace his life in broad lines until now. Let us get at the environment of the child, and find what influences were responsible for his subsequent colorful career.

The Province of Podolia was torn from Poland at the time of its third partition, in 1793, and when Paderewski was born there seemed no future for it save as a part of the great Empire of the White Czar. No prophet or seer could then predict the crumbling of kingdoms or the self-determination of peoples long clutched in the mighty hands of Germany, Russia, and Austria. And yet it is certain that with his mother's milk Paderewski imbibed the unquenchable hope of a united Poland. The woes of his people touched every chord of his life, and even his music throbbed with the pathos of songs and stories which he learned at his father's knee. Had he not chosen music as a profession he would have been great in some other field of human endeavor, for he is a many-sided man and not a warped son of genius.

Fate, looking into the future, must have smiled upon so versatile a youth and given direction to his decision to become a composer and musician, for in no other way could he have served his country so well. When the world realized that he was the master of his art, he was called for in many lands, and wherever he went he met the most influential people of every country. Not only did he meet them, but his charming personality made them his friends, and to be a friend of Paderewski means almost surely to be a friend of Poland. And in this way did he go to the far corners of the earth, giving pleasure to those whose privilege it was to hear him and creating a personal influence which later he brought to bear with powerful effect when the resurrection of his beloved Poland lay in the balance.

Paderewski realized that if Poland was again to become an autonomous state, the Allies must win the war. He realized further that the United States and Great Britain would be the dominating factors in bringing this about. He therefore gave up his music and devoted his entire time and energies to work for the Allies and for Poland. It was at this period of his career that I came in in-

timate and constant touch with him. We pored over maps—his maps and mine—of Central and Eastern Europe, and together we traced what we thought should be a homogeneous Poland. Neither of us then knew that, at the eventual peace conference, he would be representing Poland as Prime Minister or that I should be there as one of the representatives of the United States. But the Poland we outlined during those fervid war days proved to be practically the Poland created by the Versailles Conference, for we were both in positions to help make our earlier dreams come true.

II

During the Inter-Allied Conference at Paris in the late Autumn of 1917 I tried to get a declaration of Allied war aims. Had I been successful I should have endeavored to include a declaration favorable to an independent Poland. Failing to secure action at Paris, I suggested to President Wilson that he formulate the war aims of the United States which, by inference, would be the war aims of all the Allies. Then came the Fourteen Points and among them the demand for a revivified Poland.

It was not until then that the German Poles, the Russian Poles, and the Austrian Poles felt the urge for united action, since President Wilson's call for justice for this ancient people sent a thrill through every Polish heart. Until then Poles in the Central Empires had been fighting their kinsmen in Russia. In all three Empires sons of this proud and valiant nation were bound to the war machines of each and were giving their lives to forge new links in a chain which had galled them for centuries.

Before Paderewski came to the United States to devote himself to the Polish cause, the American Poles were divided by misunderstandings and suspicions and lacked a concrete and definite program. One section was pro-German, one pro-Austrian, under the delusion that the Central Empires would finally win. In this way it was thought that the condition of their countrymen in those Empires would be much improved. The majority, however, were friendly to the Allies, upon the theory that, should the Allies win, Russia would be forced to keep the faith and grant autonomy, at least, to Polish Russia. Nevertheless, the minority were better organized and supplied with money and, in consequence, were potent beyond their actual numerical strength. The leaders of the majority, on the other hand, sought the influence of the American Government and urged, through the Allied Embassies in Washington, formal assurance of the promised independence. Certain leaders of importance undertook to obtain military forces through Polish volunteers in return for such an assurance.

When Paderewski reached America, the entire situation under his direction, was immediately changed. He gave to the American Poles a single purpose, checking all scattered and futile desires, and putting an end to individual activities of patriotic, though misguided, persons whose ambitions it was to lead as well as to serve. Having foreseen before others the part the United States was to play in the great tragedy, even though she was not then in the war, and even though President Wilson refused to be goaded into the war before the right hour had struck, Paderewski never lost faith in the ultimate outcome or his belief in the justice of the American President and the American people. In what measure the efforts and sagacity of Paderewski were crowned by success may be gauged by the fact that toward the close of 1916 his countrymen in America, without dissent, chose him as their plenipotentiary, conferring upon him power of attorney to act for them and decide all political matters in their name and on their behalf. This important document, unique of its kind, bore signatures and seals representing the authority of all the leading Polish societies and organizations in the United States. It was the voice of Poland in America,

the voice of more than three and a half millions of people testifying to their confidence in, and affection for Poland's most illustrious son—Ignace Jan Paderewski.

All suggestions of sending a Polish army abroad were rejected as purposeless until the United States' entry into the war. When that day drew near, Paderewski encouraged Polish youth to enter officers' training schools, and presently he brought about the foundation of a Polish organization for the training of officers. Finally, when the United States entered the war, he sounded an eloquent call to arms at a great gathering of "*sokals*" (Falcons) at Pittsburgh.

III

Those associated with Paderewski during the stirring days from the time of our entrance into the war until the Peace Conference had finished its labors, saw a new and unfamiliar Paderewski. The artist, the composer, the poetic dreamer had left no trace of himself. The old personality had been submerged in the new, and we saw the orator, the executive, and man of action. For five crowded years he never once touched the instrument that had made him famous. During those days he was firm in the conviction that he would never again turn to music as a profession. But this decision proved not to be final, and his dramatic and sensational return to the concert stage was one of the remarkable incidents in his remarkable career. But that is another story, to be told in its proper sequence.

Meanwhile, his activities were ceaselessly bent on winning the war. Not only did he feel that the Central Powers were in the wrong, and that their success would make an impossibly rigid and machinelike world, but he was conscious that Poland's providential hour had come, the hour of which he had dreamed, but which, until then, had seemed so distant and so improbable. As the war grew apace and it became evident that, even with the strength of the United States added to that of the war-wearied Allies, every ounce of effort was necessary to give the knockout blow to the Central Powers, Paderewski was tireless in his efforts to make the Polish help as effective as possible.

There had now come about fairly complete organization not alone in the United States but among the Poles scattered throughout Europe, other than those in Germany and Austria. And even in those countries the Poles were reached and brought into the general scheme of things as far as possible. When the Armistice came and the Central Empires conceded defeat, Paderewski did some of his most effective work for Poland. He sought the influence of his friends in every land, and none of these was more potent than Arthur James Balfour, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in Great Britain. Balfour was not only sympathetic but he was practical in his suggestions of help. He advised Paderewski to organize a concrete Polish government so that such a government might send representatives to the forthcoming peace conference and have a voice in the determination of questions relating to Poland. He also, at Paderewski's insistence, arranged for him to proceed to Poland *via* Danzig. To venture into Poland at that time was a perilous undertaking for one who had played so important a role in the humiliation of the governments of which the new Poland had so recently been a part, and to make the venture through Danzig was particularly perilous. But fear for himself has never been a part of Paderewski's character. Then, as on other occasions before and since, he has risked his life gladly in pursuit of duty and on behalf of his country. Upon his arrival he was everywhere acclaimed, for he came as the embodiment of the rebirth of Poland. Elections were held, the Diet was convened, and Paderewski was chosen Prime Minister with authority to proceed to Paris to act as spokesman for his government.

The Peace Conference was well under way when the necessary preliminaries had been arranged for him to come as a fully accredited representative. I well remember his advent upon the world stage as it was then set at Paris. The great and the influential of the earth were there playing their several parts. Woodrow Wilson, spokesman for the greater part of mankind, was, because of his great office and his winged words for peace and reason, the most conspicuous of them all. The grim, blunt-spoken, courageous old Tiger, Clemenceau, vied for second place with David Lloyd George, the little Welshman whose versatile genius had made him practically dictator of the British Empire. Eleutherios Venizelos, the bold and sagacious Greek, Vittorio Orlando, the warm-hearted, learned Sicilian, and his cool, diplomatic associate, Sidney Sonnino, Louis Botha, the noble lion of South Africa, and his brilliant colleague, Jan Smuts, were scarcely less in evidence. Balfour, clear-minded philosopher and aristocrat, widely versed in statecraft, was always a conspicuous figure. So also, indeed, were Viscount Chinda and Baron Makino, able and stoical representatives of Japan, who had for their antagonist Wellington Koo, cultured son of the Celestial Kingdom.

While the accredited statesmen occupied the center of the stage, influential men and women in every walk of life were there in some capacity. Statesmen, soldiers, students of the many questions which were to arise, men of affairs, writers, and artists. Seldom, if ever, was there such a gathering. They came from the four corners of the earth and represented many diversified interests. Never before in the history of the world were there such a variety of questions of so complex and disturbing character to be solved—questions affecting the hopes, the fears, the ambitions of so great a part of mankind. Plans looking to the helping of this interest and that, plans for the betterment of the world, came in countless numbers, and were pressed upon the Conference by their eager proposers. Few of these measures saw the light, and fewer still had any influence or bearing on the Peace as made.

In every land were those anxious to get to the Conference, certain that, once there, they might influence its action. Many there were who came, some of them stars of the first, some of the second, and some of the third magnitude, but those who added to their reputations may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Most of those who came had better have remained away, for they lost in the end both in influence and prestige. The Conference became as a fiery furnace, and few survived its cruel and relentless flames.

IV

Of those few I should place Paderewski first. He came to Paris in the minds of many as an incongruous figure, whose place was on the concert stage, and not as one to be reckoned with in the settlement of a torn and distracted world. He left Paris, in the minds of his colleagues, a statesman, an incomparable orator, a linguist, and one who had the history of his Europe better in hand than any of his brilliant associates. Had he been representing a power of the first class he easily would have become one of the foremost of those whose decisions were finally to be written into the Peace. As it was, he played a great part nobly, and gave to the world an example of patriotism and courage, of which it is always in need.

Paderewski was one of the few at Paris who had an outlook wider than his own country. While he was for Poland and her needs if she was to become an important state, yet he was for Europe as a whole—a Europe that could live in peace within itself. Many and constant were his proposals looking to the safeguarding of the rights of minorities in the old and in the newly created states. Unlike other representatives at

Paris, he never asked for Poland more than he thought was just or more than he thought she could digest. His recommendations to those having the deciding voice, if accepted, would have brought a fuller measure of peace, not alone to Poland, but to Continental Europe as well. He saw clearly and with vision, and had the courage to combat public opinion both at home and abroad. This —always a difficult task—was especially difficult in the conditions following the World War.

People were unreasoning and unreasonable. If a year before the Peace was made Poland had been assured of half what was given her at Paris, her citizens would have been wild with joy. In a memorable speech before the Diet at Warsaw Paderewski had the courage to tell them this and more. This was one of his great moments. He risked his popularity in one throw, and won. This victory speaks well for the good sense and moderation of his countrymen, and is a lesson which more timid statesmen might take to heart. Time and again he met opposition and overcame it, but each time his majority in the Diet grew less. He finally resigned of his own volition, for he no longer saw eye to eye with those who with himself constituted the Polish Government. He retired without pique or resentment, contented that he had played his part. No country ever needed the services of one of her sons more than Poland needed those of Paderewski then, but he was never of those who feel themselves indispensable. Had he been more ambitious and less patriotic and unselfish, he might have continued in power and become an autocrat. But that is not Paderewski's way. He loves Poland better than he does himself, and no personal consideration ever sways his actions.

V

And then followed some years of uncertainty. His ample fortune had been dissipated by the war and the demands made upon it by the needs of his country and countrymen. His estates were heavily mortgaged and he had come to the end of his financial resources. Something had to be done. But what? He is perhaps the greatest living orator, and can speak in four or five tongues as well as in his own. It therefore was suggested that he take the lecture platform. He received a flattering offer to do this, and had it under consideration when a fabulous sum was proposed if he again would go on a concert tour.

For five years he had not practiced, and musicians said that his fingers had grown stiff and that it would be impossible for him to play again. But few things are impossible to Paderewski, as his subsequent success shows. He not only returned to the concert stage, but he played as never before. He had been through the fiery furnace and had come out of the crucible refined gold. Never in the history of music has there been such success financially and in increased reputation as came to him. In fifty concerts the receipts totaled nearly half a million dollars. When he came upon the stage his audiences, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, arose to their feet, and gave him the deference paid alone to a president or king. For King indeed he was and is—king in his profession, king in mien.

And this is Paderewski as the world now knows him. But there is another side that only those whose privilege it is to call him friend know—the modest, kindly gentleman. On the banks of Lac Leman there nestles the little village of Morges. On the outskirts of this village, in a wooded park on a hillside, lies the Rond Bosson Villa. It is there that the Paderewskis make their home, and it is there that the great and near great make their pilgrimages. The villa is filled from cellar to attic, with priceless gifts from potentates, kings, and peoples, in token of appreciation and affection. Popes and kings and men of high degree all give evidence of their great regard for this unusual man. States, munici-

palities, and organizations throughout the world have registered on parchment, marble, and bronze their appreciation of his genius. And the marvel of it all is that the man remains unspoiled. He is as modest as a child, as unassuming as the humblest in the land. I have seen many men grow in power and influence, but rarely have I seen one whom it did not change in a noticeable way. It is one of the tests of real greatness. It is what appeals to us in Lincoln—his humility, his lack of high self-esteem. No living man has had more adulation than Paderewski and no man has been less affected by it. It is something to record since it is so rare, and it is something to encourage for it makes for better relations among men.

Not a great while before Joseph Conrad died I brought him and Paderewski together at luncheon. These two famous Poles had never met and, knowing each, I was sure they would like each other. Conrad was not certain that Paderewski knew of him and, should he chance to remember him, he felt uncertain of a welcome. It seemed that when the World War began Paderewski cabled Conrad asking him to serve on some Polish committee. Conrad, not conversant with politics, did not reply, not quite knowing what was wanted of him. Paderewski's reception of him was even more cordial and enthusiastic than my assurances that it would be, and they parted friends and admirers.

If you would fathom the man and look into the windows of a great soul, you must needs talk with him in the quiet of his home. Here one may get the measure of his rare personality. He carries one through the gamut of human emotion and lifts one's thoughts to lofty heights. He is always generous in his praise of others, and never more so than when he speaks of those who have achieved fame in his profession. An instance of this may be found in his estimation of Chopin, and what he says of him applies more nearly to himself than it does to his compatriot:

"Chopin beautified, ennobled all he touched. . . . He it was who first conferred nobility upon our peasantry, the exquisite nobility of beauty. He led that simple figure forth into a wider, greater world, into castle halls, glittering with light, and set him close beside the proud Lord Palatine: he set the village herdsman beside the Knight Commander, the disowned orphan beside the lady of high birth; poet, magician, monarch by right of genius, he equalized all ranks; not here on the plains, on the flats and levels of everyday life, but high up on the loftiest summits of human emotion. The Pole listening to Chopin listens to the voice of his whole race."

Speaking of music, he says:

"Music is the only Art that actually lives. Her elements, vibration, palpitation are the elements of Life itself. Wherever Life is she is also, stealthy, inaudible, unrecognized, yet mighty. She is mingled with the flow of rushing waters, with the breath of the winds, with the murmur of the forests; she lives in the earth's seismic heavings, in the mighty motion of the planets, in the hidden conflict of inflexible atoms; she is in all the lights, in all the colors that dazzle or soothe our eyes; she is in the blood of our arteries, in every pain, passion or ecstasy that shakes our hearts. She is everywhere, soaring beyond and above the range of human speech unto unearthly spheres of divine emotion.

"The energy of the Universe knows no respite, it resounds unceasingly through Time and Space: its manifestation, rhythm, by the law of God keeps order in all worlds, maintains the cosmic harmony. God's melodies flow on unbroken across starry spaces, along Milky Ways, amid worlds beyond worlds, through spheres human and superhuman, creating that wondrous and eternal unity, the Harmony of Universal Being. Peoples and nations arise, worlds, stars, suns, that they may give forth tone and sound; when silence falls upon them, then Life ceases also. Everything utters music, sings, speaks, yet always in its

own voice, using its own gesture, according to its own particular hunger."

And yet again he says:

"No man, however great, can be above his nation, or beyond his nation. He is seed of her seed, a portion of her, blossom of her bearing, fruit of her ripening; and the greater, the finer, and the stronger he is, the closer he lies to her heart."

VI

I have been asked many times whether Paderewski would again be called to Poland to serve as Prime Minister or President. I do not know. Such events lie on the knees of the gods. Clemenceau was called to save France when he was nearing eighty. It is unlikely that any national disaster will arise in Poland to make it necessary to call Paderewski back. The tendency of Europe is to become more tranquil year by year, and Poland will doubtless share this tranquillity. It would be an anticlimax for him to assume office unless an emergency arises. He wants no office for the sake of it. He is content with his books, his friends, and his Art. His guardian angel is the lovely woman who has been his wife during his stormy and tranquil years. With a subtle and unerring instinct for his fame and for his future, her influence will be against a return to the political arena. In this, as in the essential things of life, her judgment and his run parallel.

No one may say with certitude what turn the road of destiny will take, but the chances are that it will now stretch smoothly ahead for the Paderewskis. They will not force Fate. They are far too wise for that. They are of the few who know when to allow the record to stand as it is. Unquenchable ambition might stir a lesser man to continuous action until he had lost all that he had gained. It is pleasant to think of him, who has served his day and generation so worthily, living in peace and contentment amid such lovely surroundings. For in all the world there is no view more beautiful than that from the windows of his home. Across the Lake the great Mont Blanc lifts his hoary head toward the stars, and lesser peaks make a broken and entrancing line athwart the azure of the sky. Sunshine, color—all are there to give inspiration to him who by the magic of his hands can touch those golden chords that stir the human heart to rapture and to tears.

THE SAPPHIRE

A STORY

BY GORDON ARTHUR SMITH

MONSIEUR GEORGES, as he was called by his dilapidated and disreputable disciples, sat at his favorite table in a corner of the back room of a bar that stood almost within the shadow of the Sacré-Coeur, high up on the Montmartre. An evil-smelling lamp, suspended by chains from the ceiling, added its stench to that of sour wine and stale beer, and cast an unsteady light on Monsieur Georges—on his innocent, cherubic face, on his smooth yellow hair, on his white silk shirt with the regulation red handkerchief of the Apache at his neck, and on his nervous hands of an artist. In truth, Monsieur Georges was, in his way, an artist, for, as he had often explained to his friend the Rabbit, "An artist is a man of imagination who possesses the technic necessary to put his ideas beautifully into visible, audible, or tangible form." Monsieur Georges, for three years, had been an extremely successful thief. What he had been before that nobody in the district knew; but there were many who suspected him of having been a gentleman, and it was rumored that he had been so wild a gentleman that his father had summoned the police on a certain occasion when he had discovered that Monsieur Georges had forged a check in order to pay his gambling debts. But that was only rumor, and Monsieur Georges neither affirmed nor denied it, his answer being merely a smile exquisitely compounded of contempt and of boredom.

He sat, then, at his favorite table and lazily studied the nails of his well-kept hands. At his left was the not uncomely Kiki, with whom he dwelt in almost constant disaccord; for Monsieur Georges was a man of moods and Kiki had been begotten by a Spaniard. Her hair and her low straight eyebrows were blacker than the black soot on the lamp chimney, and her mouth was wide and red and sulky. She was a trifle slovenly but not yet fat.

Across the table, opposite Monsieur Georges, sat a man who, although a stranger to the Bar des Costauds, was well known to the police of several cities in the United States—a plump, bald little man, with a head like a ball of putty and colorless eyes, furtive behind gold-rimmed pince-nez. He was called Garry, but he doubtless had other names. He and Monsieur Georges were conversing in English, or rather, Monsieur Georges was speaking in English. Garry spoke only American. Kiki, bored and petulant, listened to their gibberish and yawned and sipped her brandy and, from time to time, added red to her red lips.

"And you believe, then," said Monsieur Georges, "that these famous notes of yours will pass everything but the most expert inspection?"

"Sure as hell," replied Garry calmly. "Your French bank notes are nothing at all to fake. That's why I took a shot at them instead of our own. And what's more, your government's turned them out by the bushel, so's they don't know themselves how many they've let loose. See what I mean?"

Monsieur Georges nodded meditatively.

"The government has been very remiss," he agreed. "It has refused to face the financial crisis fairly and has adopted instead a policy that serves merely to tide over the evil day. But, alas, what can one expect of a Radical-Socialist majority? I am, of course, of the Opposition—the Conservative Party you call it, do you not? It goes without saying that only those who have long been accustomed to the handling of wealth and property should be intrusted with the handling of the wealth and property of the nation. I should desire a return to power of the *Ancien régime*, a government of the aristocracy rather than of the rabble, a recognition of the Church by the State, a lengthening of the working day, and—oh, my friend, who knows?—eventually, perhaps, the restoration of the monarchy!"

"Whew!" whistled Garry. "You don't want anything at all, do you?"

Monsieur Georges waved his cigarette in the air and dismissed the subject.

"Let me see a specimen of your engraving," he said.

Garry took from his fat knees a black leather brief-case and deposited it carefully on the stained table. He opened it with a key, fumbled in it for a space, and then drew forth one of those thin, fragile, blue-and-pink oblongs of paper that the French call a thousand-franc note. This he handed across to Monsieur Georges, saying, "I have three hundred like it."

Monsieur Georges nodded, took the note, regarded it carefully first on one side and then on the other and then, rising from his chair, moved over to stand directly under the hanging lamp. Garry followed his movements with eyes eager and anxious behind his pince-nez. Even Kiki, at sight of a symbol of wealth, roused herself a little from her petulant lethargy.

Monsieur Georges adjusted a round jeweler's glass to his eye and proceeded with his examination, deliberately, minutely, comprehensively. There was an unwonted silence for a space in the Bar des Costauds.

"Well," queried Garry at length, unable to bear the suspense.

Monsieur Georges did not answer at once, but continued his study of the bank note. Then, finally, he returned the glass to his pocket, went back to his chair, and said quietly, "It is an excellent piece of workmanship. Even I, who have seen many good forgeries, can find no flaw except that possibly the paper is a trifle too stiff. That we can remedy by crumpling them a little before we circulate them. As I understand it, my friend, it is I alone who am to have charge of that end of the *coup*? And for my services I am to have exactly half of the value of what I can obtain for the notes? That, is it not, is the agreement?"

Garry hesitated before he replied and when he did reply his manner was uneasy.

"You'll have entire charge of passing them," he said, "except that there's one little job that I'm going to do on my own. Oh, it's only a little job—one I'd already planned and got all laid out, and yesterday when I couldn't locate you I looked the ground over myself. Didn't actually start anything, mind you—only gave a look at the layout."

He paused, uncomfortable under the suddenly suspicious eyes of Monsieur Georges. Then, with all the dignity of a dishonest man whose honesty has been doubted, he added, "I guess you're not going to haggle about a little thing like that, especially since I've done all the preliminary work on it myself. I guess you're fair enough to see that I deserve one little haul of my own."

Monsieur Georges sighed and stretched out his corduroy-trousered legs under the table. "For such a clever engraver," he observed, "you are a remarkably stupid man. You come all the way from the United States to find me; you arrive with the highest recommendations from various friends I possess in that Paradise of our profession, New York; you are aware

that I am indispensable to you and that you are by no means indispensable to me, and yet on the very day of our meeting you have the audacity to attempt to deprive me of my fair share in the profits of our undertaking. No, my friend, I am not desirous of doing business with such as you under those conditions."

Garry held out a plump, pleading hand.

"Wait a minute," he begged, "wait a minute. You don't get me at all. Let me tell you what that little job was I was speaking about."

Monsieur Georges shrugged his shoulders, impatient and annoyed.

"Whatever it is you will bungle it," he remarked. "You know that as well as I. You are an expert engraver, but you are not an expert distributor of your engravings. If you were, you would not be calling upon me for assistance."

"Listen," urged Garry—"just listen and don't get excited."

"Very well. I listen."

"It's this way. Before I left home I was tipped off by a friend that an old French family had gone broke and wanted to sell their junk—jewelry, bric-a-brac, and stuff. But they want to do it on the quiet. Understand? They don't want the neighbors to know they're so poor. Proud, I guess. So, anyway, they wrote to a firm in America about it, and that's how I happened to be put wise. Now do you begin to get me? They won't sell to a Frenchman but they will sell to an American. They won't sell to you, for instance, but they will sell to me and no questions asked. And if I pay them in these nice bank notes, why, my boy, you can bet that they aren't going to put them under any microscope. No, sirree! They'll scamper off and pay the butcher and the grocer and the back installments on the piano and buy a new ice-box most likely and lay new linoleum in the kitchen. That's what they'll do, you can mark my words. Well, I figured on buying about thirty thousand francs only of their jewelry—simple little things that can't be traced even if anybody gets suspicious—unset stones, I thought'd be best. Well, now, you see, there's a job that's a cinch, and just the same it's one that it needs an American to do. I went to call yesterday and I talked to the old man. Told him I was sort of connected with the firm he'd written to in America. He was an innocent old fellow with a white goatee and—"

"One moment, please," interrupted Monsieur Georges. "What was the old gentleman's name?"

"Here," said Garry, "I've got his card somewhere—Comte de Chenavard, it was—big, shabby old house on the Rue Pierre Charron—place all going to seed. Say, what's the matter with *you*?"

"It is nothing," answered Monsieur Georges, but his usually ruddy cheeks had gone white as his white shirt, and he reached hastily for his brandy glass with a hand that was not certain.

Garry eyed him with anxiety. "You'd better take care of yourself," he said. "Looks to me like a bad heart or maybe a touch of kidneys. I've seen people go out cold with their kidneys."

"It is nothing," Monsieur Georges repeated. "It has already passed, as you see. Continue, I beg of you."

"Well, as I say then, the Count seemed a good old sort and pleased as Punch to show me the goods he had to sell. Only he kept telling me that any transaction must be strictly private and confidential, as he didn't want everyone in Paris saying that the poor old boy was on his uppers. Well, that's only natural, I guess. I've seen even Americans with no title at all except maybe King of the Porkpackers or Prince of Tulsa that went almost broke and acted the same."

"Yes, yes, never mind all that. Tell me what jewelry he showed you. Describe it to me."

"Well, there was a nice pearl necklace—nothing extraordinary, but nice."

"Ah!" uttered Monsieur Georges, and it was as if he had drawn in a sharp,

painful breath. "Yes, I know. What else?"

"There were about four rings, diamonds and sapphires mostly, but the settings I could see were all old-fashioned junk."

"Old-fashioned junk!" exclaimed Monsieur Georges and banged the table with his fist and laughed so harshly that he awakened the slumbering Kiki.

"What is the joke?" she murmured.

"The joke," said Monsieur Georges, "is a splendid one, but I fear you would not understand it."

"Ah," said she, "something obscene from America."

"Precisely," he agreed—"obscene and irreverent. So go to sleep. Proceed, Garry, my friend, proceed."

"Well, he showed me what he called some Limoges enamels and a fair-sized cup with jewels in the handle, but I passed over all that stuff, because what I wanted was unset stones. And sure enough, he got out a fine-looking sapphire. Now, that was something I could tell when I saw it!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Monsieur Georges. "So you are a connoisseur of sapphires? In that case, my friend, I do not have to tell you that that sapphire is exactly the one thing in the collection you must buy. It is perfect."

Garry opened surprised eyes behind his gold-edged glasses. "You mean to say you've seen it?" he asked.

"Yes, in truth, I have seen it. I have handled it. I know it intimately."

"What'd you say it was worth about?"

Monsieur Georges considered his answer for a moment, his eyes shut, his head thrown back.

"With the franc at its present debased value," he said, "the stone is worth fifty thousand. If you can obtain it for thirty thousand you will be getting it at a bargain, the more so since your thirty thousand will be paid in counterfeit money."

Garry leaned forward eagerly.

"Well, that's just what I thought," he said. "And now that I've explained things, you'll agree, won't you, after all the trouble and everything I've been put to—you'll agree, won't you, to let me have this one deal to myself? You see, now, how reasonable I was, don't you?"

Monsieur Georges nodded slowly and smiled slowly. "I agree," he said, "on one condition."

"Well?"

"On the condition that you buy nothing but the sapphire. If you buy anything else you will doubtless get both of us into jail. I should not, in that case, be at all sorry for you, but I should grieve for myself. I have never in my life permitted myself a visit to a jail."

"All right," said Garry, "I agree to that condition—nothing but the sapphire. And, by the way, how do you happen to know that sapphire so well?"

Monsieur Georges laughed lightly and this time there was ample mirth in his laughter.

"My friend," he said mysteriously, "I seldom answer a question of that sort, but I will tell you this: I know the sapphire because I, myself, was the first person in Paris to own it."

With that he called for more brandy and pulled gently at Kiki's ear to wake her up.

"Come, Kiki, my fallen angel," he said, "let us drink to our new partner, the estimable Monsieur Garry."

They drank and then Monsieur Georges said, "I think it is time to go, but first, Monsieur Garry, I suggest that you intrust to me that black leather case of yours. It will be safer in my rooms than in your hotel, for in my neighborhood all the thieves know that I am a thief, whereas in yours there might be some to doubt you."

The American looked at him with reluctant admiration. "Say," he said, "you put things pretty plain, don't you?"

But when he had extracted thirty thousand francs from the brief-case he handed it over, with not too much hesitation, to Monsieur Georges. "That

leaves two hundred and seventy thousand in it," he said.

"I believe you," said Monsieur Georges, and did not trouble to count them.

Then they parted for the night.

Monsieur Georges, with the somnolent Kiki bearing on his arm, proceeded to the rooms which he occupied in a neighboring street. He seemed very cheerful. He sang Rabelaisian songs in a low voice. He chuckled to himself. Kiki being too sleepy to listen to him, he spoke to the moon, which swung languidly about behind veering clouds.

"Ha!" he cried, "what amusement have you in life, my poor beautiful one, you whose orbit is fixed, you who have no freedom! Round you go, month after month, in the same old path, like a wooden horse on a carrousel. Whereas I, on the contrary, am forever encountering new problems, undergoing new experiences, partaking of new adventures. To-night, for example, did you not envy the practical joke to which I lighted the fuse and which will explode to-morrow with a gorgeous, side-splitting roar? Ah, how I shall laugh to-morrow! And, even now, how I laugh! You see, beautiful but bored one, that is because—unlike you—I have escaped from my orbit."

At this Kiki awoke and said, as if to no one in particular, "He is in one of his crazy fits again. That means, I suppose, that he's planning a grand coup."

"It does," he assured her and, arriving at his door, he opened it with his own key, for he was not the sort of person who cared to advertise his comings and goings to a concierge.

They climbed the dark, dank stairs to his apartment. The halls and the staircase had an evil look and an evil smell, and Monsieur Georges' flashlight revealed sweating, peeling walls and drunken floors. But, presently, when they had passed through Monsieur Georges' own doorway, the smell and the darkness and the dampness ceased to exist.

There were two large rooms and a kitchen, and ever since Monsieur Georges had taken them, three years ago, not more than three people had ever set foot in them. Monsieur Georges transacted all his business at the Bar des Costauds. That was his office and, indeed, when not more actively and imperatively engaged, it was there that he kept regular office hours. But these rooms were his home and his impregnable castle.

The living room, which they entered from the hall, was startlingly beautiful, but there was very little that was French about it. Kiki would have preferred more gilt, to be sure, but Kiki's taste was that of the Magasins de Clichy, and she had little use for rare carved oak and warm old mahogany, nor for the subtle blues and yellows of the Chinese rug, nor for the chastity of the etchings, nor, in short, for anything that did not smite you blind with its color. Some of the porcelains above the bookcases did just that, and these she was able to admire.

Monsieur Georges sent Kiki to bed and, once alone, went directly to that side of the room that adjoined the kitchen; here the wall had been shirred out to an unusual thickness and behind a thin panel stood his safe. He operated the combination of this deftly and opened the door. It was not a large safe but its contents were of great value, for Monsieur Georges, during three years, had been a thief who had worked always on the grand scale.

His hand, going unerringly to what he sought, drew out a rather small, square jeweler's case. This he took to the lamp that stood on his desk.

"I wonder if you have changed since I saw you last," he said, and snapped the box open.

Triumphant against white plush, dark and yet filled with light, dancing under the lamp as if alive and yet cold to the touch as if dead, was a large unset sapphire.

Monsieur Georges bent his head lower to revel in it.

"You beauty!" he murmured; and having rejoiced his eyes with it for a

space, he closed the box gently and returned it to the safe.

The following afternoon he awaited, at the Bar des Costauds, the arrival of Garry with what was for him unwonted trepidation. Kiki was not with him on this occasion. He had forbidden her presence at an interview which, as he told her, might well lead to words unfit for the ears of a *jeune fille* like her. Kiki had not protested, for she had had enough of listening to them talk in "that dirty American tongue."

And so Monsieur Georges sat alone and fidgeted and wondered if anything had gone wrong. That fellow Garry was so stupid and, withal, so conceited that he was capable of bungling the simplest transaction.

But in the end his fears proved to have been groundless, for Garry arrived not more than fifteen minutes late, and on his face was the glow of the conqueror. He was, indeed, so well pleased that he called for brandies and even offered to pay for them.

"Very good," agreed Monsieur Georges, "but with genuine money, if you please. The barman here is my friend."

"You don't suppose, do you," retorted Garry cockily, "that I go round paying for two brandies with thousand-franc notes, whether they're genuine or not? I'm not the fool you take me for, friend Georges."

"My name is Monsieur Georges," the other corrected him quietly. "And now be amiable enough to tell me how you fared this morning. I trust that everything was satisfactory. The Conte de Chenavard received you well? He proved hospitable and—and amenable? In short, have you the sapphire?"

The eagerness in Monsieur Georges' voice was so patent that even Garry did not fail to detect it and was inwardly pleased. But it was Garry's triumph and he had no intention of having it cut short or skimped in any way. He desired all of the glory of a Cæsar returning to Rome—the garlands, the chariots, the slaves, the elephants, the tigers, and the triumphal arches. He had conquered and he didn't propose to be casual about it. So he did not answer directly.

"Say," he remarked, "I guess we could get that string of pearls the old boy showed me for a song."

"Listen well to me, my friend," said Monsieur Georges sternly; "we are not buying that string of pearls. Did or did you not get the sapphire?"

"You seem anxious. Why should you care when you know it's my own private little transaction?"

"If you do not answer me it will be you who will be anxious and it will be my own private little transaction to make you so. I repeat, did you or did you not get the sapphire?"

Garry sighed. The man was a nuisance with his persistent questioning. He saw he must, however, reply, and so he dug his plump fingers into the inside pocket of his coat, drew out a rather small square jeweler's case, and tossed it, with a grand but careless gesture, on the table.

"There's your damn sapphire," he said—"or, rather, there's *my* damn sapphire."

Monsieur Georges reached out quickly, grasped the box and snapped open the lid. Triumphant against white plush, dark and yet filled with light, dancing under the lamp as if alive and yet cold to the touch as if dead, was a large unset sapphire.

Monsieur Georges adjusted his round magnifying glass and, taking the stone from the box, bent low to examine it. He examined it for so long a time that Garry grew uneasy, wondering if there was anything wrong. Finally a slow smile widened Monsieur Georges' small, boyish mouth, he returned the sapphire to its plush bed, he removed his glass from his eye and he said cheerily, "Yes, that is it without the shadow of a doubt. That is precisely the stone I intended you should buy."

"It's a fine stone," said Garry complacently.

Monsieur Georges permitted a shrug of his shoulders. "Of its kind," he said, "it is a fine stone; but what do you think of this one." And then he, too, dug into his pocket and drew out a jeweler's case, opened the lid, and displayed the sapphire that he had feasted upon in his room the night before. He placed the two stones side by side on the table and invited the astounded Garry to compare them.

"Why, damn it all," the American cried, his eyes wide with wonder—"why, damn it all, man, they're as like as two peas! They're twins!"

Monsieur Georges chuckled with pleasure.

"Yes," he agreed, "they do certainly look alike. It always amazes me how closely art can duplicate nature."

"And just what do you mean by that, I'd like to know?" demanded Garry.

"I mean simply that those sparkling bits of blue, lying there before us, each in its white plush setting, resemble each other as—well, to use your own apt comparison—as closely as twins. And yet, sadly enough, my friend, yours is counterfeit and almost valueless, whereas mine is genuine and worth a very stylish sum."

"Listen here," cried Garry savagely, "do you mean to tell me that that old boy double-crossed me? Do you? Because if he did I'll go back and cut his heart out!"

"Gently, gently, my friend. The Comte de Chenavard is incapable of deliberately practising a deceit. I happen to know that he was thoroughly convinced that the stone he sold you was genuine."

"You happen to know, do you? Well, how do you happen to know? You seem to know a hell of a lot that I don't."

"Indeed I do," said Monsieur Georges, smiling; "but at that I cannot preen myself overmuch, for you are a remarkably stupid person. You are very ignorant indeed. You pretend to be a connoisseur and yet you are deceived the first time you attempt a purchase. I warned you to do nothing without me, you will remember—or perhaps you do not choose to remember."

Garry called for two more brandies. He was tremendously upset. When he had drained his glass his brain cleared a trifle and his anger turned to suspicion. He became—or thought he became—crafty.

"Where did you get your sapphire, Monsieur Georges?" he asked.

The answer was unexpected.

"I stole it."

"You stole it!"

"Yes—oh, four years ago, in my youth."

"But—but where did you steal it from?"

Monsieur smiled comfortably into the rather ridiculous face opposite him.

"I stole it from the Comte de Chenavard," he said.

Garry passed a dazed hand across his eyes. He tried very hard to think, to reason this thing out. Presently a great light must have come to him, for he said, "Then this old Chenavard must have had two twin sapphires, one real and one fake."

Monsieur Georges, still smiling, shook his head. "No," he said, "he had never more than one at a time."

Garry pounded the table. "I see it now!" he cried. "Now I see it all clear as daylight. You stole the old fellow's real sapphire and he bought a second one just like it in its place, only they tricked him on the second one and sold him a fake."

"Not at all," said Monsieur Georges smoothly, "it was I who had the counterfeit one made, and at no little expense, to substitute for the one I was about to steal. You are very dull."

Garry got slowly and malevolently to his feet, and his voice broke into a sort of squeal as he shook his fat fist in the Frenchman's face. "So it was you that double-crossed me, was it! You knew

all the time that stone was a fake, did you! Well, I'm going to settle with you for that right now, do you hear, right now!"

He drew back his arm as if to start a blow, but Monsieur Georges gave a contemptuous shove that sent him comically back into his chair.

"Sit down, imbecile, sit down," urged Monsieur Georges. "You have received precisely what you deserve—no more, and no less. You have purchased a counterfeit sapphire with thirty thousand counterfeit francs. Can you ask for a better bargain?"

Garry, breathing fast in his chair and scowling as viciously as a fat forehead can scowl, muttered, "I don't see what you got out of your damn trickiness. What do you gain by it, eh? Why did you make me buy that sapphire instead of some of the real stuff? Just tell me that, will you?"

Monsieur Georges did not answer for a while. He had taken paper and string from his pocket and was intently engaged in wrapping up his sapphire. Garry watched his deft, slender fingers with a sort of fascination. This Monsieur Georges, he admitted to himself, was a queer sort of devil. One never knew what he was up to—a hard man to deal with.

"What are you tying up that sapphire for so carefully?" demanded Garry.

Monsieur Georges looked up for an instant from his task.

"Oh," he said, "I am wrapping this up in order to return it to my father."

"To your father!" echoed Garry.

"Yes," said Monsieur Georges, "to its rightful owner, the Comte de Chenavard. I stole it from him four years ago, you see, while he still permitted me to live in his house. I was in need of money then, but now that I am reasonably rich I feel that I can afford to send it back, especially since you have so kindly purchased the counterfeit I had put in its place. I should not like to think that my father had no sapphire at all."

"So Chenavard's your father, eh? And that's why you wouldn't let me buy any of the real jewels from him, is it?"

"Yes, that is doubtless the reason. You are very obtuse or you would have divined it long ago. Do you imagine, my friend, that I would knowingly permit anybody but myself to rob my own father?"

Garry stared and then he sighed ponderously.

"I'm sure," he said, "that I haven't the vaguest idea in the world what you'd permit and what you wouldn't."

"No," agreed Monsieur Georges, "I am sure you would not." And, still smiling a little, he went back to his task of wrapping up the package.

THE GREAT COOLIDGE MYSTERY

BY BRUCE BLIVEN

THE greatest of all popular mysteries just now, particularly in these circles which are self-described as intellectual, is the Mystery of Calvin Coolidge. You can insure for any dinner party an animated conversation, not to say a brisk fight, by persuading your guests to discuss two questions:

What is the truth about the Coolidge character?

And, assuming that the President is the sort of person he seems to be, on what possible basis can one explain the great popularity of a person so deficient in the characteristics supposed to be essential to the political hero?

He is extraordinarily popular. After visiting in recent months a number of cities in all parts of the Middle West and East and talking with hundreds of persons from all walks of life, I can testify (as does every other political observer who has had the same experience) that President Coolidge is one of the two best-liked occupants of the White House in a generation. While the admiration for him is of a different variety—and comparisons are therefore difficult—I believe he is as generally admired and trusted as was Roosevelt, if not more so. That puts him in a category which contains at the highest estimate not more than four or five other names in our whole history.

The election of 1924 is now universally admitted to have been, not a Republican victory but a Coolidge triumph. Indeed, the national party machine, with the odor of oil still clinging to it, was undoubtedly more a liability than an asset to the President. There were other factors in the victory; but certainly these influences would have been ineffective to produce the result which followed were it not for the fact that Mr. Coolidge was (or was believed by them to be) exactly the sort of person whom the great mass of the voters like, respect, and want to vote for.

Yet see the paradox: this national hero possesses just the qualities which, a few years ago, one would have selected as being sure to make popularity impossible. He is a meager, sour-faced, unimpressive man, wholly lacking in social accomplishments. He takes no part in any of the normal sports and recreations by which one usually demonstrates that he is a good fellow. Spending the summer at White Court, the only amusements he could think of were sitting on the porch, standing on the lawn, or taking one of his grim, compulsory exercise-walks. He does not dance, swim, motor, or play golf, tennis, or any other game; he rides only an electric gymnasium horse. If "personal magnetism" were indicated by a bump on the head, Mr. Coolidge would have a hollow there. He is as incapable of the ordinary politician's lavish friendliness, which embraces all comers like a subway turnstile, as he is of throwing a double back-somersault in the air. And still the country seems not only willing but overflowingly eager to toss its cap in the air and cry huzza! where surely huzza was never cried before.

This attitude is a fairly recent development. It is an extremely well-ventilated secret among Republican

politicians that in the plans for the 1924 convention which had been laid prior to the death of Mr. Harding in August, 1923, Calvin Coolidge was counted out. Harding, of course, would have been renominated: such action has come to be virtually compulsory in the case of any President not grotesquely and openly unfit; but the party leaders did not feel that Coolidge had done sufficiently well as Vice-President to be made again even the tail of the ticket. The improvement in the Coolidge fortunes has taken place in a little more than two years, and both in extent and rapidity is almost without parallel in our history.

It cannot be attributed to a record of achievement in office. The only real success of the administration during this period was the Dawes plan, and the Dawes plan was first put forward as a purely unofficial effort of an unofficial group. Not until its (political) success was assured did it become one of the achievements of the Coolidge regime. Of the dozen major recommendations the President has made to Congress not one has been carried out. He has been defeated on taxation, the soldiers' bonus, the World Court, the Senate investigation of the Treasury Department, the Warren nomination, the reorganization of the government bureaus, the repeal of tax publicity, the sale of Muscle Shoals, railway consolidation, and the anti-lynching bill. He has been beaten actually, though not technically, on the retention of Daugherty and Denby, on the calling of another conference on armaments, and the sale of the government-owned merchant marine. This list, to be sure, sounds more impressive than it is. Mr. Coolidge is not the first President to advocate numerous proposals which are never carried out. But when you can set alongside the defeats hardly anything in the way of accomplishment except the Dawes plan and a continued reduction of the cost of government from its wartime peak, the fact that he is still the popular idol does indeed become remarkable.

There is some danger in the very fact of occupying such a pedestal as is now his. Demos is notoriously fickle toward its heroes, and "the bigger they are the harder they fall." Also, the Coolidge popularity is to a certain extent bound up with Republican promises to the country at large of continued prosperity. If hard times should come along—and it is perfectly possible, of course, that they will—some of these pre-election promises may fly home to roost most unpleasantly on the White House roof. These, however, are the normal political dangers which must be taken as they come. The general situation remains as stated; and the riddle continues to puzzle many a political observer.

II

Before I seek to answer this riddle it is only fair that I should set forth my own view of the personality behind the enigma.

There is, then, in my opinion, no "mystery" of Calvin Coolidge. After rather exceptional opportunities for close personal observation, beginning when he was Governor of Massachusetts and continuing through his service as Vice-President and President, I am convinced that he is just what he seems to be.

There are always those who see Machiavellian shrewdness behind every countenance which possesses immobility; and these insist on interpreting Mr. Coolidge's as being the very perfection of all "poker faces." They are wrong. As a general rule, he speaks what he thinks, and all of it. To be sure, he can keep a secret; but nine times out of ten if he is silent it is not the stillness of the crouching tiger, but that of a man who can't, at the moment, think of anything which seems to him worth saying. It is only fair to add that the attribution of this non-existent guile is no fault of the President. To some extent press agents have helped to paint a distorted picture of him; but he himself never pretends to any qualities he does not possess.

Mostly, those who are deceived on this point are self-deceived. People are always eager to see a President larger than life-size, and never was this more true than to-day, when everyone wants to have all the ills which afflict us solved by "government," and preferably by the federal authorities. Not unnaturally, then, they exaggerate in their estimates of Mr. Coolidge these qualities which he may, within the bounds of reason, be supposed to possess.

The heart of his character, in my judgment, is modesty. He is to a singular degree without pride in himself, his achievements and ideas. To be sure, this modesty—of the deep-rooted sort which, according to the authorities, must be acquired in early infancy if at all—is now in the process of being "watered down." Its owner is holding the job better calculated to give one a swelled head than almost any other in the world. But the shyness is still there, still the salient feature of his personality.

Modesty, the psychologists say, is merely inverted egotism. Its possessor really thinks as well of himself, or even better, than do the rank and file; but because of an ineradicable and fundamental psychological quirk, he shrinks from ever putting his own self-esteem to the test. This seems to me true of Calvin Coolidge to a conspicuous degree. There is no reason to doubt that he sincerely believes himself to be a thoroughly ordinary person. No man ever was more completely without delusions of grandeur or more willing to listen patiently to advice from those who have his confidence. Like others with his temperament, he, of course, does not take this advice unless he is completely convinced that it is sound; also, like them, he has no hesitation in relying on his own mental processes in deciding whether that is the case or not.

He is shrewd; and that is one quality which he not only possesses but knows very well that he possesses. Shrewdness, of course, is nothing else than the ability to survey immediate situations in an intensely practical, realistic fashion, neither being deceived as to other men's motives nor permitting one's own wish to be father to the thought. Mr. Coolidge is never guilty of the latter. If anything, he is too realistic, too pessimistic, in his first instinctive expectation about anything in which he is himself interested.

Almost invariably one finds that this attitude of mind is the accompaniment of opportunism about large aims and policies; I think it is so in this case. One who is accustomed to look at men and their behavior in an unprejudiced, unemotional way is likely to feel that the major developments in life are more or less the result of chance. Therefore he will drift with the main current, however vigorously he may paddle from time to time in order to avoid or enter this or that eddy. I realize that to some such an interpretation may sound ridiculous, applied to a man who was President of the United States at the age of fifty-one, and before that had climbed with an unvarying record of success through one political post after another, from the lowest to the highest: village councilman, solicitor, clerk of courts, mayor, state senator, president of state senate, Lieutenant-Governor, Governor, Vice-President, President. That sounds, does it not, like a career implacably planned and ruthlessly executed? Yet I am sure that it was nothing of the sort. Once given the selection of politics as a career (and even that probably involved little choice, since it is an almost compulsory road to preferment for a struggling young lawyer in a country town) and given the further admitted fact that he was able to deliver the sort of goods that people in general like, I am convinced that every successive step in his career was no more than following the path of least resistance—invariably doing the expected, normal, obvious next thing.

He wants to do "the right thing"; and he has in general no doubt at all that he knows what the right thing is. It is

what your friends expect of you; what New Englanders have always done under similar circumstances; what advice, custom, tradition, the law provide.

III

One of the most important elements in the creation of the great Coolidge myth has been his silence. From time to time, in the presence of those with whom he feels particularly at ease, he indulges in a burst of nothing less than garrulity; but these loquacious spells are rare. Usually he is as completely without small talk as anyone can be and still function socially at all. That fact alone would mark him as extraordinary in America, one of the most talkative nations on earth. This trait is particularly puzzling to the newspapermen who come in closest contact with him and who write what the country reads about him, they being almost invariably expert and incessant conversationalists. It would be asking too much to expect them to refrain from magnifying his silence into the wisdom of the Sphinx, even though a more sensible explanation, as I have already suggested, is that when he has nothing to say, which is a large share of all the time, he says nothing.

Calvin Coolidge's mind is tenacious, as his character is stubborn; but he is somewhat slow in grasping the intricacies of a new situation. This accounts for the fact which so hugely impresses those who talk to him in order to urge upon him a course of action: that he listens to you for half an hour without saying a word and dismisses you with no hint of what he intends to do. Partly, to be sure, that is the necessary reticence of the Chief Executive; but it is also in part a shrewd recognition of his temperamental incapacity to make the lightning decisions (right or wrong) so characteristic of, for instance, a Roosevelt.

On that trip to Chicago, during which, because of a brilliant decision of the White House publicity experts, he did not use a special train, the dining-car conductor approached Mr. Coolidge at breakfast and, with the officious, official politeness of his kind, asked "Is the coffee all right, Mr. President?"

Whereupon the President replied with an inquiry of his own, "What did you think was the matter with it?"

He was not, I am sure, trying to be funny. His inquiry was made in good faith because his mind did not move rapidly enough to grasp, in a second or two, the fact that the conductor didn't really mean it, that he knew the coffee was marvelously good and was merely going through a formula which is supposed to be capped by another, "Very nice, thank you."

There is little foundation in fact for the frequent admiring comments on his sense of humor. He has, it is true, a thin and intermittent vein of brief, ironic statement which seems funny to those who have his own temperament. Sometimes he is credited, as is every public man, with being funny when he has no such intention, and many apocryphal anecdotes about him are in circulation; a stock of Coolidge stories is as indispensable to the raconteur as a string of Ford jokes once was. The President is by no means incapable of appreciating other men's humor of the quiet, Yankee brand; but he is hardly ever able to create it.

Slowness of mind such as his is of course no discredit to anyone who has it. The quality of man's intellectual processes has no necessary relation to their speed. But it does help, for the reason I have already given, to explain some things about him which have aided to erect the Coolidge Myth.

His modesty, simplicity, and slowness in adaptation have resulted in Mr. Coolidge's maintaining far longer than most men a point of view which can only be described as unsophisticated. Having been reared, not only in Vermont and in a small town where poverty or near-poverty is the well-nigh universal lot, but in a home which was monastic

in its elimination of "frills," to this day, frills do not come naturally to him. His passion for economy is genuine, innate, and compelling. In Northampton, it will be remembered, he lived in one-half of a two-family house at a rent of thirty dollars a month. As Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, he occupied one room in a Boston hotel. After he had been elected Governor, a friend came to him and pointed out that it was hardly proper for the head of that great commonwealth to live in one room. Next day the same friend was calling on him in the hotel, and Mr. Coolidge, with as close to an air of triumph as he ever gets, made an announcement.

"I've fixed that up," he explained, and showed that a locked door in the partition had been unlocked. "I've got two rooms now," he said.

The qualities I have enumerated have as their natural corollary another which is characteristic of the President. It is a dislike of making decisions. Where a Roosevelt likes the rough-and-tumble mental exercise of finding a way out of things, going over several possible courses of action in his mind and picking the best, a Coolidge finds the task of making decisions one to be approached with great reluctance, and avoided whenever possible.

This trait is by no means as detrimental in one holding an important executive job of any sort—and particularly the Presidency of the United States—as is often supposed. Everyone knows that many difficult questions, if you procrastinate long enough in regard to them, have a habit of solving themselves, and about as satisfactorily as when settled out of hand. Also, the dislike of making decisions leads you to rely upon the advice of others; and if you happen to pick your men well you are enabled to draw upon resources of experience and wisdom which even a superman could not encompass in his own being.

In this matter Mr. Coolidge seems to do either very well or very badly. In his relations with his cabinet (most of the members of which were forced upon him, having been members of the Harding regime) he has trusted and depended upon them just about in the order they would take if they could be subjected to some really effective test of intelligence and character. On the other hand, he takes the political advice of Senator Butler who, though efficient in business, is an inveterate, colossal blunderer in politics. He allows a Sheffield to lead him into a bog, as everyone now admits, on Mexican policy. He seeks to secure the nomination for Attorney-General of a man as hopelessly incapable of being confirmed as Charles B. Warren.

These errors of judgment are less important, however, than the general fact that he thinks, always and instinctively, in terms of persons. Sometimes, indeed, this trait displays itself in the form of a desire to discuss "personalities" of a thoroughly unimportant variety. I remember once being at lunch with a United States Senator in the pleasant restaurant reserved for those gentlemen and their guests, when the Vice-President—as he then was—drifted in alone, and accepted an invitation to sit at our table. The conversation was desultory for some minutes until the Senator happened to mention that a party of Congressional junketeers had returned after a long cruise on a United States battleship, on one of those tours which are supposed to gather information which the solons will find valuable, but are usually mere joy rides at government expense. Immediately Mr. Coolidge's interest was aroused and he asked questions in a rapid, fluent fashion quite at variance with the popular picture of him as less talkative than a morose clam with lockjaw. How had the Congressmen liked their trip? Who went and which of them had his wife along? How did they find life on the battleship in the tropics? How much baggage was each man allowed? And so on. The change from our previous theme—we had been agreeing in a half-hearted way

about the flavor, nutriment, and reliability of the Senate restaurant bean soup—was positively startling.

I recall another occasion, while Mr. Coolidge was still Governor of Massachusetts, when I interviewed him, on behalf of a newspaper, in regard to immigration. As I asked him my questions he would tilt his head back, holding his long, thin Yankee stogie at the angle of an anti-aircraft gun, and think. He remained silent so long—in one case two minutes by my wrist watch—that several times I felt he could not have heard my question and must be waiting for me to go on; though when I tried to do so, an impatient sideways twist of the head showed that this was wrong and that he did not wish to be interrupted. When he finally replied invariably he quoted the experience of someone, or some group of them, *whom he knew*.

If I were asked, then, to sum up the salient characteristics of Calvin Coolidge in a few words, I should say that he is honest, simple, modest, rather lacking in humor, slow in his reactions, stubborn, shrewd, inclined to follow the advice of those whom he trusts, and to trust a few men implicitly, disinclined to make decisions, legalistic in temperament—by which I mean that he looks for precedents and when he finds one clings to it as to a solid rock in an uncertain and shifting world—authoritarian, and withal entirely well-meaning, trying sincerely, within the framework of his genuine conservatism, to do as well as possible for all classes and for the Republic as a whole.

To answer the question, what is he like? is not of course to solve the riddle of his popularity. Why is it that in his case qualities which in another man are a political liability become a political asset? Why this hero-worship with a brand-new sort of hero?

IV

There are several points in the answer, which need to be listed separately. Let me begin with the most unpleasant, by stating the indisputable fact that Coolidge has to some degree been "sold" to the nation, as the advertising men say, and by advertising men's methods.

Never before have so many avenues for publicity existed and certainly never have any of them been used so skillfully. The radio, which was coming into being in the previous campaign of 1920, was utilized by the Republicans in 1924 to an enormous extent with great success. The national committee spent far larger sums than did the Democrats in "renting time on the air"; the La Follette group, not having the funds, spent almost nothing for this purpose. Moreover, most of the broadcasting stations are owned by important business men; and since most important business men are Republicans, the party propaganda got more than its fair proportion of time in the ordinary run of things. Calvin Coolidge's speeches have been heard by at least ten times as many people as have heard any other man who ever lived. He happens to have an excellent radio voice and to have put on the air skillfully reasoned and worded arguments; but even if he had not, the mere fact of having heard him would seem to hundreds of thousands of his fellow countrymen to constitute a link between themselves and the White House and a powerful reason for a vote in his favor.

There were also at the disposal of Mr. Coolidge and his highly competent expert advisers all the other and more familiar media—newspapers, magazines, movies. All of these were used to "put him over" exactly as though he were a new breakfast food or fountain pen. In this effort, for reasons I shall describe in a moment, the Republican National Committee had the whole-hearted aid of the editors, film producers, etc., to an extent which was likewise without any parallel in our history.

Another reason for his popularity which must not be overlooked is the fact that his character is utterly unlike that of either of his predecessors in office. Democracies are perennially fickle; but

to this general changeability must be added the specific fact that in recent years the country has undergone a revulsion of feeling. Mr. Wilson, rightly or wrongly, had become identified with the expression of a lofty idealism which seemed painfully unreal when placed beside the facts of the post-war world. Mr. Harding had represented in turn the apotheosis of the Good Fellow—easy-going, friendly, confiding, well meaning. Even that not inconsiderable section of the population which was inclined to belittle the seriousness of the oil scandals and to overlook the doings of the Ohio Gang's members had come around to the view that there are qualities more desirable in a President than good fellowship. Coming immediately after this era of easy-going joviality, Mr. Coolidge's precision, restraint, silence seemed to many of his fellow-countrymen as refreshing as a cold draught of lemonade to a palate sickened with too much sweet.

V

Another important element in his popularity has to do with his conservatism and its accompaniment of inertia. Such characteristics are peculiarly well suited to catch the popular imagination in America in this post-war era. The United States was profoundly shocked and disillusioned by the revelations of 1919 and subsequent years regarding the real meaning of the war to all the participants except ourselves. Americans have long been doubtful of the ability of our diplomats to cope with the supposedly more sophisticated, better-trained, and perhaps less strictly honorable gentlemen who represent the European powers. The spiritual exhaustion which was to be expected after such an emotional debauch as we went through during the war was accelerated by a distinct feeling that we had been "played for a bunch of suckers," used to pull the English and French chestnuts out of the fire. In such a mood the people turned with relief and confidence toward a man who clearly would never in his life do anything rash, and in particular, would take no steps toward "entangling foreign alliances" without being sure the country was altogether behind him.

Again, many commentators on public affairs have, I think, overlooked the great sympathy Mr. Coolidge has accumulated among people who feel that he has, since August, 1923, been confronted by a hard and big job for which he "never asked." The mood is not unlike that in which one sees a substitute musician suddenly called upon to give a concert, unprepared: you applaud not so much the performance as the pluck with which it is undertaken. We have in America an inveterate sentimental attachment for the underdog or anyone who seems to be appearing in that role: Jack gets all our cheers and we have only hisses for his giants; we prefer our princesses to be Cinderellas. While Mr. Coolidge never has sought in the slightest degree to capitalize any such sentiment as this, there is no doubt that the feeling exists and works powerfully in his favor. To the common man he seems, quite correctly, to be in many ways just a common man himself. He photographs in the movies as well as possible, from this point of view: that is, he looks acutely miserable, self-conscious, and ashamed. Every man who has felt that way when facing the photographer's lens has a fellow-feeling at once. A few months ago the news reel caught the President paying a visit to his son John when the latter was a member of a citizens' training camp. The boy stepped forward and saluted his father smartly. The latter, obviously not knowing what the dickens is the etiquette when the President meets a corporal who is also his son, hesitated, looked unhappy, and finally took off his hat! No one could see the episode without feeling sorry for the central figure; politically, to have forty million people view it on the screen was worth at least three of those major victories over Congress which are so hard to obtain.

On my recent tour of observation it was startling to note how often people spoke in praise of the Coolidges because they have never owned an automobile of their own. It was useless for me to point out that the friendly critic himself owned a car or perhaps half a dozen. "That has nothing to do with it," was the answer which, in those or similar words, was invariably returned. "It's a fine thing for the President to set an example of economy that way."

Praise of that sort is, it seems to me, of enormous significance. It is no secret at all that a large majority of all the people in this country who are, say, forty years of age or over, believe the inhabitants of these United States are rapidly sliding down hill toward perdition. They base this dismal view on a number of things: the prevalence of drinking, the wildness of youth, the crime wave, the women's costumes, and the mad search for easy living and pleasure, which is demonstrated in such things as multiplying golf clubs, and the annual rush to Florida. To them, Calvin Coolidge seems, and I think quite correctly, to represent old-fashioned Americanism in a world which appears bent on getting rid of its Puritan tradition as soon and completely as possible. Their feeling is not so definite as a hope that he will "do anything" about it; but they do take comfort in thinking that at any rate he agrees with them in disapproving of the sort of life which so much of America is leading.

VI

His economical streak is also widely popular. At first sight this seems a paradox, since the typical American psychology is anything but penurious. For many years the dominant philosophy in this country has advised, not that you live within your income, but that you make your income stretch to meet your desires. "Don't knock—boost," says the typical American wall motto, meaning thereby as well, "don't save, spend; don't be careful, be lavish." Yet Coolidge, the national hero, is about as far as possible from being a booster.

The reason is to be found in the rapidly changing character of our thinking, which in turn is influenced by our economic status. Until about 1890, this country was dominated by the frontier, with its masses of vacant land so vast that a hundred years ago even the leading authorities thought it would be ten centuries before it would all be occupied. To-day, the frontier is gone; we have passed the peak of productivity in several important natural resources; and there is a decided general opinion that a population of one hundred and ten millions is about as many as we ought to have. Our riotous youth of squandering with reckless hand is over. National middle age is upon us; we begin to look forward with an anxious eye to the time when we shall need to count the pennies as carefully as any European.

This new frame of mind is responsible for immigration restriction; for the general endorsement of conservation except in a few western states where some individuals, for personal reasons, still maintain the old looting doctrine; and it has much to do also with the erection of the Nordic myth and with the spiritual success of the Ku Klux Klan. People look back wistfully on the glories that are past and assume that they were due, not to the resources of a rich and empty continent, but to the fact that these happened to be enjoyed by people mainly of one general racial stock, and one religion.

Finally, and perhaps of greatest significance, comes the most intangible of all the factors making for Mr. Coolidge's personal success. Not only in America but throughout the world, intelligence is to-day at a discount as compared to what is vaguely described as "character" or "good intentions"—by which is generally meant, acceptance of the status quo as being the best of all possible worlds.

The war profoundly disturbed the

mental equilibrium of mankind; and always when we are, or believe ourselves to be, in danger, we resist change. There is a general feeling that intellect—"alone"—is likely to lead men into sympathy with "Bolshevism"—a word which covers any sort of radical proposal for altering the social order. Not all of mankind, to be sure, embraces this view; but there is a marked tendency for people to divide into two camps, radical and conservative, both equally disinclined to tolerate the various compromise positions of liberalism which, throughout the Occident, have played such an important part in the political history of the past century.

In the United States this division has resulted in a large majority for conservatism, and here again the war has been chiefly responsible. We have emerged from the conflict the one wealthy nation in a poverty-stricken world, a world which is both envious of our wealth and eager to share in it if any way can be found for doing so. Like a rich old gentleman walking through the slums at midnight, Uncle Sam is strongly inclined to keep going straight ahead and not loiter along any of the alluring by-paths of experiment—social, economic, or political, national or international—which once excited his interest. For such a mood Calvin Coolidge is the ideal protagonist. The country believes, with more certainty than the facts warrant, that it is safe with him. And safety is our dominant national ideal.

THE HAUNTED ORCHARD

BY ETHEL M. HEWITT

ABOVE all things, I want to forget you;
Once, to remember you meant to reap
Bloom come true in my silent orchard
Ere an apple had stirred in its bud-bound sleep.

So may gray veterans in ancient acres,
Alien-fruited with strangling vines,
Yearn for the pageant of harvests carried,
Gold and crimson in serried lines.

Shade from the heat and the sun-steeped sweetness
From my laboring presses no longer flow;
But you left behind, in my haunted orchard,
Memory's pearls on its mistletoe.

LIVING ON THE RAGGED EDGE

FAMILY INCOME *VS.* FAMILY EXPENSES

ANONYMOUS

"STONY", the English say—"strapped" or "broke" it is in good American. Dead broke is our perpetual economic status, and there is nothing humorous in the situation, comic strips to the contrary. The first of the month, bill-paying time, the season of humorists' facetious thrusts anent wife's extravagance and husband's ill temper, is not a joke with us—it is too deeply tragic even to permit of satire. And yet we have a monthly income on which to support two normal children and two able-bodied adults that would enable us to live in luxury in, say—Boston or Des Moines. We live in New York City where the parallel scales of income and expense are probably higher than in any other city in the country; but even here our resources should be adequate to maintain us in reasonable comfort. Yet, given our accepted scale of necessities for body, mind, and spirit, they simply do not serve. Our problem is not, I think, in the last analysis, a question of the local high cost of living. The actual New York figures of income and outgo have no meaning unless explained in great detail in relation to their environment; and I am not convinced that our financial dilemma would not be the same in Des Moines with an income smaller by one half.

"Which one of you is the extravagant one?" a friend once asked me, and I could reply in all honesty that both my husband and myself are really economical, that we spend a minimum on ourselves, our clothes, our pleasures. "Then the answer must be that you have too high a standard of living for your income." Perhaps, but the problem is not quite so simple. If we could analyze the situation so easily we could remedy it by reducing our standards. But I must begin the story at the beginning and recite our financial history, rather because I believe it to be average than unique, and because I wonder whether there are not many other couples like us in the middle thirties who, having safely passed that stimulating and adventurous period of keeping-the-wolf-from-the-door, are engaged in the dreary business of living beyond their income, and this from the highest of motives.

II

Tom and I were married ten years ago. We are both college graduates and were brought up in what the women's magazines term "homes of culture and refinement." The intellectual tradition was strong for both of us. My parents died before my marriage and circumstances so fell that my financial inheritance was so small as to be almost negligible. Tom's mother is a widow with a comfortable but not luxurious income. Tom had been out of law school two years when we married on an income that is now considered a bare living wage. I look back to the first four years of our marriage as a period of financial calm and peace, a calm now and again cheerfully rippled by successful ad-

venture. In those four years in a Middle-Western city we worked hard, bought a house (with help from Tom's mother), and had one child. Tom did well in his office, gave long hours to law, and studied and wrote considerably in his free time. My share of the work could be thus summarized: first four months—doing the house work; next eight months—half-time job to earn a maid; next year and a half—bearing, nursing, and caring for a baby.

Then the war. With the baby ten months old, we decided that I could earn again and that Tom could enter the army. Thus followed twenty months: Tom in France, I with part-time work, a nurse for the small daughter. I now realize that these twenty months took much out of me physically, but at the time I went through them in a fever of energy that was almost exaltation. From our house on the outskirts of the city, I rode one hour on the trolley to my work as employment manager in a factory making army uniforms, and one hour to reach home again after a five-hour day at the plant. This left me the end of the afternoon for the baby, the garden, and cutting our small grass plot, and evenings for letters to France. For Tom in France there was the exhilaration of responsible work, the self-sacrifice of living on next to nothing after allotting the greater part of his lieutenant's pay to his wife, the chance to renew his acquaintance with the French, and the excitement of living up to his rather arduous resolve to be a cosmopolitan sort of person and yet remain faithful to his wife.

After the war we decided to leave the Middle-Western city of Tom's childhood and move to New York. It was a decision based on the spiritual need for us, at that time, of an individualistic rather than a community life. Four years of civic conscience—committees and board meetings, "causes" and "movements"—led us to revolt against the tyranny of such an existence combined with the parochialism and inhibitory traditions of the Main Street on which Tom had been reared. We needed to be free to lead our own kind of life, we needed more time to look at ourselves, to see where we were going and what we were aiming for. And in New York, for Tom, there was the hope of a law practice with a future wider not so much financially as intellectually; for us both, the opportunity for a richer and more gracious existence. Therefore, a month after Tom's discharge from the army we found ourselves engaged in the most stirring adventure thus far of our marriage. By correspondence we had rented a furnished apartment to which we drove grandly in a taxi one October morning from the Grand Central, the three of us and our faithful Bohemian maid. The house in Iowa was still unsold, Tom had no job, and we knew that there were four of us to feed and the New York rent to pay. Our luck held; inside a week Tom had a good opening, in a month the house was sold, in another month I was working too.

III

It is difficult to give the perspective of these last six years in New York. The financial crescendo of income has been steady, the parallel crescendo of expenses as steady but more rapid. Where we can always give definite figures for income the sum totals for disbursement cannot be stated in any such clear terms. The indefiniteness of expenses is a universal human experience, but Heaven knows that Tom and I have pursued relentlessly these vague expense items and have listed them countless times in what appeared—at the time when they were made—to be wholly scientific budgets. For the first four years of our life in New York our income increased almost as steadily as our expenses, we could at least always pay our bills, and we had enough money for reasonable vacations and for those soul satisfactions the budget makers call "advancement." We were happy, we imagined we were

successful. Our first summer we were lucky enough to find for a very low rent a farmhouse on Long Island, in the country—not in a suburb—within commuting distance, and this little house with its garden and ocean view has been our refuge for summers and week-ends ever since. We had been in New York less than a year when our second child was born; the one thousand dollars to cover the expenses of his advent (and this is the lowest New York scale for any baby whose birthplace is a private room in a hospital and whose sponsor is a specialist) were covered by the profit made in the sale of the Iowa house. There was not room for the new baby in the furnished apartment, and for our second winter we rented, at great price, six rooms in a modern apartment house and brought on our furniture from the West. Six months was enough to show us that we could not afford this high rent, especially since I had not been strong enough to work immediately after the baby's birth. But for two more years we solved the financial problem by living the year round in the Long Island farmhouse.

This could not last. We were driven into the city again for school. Here it may be said that we made a wrong move; that we should have sought a suburb where we could live the year around, where the schools would do, where there would be more light and air for the same money. But just here enters the intangible element that makes for success or disaster, happiness or misery. In the country we had not been wholly contented; in a suburb we should have been miserable. Tom and I are not made temperamentally for suburban life, for neighborliness, or for a life of country clubs, bridge, and automobiles. We are not willing to put our children in suburban schools that are merely adequate or merely fashionable. We want for them the best modern schools that New York City offers, and these are by no means the most expensive. We want for ourselves the concentrated, brimming, independent life of a city alternating with the calm and beauty of real country and real soil. This basic choice of city for winter, country for summer may be an extravagant one, it may be the first "standard" we have set too high; yet I cannot believe so. It is a habit followed by thousands of New Yorkers who are by no means rich, and our present income surely ought to allow us to hope to live in New York City with small children and to provide them a summer away from the pavements.

Before we moved into the city we combed the town, east, west, uptown, downtown, for apartments or houses to rent at reasonable prices. Finally Tom's mother offered to buy us a house, or rather, to give us half the purchase price, the money actually needed to pay down to secure for us a three-story, sixteen-foot house almost on the East River. We found that with an apparently modest sum per month we could cover the price of mortgage interest, taxes, and coal for heating. This sum would be our rent and it was less than the rent of any apartment that would house us, even taking into consideration the extra service and upkeep necessary for a house. Apparently we could not afford *not* to let Tom's mother give us the house, which fortunately was in good repair. A few of the rooms we repainted ourselves, and we had no extra expense for furnishing, as I had inherited more furniture than I had ever been able to use.

Our own house in New York City! But, alas, it wasn't our own. It was hard for Tom to accept the money from his mother and in bitter moments he still murmurs, "I shall never take any real pleasure in this house until *I* buy it." The house itself was and is satisfactory (barring a few expensive and deep-rooted organic difficulties of plumbing and heating to be expected at its time of life), it is on the whole comfortable and charming, and we both love it; but we have now lived in it two

thoroughly unhappy years. Two years of misery, of bills that mount beyond income, of carrying over from one month to the next the less urgent bills, of paying a small amount on a large bill, of last-moment frantic borrowings from capital or on life insurance, of months of fooling ourselves with the vain hope, "Next month we shall get caught up."

In the two years we have had two definite pieces of ill luck—illnesses. The first winter in town I had what just missed being a real breakdown. For a year I devoted myself to the dull business of getting well. I did get well without the expense of trips to the south or any very heavy doctors' bills, but I could not earn during that time. In the midst of my incapacity came the serious illness of our youngest child, a bad infection, an operation, and three months of hospitals, nurses, surgeons, and the heavy expenses these entail. However, two such illnesses in ten years of marriage are perhaps not more than the average allotment. We cannot lay our financial insecurity to ill health and bad luck, and for the past year we have all had perfect health. To be sure I am not very robust, I cannot do domestic work steadily, and I cannot do a full day's work at an office and have any strength left for my home, my children, and my husband. I can do markedly less in one day now than I could five years ago—which is discouraging—yet for the past year I have been able with half-time work to earn more than enough to pay the wages of the children's nurse.

We live on some such scale as this: in town a cook, maid, and nurse (the three servants being a necessary concomitant of the *economy* of buying the house); in the country two maids. Expenses for food are high because I must market by telephone; expenses for clothes are low because our relatives give me many of my dresses, all my underwear, and at least half the children's clothes. (I could discourse eloquently on the doubtful joy of receiving clothing which is not one's own taste or choice, either for oneself or for one's children.) Expenses for "advancement"—concerts, books, theaters, travel, and extra educational advantages for the children such as music and dancing lessons—are of necessity practically nil. We buy theater tickets for ourselves two or three times a year only (and it is not much happier to be always *taken* to the theater than to be given one's party clothes), we borrow or rent books but rarely buy them, we teach the children the piano very feebly ourselves. Expenses for life insurance are high because at present this is our only form of saving. Expenses for health—doctors and dentists—are high: a set of crooked teeth to be straightened is an economic disaster. Expenses for charity, donations of any sort, are absurdly irregular. We give in a most desultory and unplanned way, in some years too little, in some years far too much—all depending upon how flush we happen to be when approached. The largest sums have been given to our respective colleges at the time of their endowment campaigns, when both of us, inflamed by the enthusiasm of the drive and the base pride of not wishing to seem to fail in our quota, pledged for a period of years more than we could possibly afford to give.

Expenses for pleasure and entertaining—here enters a difficult and moot point. In summer we vegetate completely, living in the simplest of rural spots, but in the winter for four months we "go out" quite often, two or three times a week, and ourselves have small dinner parties, perhaps twice a month. We are under no illusion that we save money by eating at other people's houses; taxi fares for stormy nights alone make it an expensive business. We spend no money whatever on that much tooted New York evil, "night life"; when we dance we do it at friends' houses or at a series of dances of the type that a college town would term "cheap-and-hungry." We occupy as many of our evenings away from the family circle in lectures, discussion clubs,

and serious endeavors of one sort or another as in dancing or mere gayety. In other words, we are in no manner unusual; ours is the average social life in New York City of two young people in their thirties who have friends of many sorts without having aspirations toward Society with a big S. When our pocketbook grows hungry we constantly come back to the problem of cutting down on our social activities, to the anguishing redefinition of "standards of living"; and the argument we go through again and again and see no way out of is that we must not only have relaxation but friends, both for ourselves and our children, that a lawyer must have acquaintances in order to have business.

To return to the expense budget: we spend much consideration on whether or not the little farmhouse on Long Island is a luxury. We rent it for an incredibly small sum, we can always sublet it when we do not need it, we never go out to it for week-ends through the winter, as we should like to, because of the expense of railroad fares and coal fires; but we try to bundle out with the children every Saturday in the spring and autumn and we live there steadily during the four months of the school vacation. I really doubt whether we could find a cheaper way of getting the children to the country or of giving Tom country evenings all summer and a month of seashore vacation. It has always seemed to me a good investment in health, and incidentally the vegetables and fruit we raise on our acre of land markedly reduce our summer food bills.

It is difficult to estimate how far Tom's and my bringing-up have influenced our expenditures, but the inheritance of certain expensive habits is probably far stronger than we realize. Instinctively, we feel that the quality of our food and clothes and house furnishing must be, while not luxurious, at least never cheap. According to the foolish tradition we both inherited, quality, even in so small a matter as shoes, becomes a matter of character. Though we have gradually learned that everything that is not the best is not therefore *ipso facto* shoddy, we are constantly running into our own deep-rooted standards of expense. And in the matter of hospitality our habits when uncurbed are lavish. We want our children to feel as free as we did in our childhood to ask their friends to meals, to be generous with their home. I think I am honest, however, in saying that we have controlled and minimized this background of expensive instincts. We have learned that food may be interesting without being costly, that the atmosphere of a house has no relation to the amount of money spent to achieve it, and that a few good clothes will go a long way.

When I re-read the surface story of our financial history as I have written it down, it seems to have almost no relation to our essential married life, to mirror not at all the real Tom and the real me, the family of four we now are, nor the rises and falls of happiness and discontent, and the sweeps of emotion and activity or barren stretches of inhibition or of drifting that go to make up ten years of life. Behind the bare financial facts there have been profound stirrings of spirit at both achievements and failures, but our present situation produces only a dull, nagging, insistent hurt. We are at an impasse. We are almost but not quite living within our income, we can see ahead to a slow growth of income and an equally sure and probably necessarily greater expansion of expenses—the outlay for education and health. We have seriously tried to cut down in every possible way, but we are either too obstinate or too weak to alter our most fundamental ideals of what life should afford us and our children. Perhaps we lay emphasis on the wrong things as necessities, perhaps ours is a purely local problem aggravated by the high cost of living in New York City.

The psychological effect of the economic strain is incalculably deep. It is

hardest for Tom. He has done remarkably well in the law. A stranger in New York, he has become a partner in a rising firm of young lawyers, his success is pointed out by his contemporaries. Yet he now talks of "the bitterness of failure"; he who has always had such a happy and sane self-confidence is building up an inferiority complex which it is agony for me to watch. He rails against what he has fabricated into "the shame" of accepting money from his mother or of "allowing" his wife to work; he has ceased to believe in the future. The actual worry of whether bills can be met is in his mind and mine constantly. It will invade our most foolish and light-hearted moments. Tom would here insist that light-hearted moments no longer exist for him, and he has always been the gay and optimistic member of the family.

The awful lack of spontaneity that not one dollar's leeway imposes is one of our most acute burdens; everything must be thought and planned in advance until the course of life becomes as set and unimaginative as a railroad track. The lack of a bank balance is the essence of negation. We have no money to spend on the expression of affection, we rarely give each other presents, there can be no unexpected gifts to friends, we must not spend for travel or vacations, we cannot afford the spiritual renewals so necessary to marriage. If either one of us does have a moment of spontaneity, and take a desultory and passing fling—it may be so small an extravagance as the purchase of a new and unneeded necktie, or the reckless loan of money to a friend, or the purchase of a shockingly grand birthday present for the baby—the other is sure to be in a cautionary and critical frame of mind. It is hard for two people to gauge to the same instant the indiscretions that repression is bound to foster. At times flirtation or the other man's flask will appear to be the least expensive anodyne for financial worry. Then again we will become individually or mutually obsessed with the virtues and economies of plain living and high thinking and hard work until life grows drab and one's partner the drabbest part of it.

Fortunately we are very well balanced people, Tom and I. The abnormalities of the situation are not often to the fore, and the very real depth of our relationship and our own essential happiness keep us going. Perhaps we are too well balanced; if we were nearer a psychological crash we might take more drastic economic steps to prevent it. As it is, I forsee miserable years ahead—of living, with a good income, on the ragged edge of debt, by never really letting debts pile up yet of never knowing from month to month whether we can meet our bills. My intelligence tells me that the life we achieve by so living is not worth the misery it involves, yet even as I write these words my gnawing foolish little habit of—call it what you will—optimism, romance, inability to face reality, begins to tease me and I begin again to conjure with the words (in which Tom would join me, for we are hopelessly two of a kind): "Next week it will be better. Next month I can earn more. Next summer we can spend less. Next year the firm will hit it big!"

This document, for the truth of which we can vouch, reveals a predicament in which innumerable American families are struggling to-day. What shall they do to extricate themselves? We should be glad to hear from readers who believe they have a solution of the problem.—*The Editors.*

Religion and Life

ON BEING A REAL SKEPTIC

BY HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

NO ONE who has any capacity to call out responses from undergraduates can go to a college campus to-day and present the cause of religion without getting some vigorous protests against faith. I do not mean protests simply against faith in this particular doctrine or that, but against faith in general. A typical college youth spurns faith. He asserts his unwillingness to believe anything. He prides himself on accepting only the demonstrably true.

One of the chief criticisms, however, to be passed on many such young skeptics is that they are not thoroughgoing in their skepticism. They toy with it, play about it, go as far in it as their whims lead them, but as for complete renunciation of faith and exclusive reliance on demonstrable propositions, they do not remotely approach their ideal. Nor is the reason difficult to see. Complete skepticism is harder to reach than the North Pole and, once there, one would find living even more impossible.

Faith as religion uses it is generally the first object of attack when the youth begins to achieve the skeptical attitude. Nor can religion complain at this for she has been notoriously guilty of making faith synonymous with credulity. When Alice faced the Queen's assertion that she was one hundred one years, five months, and one day old, she cried, "I can't believe that." "Can't you?" said the Queen. "Try again, draw a long breath and shut your eyes." That is no caricature of a large amount of so-called faith as the church has enjoined it and religious people practised it. Many folk to-day still draw a long breath, shut their eyes, and believe the Bible "from cover to cover," or commit their minds in fee simple to possess and own to some creed or church. They call this faith, but it is to faith what soothsaying astrology on a side street is to astronomy—its perversion and degradation. Real faith, as Ruskin said, is veracity of insight.

Intelligent religion uses faith as science does. In any physical realm investigation starts with a mass of apparently unconnected facts between which nobody knows the rational relationship. Like the contents of a schoolboy's pocket, they are a miscellany of unassociated elements. Then into the presence of this salmagundi comes a great mind. He has more than sight; he has insight. He looks through the facts and beyond them into their relationships. He seizes with his imagination the principle of their unity. He leaps to an hypothesis that may conceivably explain and systematize them. He cannot at first prove it, but he believes it. That hypothesis years afterward may still be incapable of complete demonstration and yet be the working basis on which all scientists proceed. That leap of the mind through the facts and beyond them to grasp their significance, organize them, and so make order out of chaos, is intellectual faith.

Scientific faith grasped the new astronomy before telescopes were strong enough to prove it, unified the cosmos under the law of gravitation while there were inexplicable facts against it, asserted the universal uniformity of law, although even yet a leading biologist can call it a "gigantic assumption," and to-day, in area after area ventures into unexplored territory on the basis of veracity of insight.

A new eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews could be written on the heroes of scientific faith. By faith Sir John Maundeville in 1356 said, "I tell you, certainly, that men may go all round the world, as well under as above, and return to their country." By faith Columbus reached land by sailing westward although mankind had been incredulous about it. By faith Newton grasped the idea of gravitation although he was the first to guess it. By faith Darwin seized on an hypothesis which arranged and explained facts else inexplicable although it took a daring venture of the mind to do it. These also are heroes of faith.

That they dealt honestly and tirelessly with facts, studied them with patient industry and at all costs and hazards endeavored to achieve the truth about them is no denial of their exercise of faith. Faith is an indispensable way of dealing with facts. It goes through facts into their meanings; it dares venturesome interpretations of them and so systematizes them and gets order out of them. It is not blindness and credulity; it is vision plus daring. As a recent scientific writer put it, faith is a "spirit of trusting adventure, often with little to justify it, that has been the mainspring of all progress, mental and material."

ONE of the best pieces of advice, therefore, that can be given the incipient skeptic,—especially if he is confining his skepticism to spiritual realities or is displaying pertness and flippancy, which are the young skeptic's mumps and measles—is to insist, not that he give up skepticism, but that he go through with it to its logical end and see where it lands him. Chaos is the destination. For faith has been involved in every step that humanity has taken away from a disordered existence, whimsical, without unity, sense, or reason, toward a meaningful universe seen steadily and seen whole.

This achievement of order out of chaos is the central business of man's intellect. As man's mind first saw this world, it was a chaotic mess, capricious, unreliable, without organizing principles to give it sense or laws to unify its operations. But he could not live in chaos; he must have order. Upon the great adventure to discover here a rational universe he launched his mind, and the story of the hazard and heroism, the failures and triumphs of that crusade makes up the intellectual history of man.

It is not enough to say that in this process man merely discovered the truth about the universe. What man has done is more creative than that. He has in a sense constructed the unity he believes in. He has invented mathematical formulas that resemble nothing in the external world. He has framed scientific laws tentatively summarizing in mental shorthand the observed uniformities of nature. He has made vast astronomical generalizations that are beyond human demonstration. In all this he believes that he has achieved some real approximation to the truth about the disordered world which he is trying to conquer with his mind. This aspect of man, puny of stature, the helpless prey of untoward circumstance from bacteria to earthquakes, standing up to confront the universe, insisting that, as for him, chaos shall not reign there, that he will see through chaos and make order out of it, is altogether the most amazing sight that creation offers.

Behind the whole intellectual adventure of mankind, therefore, is faith—the basic faith that chaos cannot be the last word in any realm. Faith is not an

excrescence on the mental life. Faith is not a flimsy patch to cover the intellect's nakedness when the solid garment of knowledge gives out. The fundamental necessity of faith is no more peculiar to the saints than to the scientists, as Huxley recognized when he said, "As for the strong conviction that the cosmic order is rational, and the faith that, throughout all duration, unbroken order has reigned in the universe, I not only accept it, but I am disposed to think it the most important of all truths."

THIS tremendous assumption of nature's law-abiding uniformity which underlies all science and is for science, as Huxley said, the most important of all truths, is a perfect example of faith. Its devotees hold it against all comers and in spite of all adverse appearances, because by it alone can chaos be mentally conquered and civilized. If a man projects himself back into the world as it appeared before this gigantic doctrine of law-abiding uniformity occupied men's minds, looks with naïve eyes on that strangely jumbled, lawless, salmagundi of a world with innumerable, diverse elements going each its own way, he must be impressed with the daring insight and induction combined which it took to subsume all that wild disarray under a single concept like uniformity of law. That concept is still incapable of complete demonstration. No one with absolute certainty can tell how far the objective truth of it goes. It is primarily the insistence of the human mind on getting some formula of order in the world. "The principle of uniformity in nature," said Professor William James, "has to be *sought* under and in spite of the most rebellious appearances; and our conviction of its truth is far more like religious faith than like assent to a demonstration."

Being a thoroughgoing skeptic, therefore, is serious business. The whole mental process by which we build a unified, orderly, and reasonable world is saturated with faith. We believe but cannot positively demonstrate that our minds can tell us the truth, that our knowledge corresponds with reality, that the objective world exists, that the universe is rational, that cause and effect obtain throughout all time and space. All these and other like convictions are basic faiths by which we have intellectually civilized the world.

IN THE spiritual realm, also, man has an ingrained and despotic impatience of chaos. A world of moral topsy-turvy without unity and sense in it is as intolerable for his mind as his physical environment would be, left unorganized and whimsical. He cannot stand it. Nature does not abhor a vacuum with more insistence than man abhors a jumbled and senseless moral world. To tell him that his spiritual life is a haphazard accident which straggled into transient existence as a by-product of a process physically caused and determined is to make nonsense out of the highest values that man knows.

Of course, the imperious idea that man's spiritual life on this wandering island in the sky does make sense is a tremendous assumption. Nevertheless, there is no peace for man until he has found satisfying meaning in his spiritual as well as his physical life. What many a young collegian, trying to be a skeptic, does not understand is that religion, however blindly it has sometimes worked, has been on its intellectual side an endeavor to supply this need for a unified spiritual world. The development of monotheism parallels in its motives and desires the development of modern science: both display the same passionate wish to organize the world. Out of the early whimsicality of animism where there were as many spirits as there were things; through polytheism with its multitudinous gods from which an oligarchy of great deities gradually emerged; through henotheism where, though there were many gods, a people claimed one god for itself and gave single-hearted devotion to him; to the

climactic insight and faith that beneath all diversity, confusion, and contradiction, one purpose binds the whole spiritual process together, one will controls it, one goodness underlies it, man fought his way up to see his spiritual life steadily and whole. Whatever qualifications and enlargements modern thought may work in historic monotheism, a gain was wrought there which humanity cannot give up without incalculable loss. That, too, was the victory of the human spirit wresting unity and order out of chaos.

As one stands back from this whole process by which man's mind has been trying to make this world intellectually habitable, it appears of one piece. There may be no sense in this universe at all. It may be an illusion, or a sorry jest, or a tragic accident. Our minds may be lying to us, our so-called knowledge may be hallucination, and all the order and significance we think we find may be our own vain imaginings working on a senseless chaos. To think that is real skepticism. To deny that is to turn toward the fundamental faith that this universe and our lives within it have discoverable sense in them.

By faith, therefore, man builds the world in which he lives. Long since he has begun to conquer and civilize the physical universe with his hypotheses and generalizations. But that is not enough. Not until a man sees moral meaning in his experience, believes in God, and so achieves a spiritual as well as a physical universe, has he got his world intellectually in hand where he can find satisfying sense in it and unifying purpose running through it. To be sure, that is faith. But it is not blind faith. It is not "believing what you know isn't so." It is part and parcel of the whole process by which man has achieved real life out of the materials of existence. It is the climax of the race's age-long endeavor to conquer chaos and achieve rationality and order.

EVERYWHERE through our colleges, in spite of youthful skepticism, one finds this hunger and thirst for a meaningful spiritual world satisfying to the mind and supporting to the life. No practical preachments alone will meet this need. The students would never dream of saying it so, but they want a theology—an intelligible idea of God in which they can honestly believe. The best of them will be as restless until they find that as scientists would be knowing that there ought to be a doctrine of law-abiding uniformity in physics but as yet unable to state it.

Nor will any halfway station where they try to content themselves with a God not objectively real but subjectively imagined be sufficient. Some are trying to satisfy themselves with that. Their God is a sort of celestial Uncle Sam, a divine Santa Claus, not really existent but made up by the pooling of their own ideals. God, they say, is not objectively there; he is our invention, the projection of our better selves on the vast screen of the universe. That idea reminds me of my boyhood when I used to think that the waving branches of the trees caused the wind. It is a very plausible hypothesis. Whenever the branches wave the wind blows; the wind never does blow except when the branches wave; why not explain the wind by the movement of the trees? Nevertheless, the wind does come first; it springs from sources that trees cannot explain, and all the rustling of their multitudinous leaves is but an answer to it. So I am confident that God comes first, that our spiritual restlessness until we find him is a response to his presence, and I am sure that the faith by which one thus orders and unifies his spiritual world, although it is more difficult of demonstration, is essentially the same kind of faith as that by which the scientist in his realm is conquering chaos.

THE HORRORS OF WASHINGTON

BY H. G. DWIGHT

HAS Washington an inferiority complex, or does she suffer from delusions of grandeur?

That question hangs in the mind of the impressionable newcomer who scans the local papers, who listens to the extravagances that heat the air of Capitol Hill, who then rubs his eyes and takes another good look about him. He is happy to admit that the Father of his Country, first in war, first in peace, and by no means last in the art of selecting sites for capitals, knew what he was doing when he picked out this river loop between the last of the Potomac gorges and the space of wider water where Anacostia Creek meets the spreading seaward sweep of the stream. He is also delighted to bear witness to the fact that, by a piece of miraculous good fortune, the planning of our capital chanced to fall into competent hands—although it be only too dismally patent that the carrying out of that plan soon fell into hands of quite another sort. Nor in his walks about cities has he failed to note that a tree—and Washington is a notorious arboretum — can do wonders in the way of touching up or screening out the lamentable works of man. But otherwise what on earth can all these good people mean when they grow so lyric over the beauties of Washington? For the more inquisitively the newcomer looks behind her trees at her essential brick and stone—to say nothing of her inessential bronze—the more irresistible is his conclusion that if the District of Columbia were to be visited by some cataclysm of nature, leaving between Little Falls and Anacostia nothing but a heap of ruins, tears might well flow from the eyes of many who had lost a loved one but hardly from those of such as hold the arts of their country dear.

Such a catastrophe, indeed, might be a blessing in disguise. For the trees would quickly grow again, though no more beautifully than before, whereas very few of the streets, houses, and monuments could not be replaced to their immense advantage, with a far more scrupulous fulfillment of the intentions of our fathers. At any rate, the list of irreparable losses would be extremely small. First on the list would be the White House—admirably named, admirably placed, admirably designed, and admirably suited to the modest uses of a republic. Except for the White House, however, the so-called Octagon House, the Decatur house, and a few other old residences in the gas-house district, a few in the vicinity of Judiciary Square, a few more in the unfashionable quarters of the South East and the South West, and a number in Georgetown, who but the stricken owner could shed an honest tear? Of public and semipublic buildings the list would be far smaller. It would include only the District Court House, the Treasury Department, the Freer Gallery of Art, Bertram Goodhue's simple white Palace of Science, perhaps the Pan American Union. And of the commemorative monuments which now too often outrage the eye, just four could be sincerely mourned: the Lincoln Memorial, the Adams memorial in Rock Creek Cemetery by St. Gaudens and Stanford White, French's fountain in

Du Pont Circle, and a lowly marble urn on a square marble pedestal under a big beech tree on the Mall. It was set there, whether by Launt Thompson or Calvert Vaux I cannot say, in memory of a certain Andrew Jackson Downing who in his day, I fear, did a good deal of mischief in Washington.

II

In these circumstances it occurs to one that there is room for a more reliable guide of Washington than now exists. Between the diplomatic Baedeker and the dithyrambic Greeter the tourist is woefully misled, being forced to gaze at a multitude of objects which only waste his time or poison his taste. Why not, then, provide him with a handbook which will warn him away from the too numerous monuments unworthy of his attention? To this end use might be made of the Baedekerian stellar system, modified and amplified to suit the exigencies of the case. Thus monuments of comparative innocuousness, or those actually possessing merit, would be left unstarred. The rest would be provided with danger signals in the form of one to five stars, the number increasing in direct ratio to the lack of merit and to the psychopathic interest of the monument. Examples: the Capitol (exterior)*, the Washington Monument*; East Capitol Street**, the Navy Department**; the Congressional Library***; the State and War Building****, Pennsylvania Avenue****; the Botanic Garden (in the Mall)*****, Statuary Hall (in the Capitol)*****.

To make a complete catalogue of the horrors of Washington would, in the words of Sir Thomas Browne, need "a painful man with his pen, and as great patience as he had, who wrote the Lives and Deaths of the Martyrs." The hospitality of HARPER'S can be subjected to no such strain. One can only make a present of the idea to the young lions of the rising generation, against whom we hear so many murmurs but in whom I persist in seeing our brightest ray of hope for the future. I can further suggest to them that in no other city are they likely to find so complete a museum of American architecture. There are of course *lacunæ*. The archaeologist will search in vain for authentic specimens of the faintly Tudor wooden house of Eastern Massachusetts, the Virginian manor house of the Eighteenth Century, or the skyscraper as it flourishes in its happiest hunting ground, New York. But Washington is peculiarly rich in samples of that experimental period which, burgeoning under the careful hand of Thomas Jefferson, burst into exotic flower in the reign of General Grant.

Why this should be is less of a mystery than certain other questions which baffle the inquirer. By what alchemy, for instance, does the label "Early American," meaning pre-1900, endow the most appalling piece of wood or crockery with a price above rubies? Or why, having begun so promisingly, did we topple off into such abysses of bad taste? Or in what manner did it come about that a Government capable of discovering a Thornton, a Hoban, a Hadfield, a Latrobe, a Bulfinch, delivered itself into the hands of the Unknown Master of the old National Museum? Or, above all, how is it that governors and governed alike take so little pride in their capital that of our nine Executive Departments one and one alone is housed in a manner not to make the patriot hang his head in shame? That three have never been housed at all under roof of their own? That rather than provide decent shelter for these, or for an infinity of annexes, independent bureaus, and what not, Congress prefers to pay rent to the tune of something like seven hundred thousand dollars a year? But the reason for Washington's opulence in specimens of our most terrifying architecture is perfectly simple. It is not that no other city was devastated by the pestilence which reached its height in the seventies. It is that other cities have torn down as ruthlessly as

they built, whereas Washington feels no such urge to bring forth fruits meet for repentance. The landlord has no competitor to keep him awake nights. And the tenants have never banded together to bring him to reason.

Hence is it that the stupefied tourist is still able to admire such a building as the Pension Bureau****, which in any other town would long ago have gone to the rubbish heap. It is the masterpiece of a retired general who lets in not a little light upon the mysteries of official architecture. First a cavalryman and then an engineer, Montgomery Cunningham Meigs by name, he constructed across the ravine of Cabin John what was once the longest stone arch in the world. He later succeeded in poising on top of the Capitol that monstrous cast-iron extinguisher so much admired by congressmen that they cause it to be flooded every night with electric illuminations—to the no great advantage, I fancy, of Mr. Coolidge's economy program. Not content with this achievement, the ex-dragoon then took a leading part in those not too creditable proceedings which ended in the seizure of Lee's country place, Arlington. And between the years 1883 and 1887 he raised to heaven a mountain of dark and angry red brick which looks the more grotesque because it has for neighbor George Hadfield's graceful white City Hall of 1820, now the District Court.

It can at least be said for the West Point school of architecture—amply represented in Washington—that General Meigs did not cap his monstrosity with that singular delusion of his age, a Mansard roof. In fact, he scarcely roofed it in at all, so little do his makeshift gables finish or pull together his massive walls and elaborately profiled corners. They cover, if you please, a species of basilica, with acres of waste space punctuated by gigantic columns, having at its exact mathematical center nothing less fanciful than a circular pool. Around it used to eddy the bustles and leg o' mutton sleeves of Inauguration Balls. It was upon the façade, however, that our inventive cavalryman really gave his fancy rein. Three bands of ornament girdle his basilica-barrack, of which the two higher are of the same dark and angry red as the flat surfaces. Under the egg-and-dart moulding and the misplaced dentils of the cornice runs a repeating design of two elements: a cannon sitting on its breech, followed by a shell bursting upward in the manner of a flower pot. Then at the height of the third floor, below a Greek wave pattern and a projecting string course, is another military invention. It consists of a pair of crossed sabers, next a symmetrical piece of drapery which can scarcely be a love knot. Is it a sword knot, having in its two loops two pieces of hot shot and between its two open ends what may be either the rowel of a spur or the star of a Brigadier? But most striking is the second-story frieze of buff terra cotta, where marches in high relief an endless procession of soldiers, sailors, horses, guns, and boats—not to mention a few straggly palms, reeds—something like that. Inspected not too closely, the long lines of muskets and legs have almost an air. Inspected more closely, they betray that they were cast from a limited set of moulds and tiresomely repeat themselves. But where in the world did the old dragoon get his idea? From the Parthenon? Or from that hospital in Pistoia for the front of which the Della Robbias fired a long terra cotta frieze in color? Or was he visited, purely and simply, by the divine afflatus?

Portentous as General Meigs's barrack is as a sample of bureaucratic inspiration, of local complacency, and of national indifference in these matters, a yet more portentous example affronts the sacred grove of the Mall. Surely nowhere else in the land can there linger a more egregious relic of the Reconstruction Period than this old Department of Agriculture*****. Between the white Freer Gallery and certain marble artifacts, mementoes of an ancient quarrel in high places, it glares not in the dark

and angry red of General Meigs but in the scarlet brick of General Grant. It is embellished, of course, with the brown sandstone of the period, as well as with fragments of a sunken checkerwork in yellow (had this Unknown Master seen, perchance, a picture of the Ducal Palace?) and with one of those mansards, shingled in slate and dull red, which record how the Louvre looked to Americans in 1876. There are also decorative panels under upper windows, representing—shall we say?—a lovely *dactylo* between two daisies (He loves me! He loves me not!). Nor must the archæologist fail to note the two mural ornaments, which I long took to be brownstone bas-reliefs but which surreptitious tappings with a penknife at last proved to be of painted metal. If the daisies and the dactylos had been within reach, they would no doubt have given out the same ring. At any rate the false bas-reliefs symbolize even more pointedly the activities presided over by the Gardener of the Republic. They constitute an armorial achievement of horticulture, tinctured the rich chocolate of Reconstruction, there being charged upon an oblique scroll, which might be taken for the feminine lozenge of heraldry, a watering pot rampant. Dexter, two rakes, a spade and a sickle, in ladies' or children's sizes; sinister, the crossed handles of the same, affording support to a luxuriance of foliage. But the heraldic vocabulary falters when it comes to the double curtain cord from which the whole blazon depends, with its neat bow above and its æsthetic tassels beneath, one hanging lower than the other with a grace known only to the boudoirs of the seventies. Although these implements can scarcely have been imported from the Great Open Spaces, their delicate allusiveness is not lost upon the generation of Mr. Jardine.

Of describing the portal of this Temple of Ceres I despair, what with its "Renaissance" window over its "Gothic" doorway, its flanking pilasters in five stages, each more baroque than the last, its indeterminate specimens of the fruits of the field. I can no more than add that when I first came to Washington the foreground of this seat of a great Government Department boasted complementary decorations which have latterly disappeared. The antiquary will mark the small but tasteful *jardinet* laid out on a terrace that is one of the innumerable petty expedients by which the intended unity of the Mall has been destroyed. In happier days the two northern corners of this terrace were furnished with small tin pavilions of purest 1870, facing each other from opposite ends of the retaining wall and containing each a bench just big enough for the two parties to a *sacra conversazione*. And the outer edge of the wall was guarded by a tin balustrade, matching in color the watering pots and enriched by successive panels in trilogies: a dog, a cherub, a sheep; a sheep, a cherub, a dog; a dog, a cherub, a sheep, *et seq.* Sweetly pretty, as the Victorian ladies used to say!

III

A cast-iron balustrade may quietly be retired and even a mansard roof may fall in. But that army of statues which horripilate so many of the vistas of Washington is a more formidable menace to the Republic. For about each of them crowds a choir invisible of widows, children, grandchildren, home towns, native states, political parties, patriotic organizations, and other far from disinterested pests who instantly raise outcries of treason if any one so much as whispers that Walter Johnson, Jack Dempsey, or Charlie Paddock would after all more truly reflect American taste and do less injury to the eye than this or that filler of a bronze frock coat.

There are in Washington between fifty and sixty commemorative monuments. It is perhaps unreasonable to expect that each one should be a masterpiece. Only too rarely does a Phidias, a Michelangelo, a Rodin make his appearance. Yet when a St. Gaudens, for instance, hap-

pens to bear an American eagle upon his passport, it is incredible that the single example of his work in the capital of his country should be hidden in the shrubbery of a private burial ground. No less incredible is it that only three memorials out of the fifty-odd should have been placed with conscious reference to the plan of this most intelligently designed of cities—that plan which, having been painfully worked out, was carefully rolled up and forgotten for the next hundred years. The result is a distortion of historical values most incredible of all.

An archæologist of the future, judging us by those of our great men whom we delight to honor in our streets, could not but conclude that we were a race of cutthroats, strangers to the ways of peace, enemies of science, letters, and the fine arts, dreaming only of conquest or of vengeance. For more than half the monuments of Washington celebrate masters of the art of war. Moreover, it would appear that no period of our history was so glorious as those four bitter years in the sixties when, there being no enemy at our gates, our grandfathers relieved the tedium of peace by laying waste their own fields and doing away with a million of their own sons. And the archæologist will more than once be put to it to identify such as he who rides so grandly down the principal north-and-south axis of the town, more augustly placed than the founder of the city, to fortune and to fame so well known as to require on his pedestal no more than a surname.

In this case the surname happens to be Scott. The antiquary's mind first leaps, of course, to Sir Walter, who is also reputed to have had a weakness for medieval trappings. But since Washington has no weakness for such poor creatures as men of letters, a further study of this gentleman and his mount reveals the fact that he wears three stars on his saddle cloth. Aha, Watson, a lieutenant general! To the encyclopedia then, where we find that the only three-star American general of that name was General Winfield Scott of Virginia, 1786-1866, hero of Indian and Mexican wars, victim in his hot youth of court-martial proceedings, prisoner in 1812 of the British, defeated candidate for the presidency in 1852, fortifier of Washington in 1861, author of army regulations and of a diatribe against alcoholic liquors, a redoubtable martinet otherwise known as Old Fuss and Feathers, who once had his pocket picked of eight hundred dollars at a White House reception and of whom it was said: "While this man lives, the Republic is safe!" Of him it must likewise be said that in the turning of the whole eastern half of Washington into a slum he did rather more than his bit, by advocating the sequestration of no less than five hundred acres of the District for a Soldiers' Home—whence another equestrian statue of him, by Launt Thompson, overlooks the city from a strategic knoll, as if commanding it to halt.

I suspect that General Scott might not have come off so handsomely but for the fact that he, like General Meigs and General Thomas, was a Southerner who on a difficult day elected to stick to his northern uniform. Grant himself hardly occupies so good a site, though he rides the revised east-and-west axis of the Mall on a steed whose tail is blown between his legs by some invisible blast—to suggest its temperature I forbear—from the direction of Capitol Hill. If Sherman has a seat of less honor, he looks down from a tremendously high horse upon an obscure individual in choker and smalls, facing him afoot from the south terrace of the Treasury, who in another private scrimmage had no more address with lethal weapons than to get himself shot by Aaron Burr. Several of the lesser Civil Warriors have squares to themselves—Logan, McPherson, Sheridan, Thomas, Admirals Farragut and Du Pont. McClellan has most of Connecticut Avenue to himself, raking it from the high ground where Columbia Road

turns eastward. Meade is honored with a place in the Mall; and from his position off center, facing south, I take it that some other General is to balance him, facing north. Stonewall Jackson, perhaps! As for Hancock, he shares the obscurity of Pennsylvania Avenue with another of those mysterious strangers.

Rawlins is the name carved in enduring granite below the stranger's top-boots, without initial, rank, date, or other clue to his identity. After painful researches in the dust of our national archives, however, I am able to inform you that he was a native of East Galena, Illinois, who was so fortunate as to attract the attention of General Grant by a "powerful war speech." He thus became successively Major, Assistant Adjutant General, Brigadier-General, Chief of Staff, brevet Major-General, and Secretary of War, perishing at that peak of renown in 1869. But what strikes the antiquary most forcibly about him is that while Washington can afford to set aside for him an interval of lawn and trees on what she is pleased to regard as her most impressive street, no room has yet been found, in this capital not of a state or of a section but of a united nation, for the humblest memorial to one whom impartial authorities consider perhaps the greatest military genius this country has produced and one of the greatest of all time—General Robert Edward Lee.

In this connection I might speak of the strange three-cornered obelisk, at another point of the Avenue, which immortalizes the foundation of that powerful political lobby known as the Grand Army of the Republic. I prefer, however, to draw attention to a more conspicuous sample of the plastic art which adorns a site of far greater importance, at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue N. W. Although popularly known as the Peace Monument, it is as a matter of fact a war monument, in memory of Northern naval men who fell in the war between the states. It is, I believe, an early work of Mr. Franklin Simmons, who embellished it with pools in which not a drop of water runs, with allegoric maidens, with martial cherubs, with sea shells, with cannon balls, with a yard or two of marble duck, with what may be either a pick or a pair of pliers, with a hammer, a triangle, a knife, a book, and sundry botanical specimens. But what is most notable about it are the two marble ladies who stand above this rich confusion, no doubt personifying the North and the South. The North—for that point of the compass is her station—hides her head in grief and shame on the shoulder of the South, who magnanimously does what she can to console her erring sister.

The Revolution, as history may be conned in the marbles and bronzes of Washington, was in comparison with the Civil War a trivial affair, engineered by Kosciuszko and Von Steuben. While it is plain that Lafayette and Rochambeau played in it a part only less significant, the relative importance of the efforts of Pulaski, Frederick the Great, John Barry, John Paul Jones, and Generals Greene and Washington remains somewhat obscure. As for civilians, revolutionary or otherwise, they are with one notable exception relegated to such few and dark corners as have been discarded by the military. That one exception is President Lincoln, to whom something nearer justice has been done than to any one else. His great marble memorial by Henry Bacon, Daniel French and Jules Guérin is one of which no country need be ashamed; and it stands at a cardinal point of the city, terminating the main east-and-west axis as it has been revised in a belated attempt to bring the Washington Monument into relation with the Mall and the Capitol—though nothing short of an earthquake can ever force it into relation with the Ellipse and the White House.

That Lincoln is regarded as the greatest of our Presidents further seems to be indicated by the fact that he has two other monuments, one of which is

the most ignominious object in Washington. Not that one can think ill of the citizens of the District for having, in the dark days of 1868, commissioned one Lot Flannery to embody their conception of the Great Emancipator. What is less worthy about it is that when, later on, certain of them caused Mr. Flannery's work of art to be withdrawn from public derision, certain others thought fit to drag the affair into Congress—which has the last word in these matters. And Congress, assuming its favorite role of *arbiter elegantiarum*, decreed so recently as 1922 that Lot Flannery should have that place in the sun of Washington which is denied St. Gaudens. Hence this calamitous piece of stonecutter's work, resembling nothing so much as the scriptural pillar of salt, which dishonors one of the few dignified façades in the nation's capital.

Next in the presidential hierarchy, in the diminishing order of importance of the sites accorded them, are Grant, Jackson, and Garfield. The last balances the so-called Peace Monument, standing at the head of that ruined vista of Maryland Avenue S. W. which was designed to give the Capitol its best view of the river. And pensively does he eye the embankments of the Richmond and Potomac Railway Company, bareheaded but wearing an overcoat, with a trio of strange beings at his feet. One is a young man in a skin, studying three documents. Another is an individual a little more warmly clad, who from his leggings and the pointed effect of the pelt which he wears in lieu of a hat would appear to be a Phrygian. What he is doing in Maryland Avenue it is not given me to say. In the rear, in the quarter of those whom the papers delight to name our Solons, reclines a third gentleman in a toga. He is evidently a good Republican, for on the tablet at his left, written on the bias in not too mature a hand, may be read his platform: "Law, Justice, Prosperity." He seems to have been correcting the proofs of his Extension of Remarks for the *Congressional Record*, which lie on the ground with his laurels.

Why the laurels of President Washington should be so much less green that in the city which bears his name he occupies a post inferior to those of his successors and to certain prouder riders of war horses, is one of the knottiest problems which confront the archæologist. I can only point out that of his two monuments one is the bizarre ornament of a secondary square, while the other, although the most visible in the town, bears no relation whatever to L'Enfant's plan, having been dropped at random in the Mall, at a point south and east of the intersection of the two grand axes. I therefore pass on to remark that no other President has been thought worthy of a place in the streets of our capital. Not even Jefferson, first to occupy the White House throughout his term of office, prime mover in the foundation and wise planning of the city, planter of the arts in this country—as Latrobe put it—author of the Virginia Statute for Religious Freedom and of the Declaration of Independence.

Lest it be thought that the latter document has evaporated from the memory of this generation, I hasten to add that a humble Benjamin Franklin lurks in the shadows of Pennsylvania Avenue, while a less humble John Witherspoon signals the traffic of Connecticut Avenue. As for the fathers of the Constitution, the least humble of their four representatives is John Marshall, seated in his quaint armchair under the west terrace of the Capitol. It must be confessed, however, that the farther the antiquary wanders from the domain of the cannon and the ballot box, the more surprising are his discoveries. You will find at the city gate an imposing Christopher Columbus, who did not discover America, and you may shortly find an Eric the Red who possibly came nearer doing so. But of that long line of explorers and pioneers like Captain John Smith and Lewis and Clark, who were the backbone of this

country, you will find not one. You will meet in front of the District Building another of those enigmas in frock coats, marked Shepherd, of whom you may learn if you will take the trouble that he was a local functionary who created some commotion in the seventies by levelling streets, lifting taxes, and proposing to add to the formless confusion of the Mall the entire right angle whose hypotenuse is the middle stretch of Pennsylvania Avenue. But you will look in vain for a memorial to that Major Pierre Charles L'Enfant of Washington's army to whom is due the much misused yet still recognizable plan of Washington's city. You will pass in the Mall a too-belaureled Daguerre, whereas American science and invention are honored in the person of a solitary Joseph Henry—and that because he happened to be secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. The medical profession, it is true, is more copiously remembered. The highest dignities in this branch of science are awarded to the homeopathic Hahnemann, who keeps congenial company in Scott Circle with Daniel Webster and Old Fuss and Feathers. His more modest American colleagues are Dr. Samuel D. Gross and Dr. Benjamin Rush.

IV

When we come to the humanities the tale is quickly told. Music? Nothing. Architecture? Nothing—not even Palladio or Alfred B. Mullett, Master of the State and War Departments and of the New York and Boston General Post Offices. Painting? Well, F. D. Millet divides with Major Archie Butt, because they both went down on the *Titanic*, a little waterless fountain near the White House, which Daniel French and Thomas Hastings can scarcely count among their principal works. Yet it was from a Washington bureau that a young scapegrace named Whistler was dismissed for decorating the margins of topographical plates with heads which now bring their weight in emeralds. And have I not heard that a certain Walt Whitman was turned out of another government department on account of his immoral *Leaves of Grass*—that he nevertheless remained long months in Washington, sauntering over the hills with John Burroughs, making the hours of a hospital less leaden for a wounded soldier, writing verses on "Captain, my Captain"? But the burden of representing in our capital the art of letters is shared by Dante, Longfellow, and one Albert Pike!

For what reason Mr. Pike turns his face, from the sightly perspective he might have enjoyed, to the wall of Third Street N. W. is no clearer than why he should be there at all. I fancy the circumstance that he happened to be a Mason may have had something to do with it. It is a pity that the Commission of Public Buildings and Grounds, ever solicitous to freshen the complexions of Washington, does not allow him to acquire at least such merit as may be bestowed by the kindly green patina of time. But, almost as strikingly as the Lot Flannery upon whom he turns a bronze back, does he illustrate the perils that hang day and night over this city which should not, in matters of art, be the plaything of Commissioners, Congressmen, and boosters. He proves how rarely has it occurred to the people of the United States that the look of Washington is a matter which may involve the repute of each of them. He drives home the hint that a capital worthy of a great country calls not only for a comprehension of its plan and spirit but for our collective best in the way of knowledge, method, common sense, good taste, expert advice, competent supervision, a will to submit thereto, a disposition to wait at least the span of a generation, until loves and hatreds have cooled and history has had time to pronounce her graver verdict. Otherwise, we are at the mercy of an ardent friend, an adequate subscription, a Lot Flannery eager for a job, a con-

gressman ready to introduce a bill, a few other congressmen not unready to perform a *quid pro quo*.

There is no telling what new horror may not be foisted upon us. It may be a carillon tower, invention of an essentially non-musical people, poisoning the day and harrowing the night for those so hapless as to dwell within its radius. It may be an immense field turned into a relief map of the American Commonwealth, with a house on each lot representing a state. It may be a chryselephantine Roosevelt by the river, closing the north-and-south axis and forever making it impossible to set there a fitting southern gateway, with an avenue no less noble than the Champs Elysées leading to a bridge nobler than the two which now disgrace that part of the Potomac. It may be a Colossus of Dayton, planted at that point of supreme honor which L'Enfant reserved for George Washington and which the blindness of a later day left bare. But a mere advisory Fine Arts Commission, having neither initiative nor veto, will be powerless against them. For the five hundred and thirty-one gentlemen on the Hill, lords paramount of this singular oligarchy in the heart of a republic, are the die-hards of that singular creed which holds the ballot to be foremost among the handmaids of beauty.

A QUIET PLACE

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

THERE is a silence here the dead must know,
In which their dreams are wrought, their thoughts expressed,
And there are flowers here whose stems, unguessed,
Are clasped by unimpassioned hands below.
There is a wind here that no otherwhere
Floats with such quietly folded, noiseless wings;
All voices here are like the broken strings
Of violins, whose echoes haunt the air.

Here lie the joyful ones who sang and danced,
And spent life's gold and threw the purse away;
Here lie the butterflies whose wings enhanced
The beauty of each carefree summer day—
A quiet place, where hearts, once mirthful, sleep,
And silently the ghosts of laughter weep.

BROTHER'S KEEPER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

LOUDEN paused at the corner of Denver and McKinley and for the first time in months really looked at his own house. When he built it for Cornelia there had been but three brick houses in town; Bluek's alfalfa had run right up to the ashpit, and nothing else between it and the blue rim of the mountains thirty miles away but the ditch, the Rock Island embankment, and the telegraph line. To-night he saw it in a street of houses, good up-to-date residences with broad windows full of electric light; and the four maples on his lawn were twenty-two years old.

Why did he pause this evening? Why wasn't he going on across the street as his widower habit was, not lifting his head from the thoughts of his land-office he had just left until, in his empty hallway, it came time to decide whether he would read the *Rocky Mountain News* in the sitting room or upstairs in bed? Was it because a year of his bereavement was completed and the sap of another spring was breaking the maple buds to-day? Was it that the wind across the marginal yards carried the first faint effluvium of sand lilies and greening buffalo grass, and he was not yet fifty-one?

It became more than a pause. Louden looked at the stars, then back along McKinley, where people began to come out of the Rialto a block away. Perhaps Ed Cass would be there, and he thought of a sudden he would like to see Ed to-night, just to say hello and give him a cigar. He retraced his steps to the picture theater and stood there watching the children coming out.

A few old friends spoke to him in passing. "Hello, Joe . . . Glad to see you out, Louden. Going to the second show? It's not bad."

He nodded, his mind absent. He couldn't get his eyes off the children. He wasn't used to having vivid impressions, but now, bright-colored, giggling, slapping, slanging boys and girls from twelve to twenty—he seemed to see them as a strange invasion. Their fragrance, mingled of face powder, mint, pomade, tobacco, clean perspiration, new leather, gasoline, touched his senses and filled him with an emotion half excitement, half despondency. He fell to wondering where they had all come from, and what of a sudden they were doing here in this raw town on the raw plain, with him and Ed and the Elkhart boys, the Bluek boys, the Flack family, the ditch, the railroad, and the store. He thought with a certain difficulty, "We ought to be proud: if it weren't for us they wouldn't be here." What he was really wishing was that some of them might speak to him, even bump into him and tread on his feet, instead of leaving a little space all about him without appearing to know they did. He cleared his throat abruptly.

"Your father anywhere around, to-night, Irma?"

Yes, he might have been a spook. The girl actually jumped and showed him the whites of her eyes. Sliding her fingers from the arm of the boy beside her,

she turned red, then white, then red again.

"I don't know, Mr. Louden, I think he and mama stayed in to-night."

Louden watched her as she hurried on out of the glow. She was Ed Cass's daughter, and he was surprised to see how she had grown. But then, Irma must be all of eighteen now. Quite pretty too, in a plump little brunette way, all her edges still blurred with the softness of babyhood that clings late to some, her spirit still in need of guiding and cuddling a bit.

Half way across the street she recaptured the boy's arm, lowered her head, hunched her shoulders, and let them shake. Children are like that oftentimes after being spoken to. And Louden saw that the boy was looking back.

Who was he? Oh, yes, Louden had placed him; he was the kid who worked in Elkhart's hardware store. Elk must pay him well if that was his own car over there. . . . As Irma slid under the wheel, getting in, Louden saw white at the top of her stocking, the skirts were so short they wore these days.

Louden looked along McKinley. Why hadn't he gone on home? The second show was opening; he was caught in the tide. The ticket-girl pushed a slip forward as he neared the wicket, but Geltmann, the proprietor, was too quick.

"No you don't sell no ticket to Mr. *Louden*. Any time he wants to attend this theayter he walks in dead-head and makes himself to home, see?"

And why not? Louden owned the building. Thanking Geltmann he passed in. It was the first time he had been to the pictures since Cornelia died. What a hold they had on people; on these kids especially. All about him he was aware of their young zest, their nudgings and proddings.

The drama was one of New York's high society. What monkeys on sticks they were! It wasn't till Part Five that Louden sat up straight. But then he clenched his fists. He had hard work not to use them. Sweat poured out of his face. The scene was a so-called costume party, laid in the likeness of an Oriental seraglio. And these were American boys, American girls. . . .

He got out at the end with the rest. He stood watching those young folks as they trooped past, tide of strong bodies laughing, clear-skinned, beautiful young faces, voices rising and carolling with the caress of the open air. He shook all over; he couldn't help it. His anger at what had been put before their eyes was like an ague, fire and ice. He wanted to throw his arms about them and shield them; he wanted to use a club on someone, murderously. To save both Geltmann and himself he turned out in the dark as the Jew appeared and walked homeward at a heavy, rapid stride.

He went to bed but he couldn't sleep. In the blackness his mind raced back to the picture. Pillars and soft hangings, fountains, divans, gauzy veils showing through them the red of mouths, the languorous glimmer of eyes, the white of bare young limbs accustomed to Christian underclothing. . . .

Louden reached out and snapped on the light. He wanted to see the old things about him. He looked at his wife's photograph on the stand.

If Cornelia could have seen what he had seen to-night, what they were trying to put over on a decent community, the money-drunk cities, the easterners, the Coast folks, the foreigners, the whole outside dirty world!

"They sha'n't!" His veins swelled. "God Almighty damn 'em, *no!*"

He put out the light again. The little wind had dropped and the night was breathless. An incense hung in the air, curiously compounded of face powder, spearmint, perspiration, and the red stuff they put on mouths. In the soft blue light of remembrance he saw the pictured girls again. He found himself staring with an oblique intensity at their faces. And to think that these three-quarters-naked revellers would be the girls of his own Colorado town one day

if the panders had their way! The one nearest to him indeed, the soft-skinned plump little one with her hair down like a dark veil over her breast, might almost have been Irma Cass right now. Yes, she was like Irma. The longer he stared at her the more abominably, the more breathlessly, like.

He lighted the light again. He went down stairs to the telephone and called up Geltmann. The exhibitor had been asleep; he thought Louden must be drunk.

"Yas, yas, Mr. Louden, I would be glad any time to do any favor for Mr. Louden, only, excuse me, the film has got to go out on the seven-ten in the morning understand, so, you see, I couldn't positively—"

"Well, then, what you'll do, you'll run it through to-night, *now!*"

"Yas, it's a nice film, nice stuff, but my Gott! look what time it is, Mr. Louden. And my operhator; where shall I find my operhator?"

"Geltmann, I didn't ring up to argue. If you don't know J. A. Louden yet it's time you did. I and my friends will be around in half an hour."

He called up Cass. "Ed, I want you to come over."

"But, good Gosh, Joe . . ."

"Ed, did you ever know me to ask you anything?"

The third man he called was Elkhart. He went down and waited for the mystified pair in front of the theater, knowing they would come that way.

When the exhibition was over Cass and Elkhart didn't seem to know yet what it was all about. They sat, a little embarrassed, in the big dim hall. Cass pulled his dust-colored mustache and wrinkled his brow. He hadn't done much in life, he was too easy-going. Finally he said "Yeh—well?"

Elkhart said nothing. He was a big fellow every way, big heart, big feet. But he never talked much. In the old days he would sit all night in a fan-tan game and never utter a word.

Louden looked from one to the other, his head butted forward.

"There you are, boys. I've got no children—but you have."

"Yeh, well, I guess that's right." Cass scratched his head and got up. He thought he would grin, to ease the situation. "Though if you're going to pick on one, you should've seen Rosa Vale last week in 'Wives and Concubines.' Eh, Geltmann?"

Louden took Cass's elbow and turned him around.

"Ed, do you realize your daughter Irma was in this theater to-night?"

"I know; she told her mother. Ellen Flack and her dropped in for a look at the second show."

There was the fruit of it already. Lies. But Louden shut his mouth. What was the use, with Ed?

Elkhart followed them out, his thumbs in his armholes and his nether lip pursed like a big brown strawberry. He spoke for the first time.

"Joe, been to Denver lately? Why don't you? Do you good."

Louden turned away from them, the easy-going and the thick-skulled.

"Geltmann, come out here. Now listen. Things like this ain't going to happen in this town. I want you to get that through your head, once and for all. We ain't going to have you fellows coming in here . . ."

Geltmann stood as still as a mouse.

"Yas, Mr. Louden. That's all right. Well, Mr. Louden, all us exhibitors want to know is just simply what people want. Thank you kindly, Mr. Louden. . . . Ain't that fair enough?" he called after, as Louden went.

Louden overslept next morning. He didn't do much work all day. His eyes had been opened and he couldn't get them shut again. There comes a time in a man's life when he has to face the fact that the past is not the present. Here he had been for a quarter-century, bringing this town into being. The blue-prints of its growth were all about

him on his office walls, from the time when he and Bluek got the freight-siding put through till the other day when McKinley Avenue was surfaced. Yesterday he was still going on. To-day he perceived with a hollow feeling that he wasn't going on any more. The job was finished. The town *was*.

He got out in the afternoon and walked around. The trees were grown; some of them were bigger than he had realized. In the crotch of a cottonwood he passed he saw a patch of brown.

"That tree ought to come down; it's beginning to rot."

He increased his pace of a sudden but it was too late. He couldn't get away from his own words. While he had dreamed he was still planting a green spot in the desert it had already flowered and gone over into decay.

He looked about him with his new eyes. Same houses, same lawns. But in the Humphrey place people named Goulos lived now. They had wine with their meals and took a paper nobody could read. In the Flack house (the first ever built south of the railroad) was Geltmann, the theater man. In the Few residence, at Denver and Belleview, were the Coolidges. Coolidge had come for his wife's health and he spent weeks in Colorado Springs. He was said to be well-off, yet he had told people for a fact that the Russians idolized Lenine. His daughter, back from a school in France, had a roadster of her own. She and Bess Elkhart had driven to the Reservoir one moonlight night that spring had gone in, stripped, before the ice was out of the flume.

So he saw it spreading, the canker spot, feeding on youth. He thought of the children he had seen last night, the price of a plow-team in the old days on the back of the least, their eyes unnaturally dilated, their bodies brushing against one another, their silk-stockinged legs running them off into the shadows to thousand-dollar automobiles as casual as wheelbarrows and as swift as the wings of excitement to whirl them out, two by two, into the nothingness of the plain, between the sand lilies and the stars. . . . He looked along under the trees to the open country that stopped with sunlight the end of every street in the checker-board town. And now even the plain betrayed him, surrendering its emptiness to a new generation of the young.

A clamor at the left told him that school was out. Here came the real children. It couldn't have touched *them* yet. If it *had!*

Louden wasn't a sneak; he was only a man awake at last in the presence of the enemy. The fence bounding the school yard was but a step away. He stood with his hands on his knees and his head ducked behind it.

No, it hadn't touched the kids yet. "I'm pitch . . . I'm catch . . . Who got their hair pulled? . . . I'll pull yours . . ." They might have been all one sex, he told himself, exultantly.

The riot passed, only stragglers were left. Louden unbent of a sudden. Putting his chest on the fence he tried to vault over. He wasn't as supple as he had been; the boy was too fast with his heels around the building; it was only the little girl that he caught.

Louden was almost as frightened as his prey. The physical violence of his anger was like a devil inside of him, as he pulled her chin around.

"What was that word you said? Don't lie; I heard you. What was that word? . . . What's you name?" he tried then.

"El-Ellie C-C-Cass."

He recognized her, at that—Irma's little sister, Ed's youngest.

"You come home." Still holding the shivering little icicle in pigtails tight by the arm he got her out on the sidewalk. Ellie caught her breath at last and began to cry. Geltmann, at work on his lawn, smiled indulgently.

"Well, Mr. Louden, what's this I see, little girlie lost or something?"

Without breaking his stride Louden wheeled and went at him.

"Now look, Geltmann, what you and the gang you represent—God Almighty, I hope you're satisfied. The high school's not enough; you got to get your filth into the grade school even. Geltmann, look at this girl. Want to know the word I just heard passing between her and a boy, right there in that school yard? Well, if you want to know I'll tell you."

The exhibitor looked confused and shocked and began to rub his hands.

"You don't mean to tell me she said that! Well, Mr. Louden, that's terrible. That's a terrible word, it sounds like, at the very least. What—you got to excuse me—but what should it mean? I don't know it."

Louden stared. After a moment he spit on the grass. "Well, if you'd been raised in Omaha, instead of God knows where, you'd know it well enough. Well I'll be dog-gonned!" Spitting a second time he went on his way.

"Don't you know you oughtn't to say such words as that?" he kept demanding of his prisoner, "Stop your crying now. I'm just taking you home to your mama. Stop crying or I'll spank you."

He began to wonder if Mrs. Cass would punish her enough, spank her hard enough on the bare skin to do the little memory some good. He wondered if he hadn't better do it himself and so be sure. His office was only a block away. . . . Luckily Ellie's mother was changing the sprinkler on the lawn.

"For mercy sakes! Joe Louden! Ellie Cass, what's happened to *you*?"

Louden handed over the blue wrist. "I thought you ought to know, Mildred. I happened to be passing the school and I heard her and a boy calling each other a name. I can't tell you, but I can tell her father."

"You come in here with me, Ellie Cass! Thank you, Joe, so much. Why, Ellie Cass! Now you're going to receive something you won't forget for a while. Oh, what am I going to do? A child of mine!"

"What's more," said Louden, "if you want to know which show Irma went to last night, it was the *first* show, and she went with the Pola boy."

He turned and walked as far as the corner. There he waited. As he heard Ellie's thin screech coming out of an open window behind he knotted his fingers and chewed his lip. "Poor kid! Poor little girl!"

It was about suppertime when Louden paused in front of the Rialto. The evening's film was a "Bible picture"; the posters featured Twenty Hollywood Beauties as Babylonian dancing girls. Unfortunately for Geltmann, that moment was the one he had chosen to come around and open up the house.

"Geltmann, I want you to do something. Show me some of that film."

The exhibitor laughed with a specious heartiness. "Well, Mr. Louden, that's a good one, that is; show you the fillum!" He wished he were so sure it was a joke. Louden didn't take long to put him out of doubt.

"What I mean, Geltmann, show me that film, now!"

"But—my operhator! He is eating, how should I know where?"

"You can run the machine, you know it and I know it. Come along."

Louden's face was redder than the sunset when they came out of the theater again. His pupils were dilated and his heart pounded his lungs. Three early-comers, school girls, giggled in front of the most suggestive of the colored broadsides on the walk. Their giggles turned to gasps at the sound of Louden's voice and the sight of his face above them.

"Go on home, you girls! Hear me? There's no show here to-night."

"Hey—*h-e-y!*" Geltmann's chin hung. "How do you get that way, no—"

"Because I mean it, there ain't!"

Red mottles appeared on the exhibitor's face. "Who says so?"

"I say so. This is my building and this is my town."

"Yas, only a joke could go too far. Don't forget it it's *my lease*."

"Lease hell! Your lease expires a week from Friday, remember; go on arguing any more and what chance you think you got to renew it?"

"My, my! If it should going to be *this* way, what chance you think I *want* to? Listen, Mr. Louden, I got nine-tenths a mind to clean out and—"

Louden began to roar. "All right, clean out, and do it now. Lock the door there and go on home. I'll wait here, don't worry. I'll tell 'em. . . . Hey! Geltmann! *That's* not your way home. Where you going?"

"Don't worry, you'll know pretty soon; I'm going to the police station."

Louden laughed out loud. He opened his palms and whacked his thighs.

"And when you get there tell Page Bluek you want him to pull Joe Louden in. Oh! Oh, my Gosh! I 'd love to see Page's face."

Louden stood in the unwonted shadow under the entrance arch all through the earlier evening, saying to those that came, "No show to-night." For a while he felt quiet and solid and big, the lone fighter. He was sorry to have to turn them away; they were disappointed, of course. Yet for all his sympathetic qualms, especially when they were young folks, and more especially girls, he was aware of a hidden thrill. Last night they hadn't seemed to see him; they saw him to-night, all right.

And all the while, without quite knowing it, he was waiting. He had Ed's daughter, Irma, on his mind. Each time a car drew up at the farther curb and an occupant got down to come across and peer, he held his breath. Poor Irma, she had looked so flabbergasted when he spoke to her last night. She would be even more startled to-night in the dark. He would want to forestall that; want to step out and lay a hand on her shoulder with an affectionate indulgence, chiding, "It's only Joe Louden. It's only me."

He began to grow impatient. His "No show to-night!" was hoarser, and the cars, flashing their headlights as they rolled away, disappointed of entertainment, got on his nerves. He didn't know what it was until, in one of them over there under the tent of the young leaves, he heard a girl's voice, "Some luck, that is. Let's go!" And then, lifted, calling to the roadster behind, "Oh, Ethel! Jamie and Ethel! Mac and I are going to the Dam."

They weren't disappointed. The discovery was like a mean blow under the belt, driving him wild. Turning them away from the theater, he had only turned them out unwatched into worse, the starry privacy of the plain—the plain that in his younger days had been his own.

When the next car came squealing its brakes he surrendered to his indignation and strode out, holding his hand up like a traffic cop.

"No show to-night. You go on home and put that car up. You hear?"

The roadster, not quite stopped, took startled flight. Under the arc at the corner Louden saw that it was the Pola kid, alone.

He returned to his station, his spirits amazingly restored. It was a little thing, Pola's being alone. But he chuckled. "I gave *him* a scare!"

And presently, dreaming out into the deserted street, he heard soft footfalls and saw a shadow slip in around a corner of the arch.

Irma *was* flabbergasted.

"It's only me," he said. "It's only Joe Louden, Irma." He laid a hand on her shoulder. And then, startled himself, "What's this you got?" He took the bag out of her hand and stared at it. "What th'—*Heck!*"

Her face was ghost white. Her eyes were as big as silver dollars and her mouth hung ajar. She wore a suit and a hat, carried gloves and a pocket-book, and that traveling-bag.

"Irma, what's the idea?" But he was only talking; two and two had already made their scandalous four in his brain.

What he was thinking was, "Thank Heaven I was here!"

"Irma, it's time you were home. I'm going to walk on along with you."

After a block she grew so heavy in his hand that, not wanting to hurt her arm, he put his own around her to steady her along. She struggled a little. Finding it did no good she began to cry.

"Oh, Mr. L-L-Louden—pl-lplease—c-c-can't go h-h-h-home. . . ."

He had told Ed, warned Ed. Yes, and it was the Pola boy too. Aimed to get her out there, run off with her, Ed's little girl, and on money stolen from Elkhart, most probably. The thief, the skirt-chaser, the dirty Dago brat, he ought to be hanged! Poor Irma, listen to her sob. Feel her shake, as if she would shake her pretty, innocent body in frightened pieces.

He held her tighter and petted her shoulder with compassionate fingers.

"Now, now. . . There, there. . . I'll stand behind you, trust Joe."

He wondered whether, if he were to bend and kiss her on the forehead, very gently, it would make it any easier for her to know that, poor child. But already they were at the steps.

Cass and Louden sat downstairs, silent, their heads bowed and their elbows on their knees. They didn't know they hadn't even begun to suffer yet.

It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Cass down to stand in the doorway. Her face looked queer, her eyes queerer; her voice was the queerest of all.

"Edward! I got it out of her at last, why she aimed to run off."

Both men got up, their legs of a sudden as stiff as stilts.

"Edward! Irma is going to have a—baby."

The first thing Cass said was, "Who's the fellow?"

"She won't tell me. I could kill her, she says."

"Well? Why don't you?"

But immediately after the savage word Cass grew tired. He sat down, his face in his hands. His wife sank on the sofa, her face in hers.

Then Louden laughed. It was a funny thing to hear.

"No need her telling. *I* know."

"The hell you do!" Cass lifted his head. "You sure?"

Again the funny laugh, thin in the top of Louden's mouth. Going to the mantle he took down Ed's old quirt and lariat, leaving only the silver-mounted headstall that hung there in remembrance of the hero days. The rope was of horsehair, the whip of green hide, loaded with shot. "Come on, Ed." He plucked Cass's shoulder. "We'll stop by and get Elk."

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Of the three, Louden alone spoke.

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"Lease hell! Your lease expires a week from Friday, remember; go on arguing any more and what chance you think you got to renew it?"

"My, my! If it should going to be *this* way, what chance you think I *want* to? Listen, Mr. Louden, I got nine-tenths a mind to clean out and—"

Louden began to roar. "All right, clean out, and do it now. Lock the door there and go on home. I'll wait here, don't worry. I'll tell 'em. . . . Hey! Geltmann! *That's* not your way home. Where you going?"

"Don't worry, you'll know pretty soon; I'm going to the police station."

Louden laughed out loud. He opened his palms and whacked his thighs.

"And when you get there tell Page Bluek you want him to pull Joe Louden in. Oh! Oh, my Gosh! I'd love to see Page's face."

Louden stood in the unwonted shadow under the entrance arch all through the earlier evening, saying to those that came, "No show to-night." For a while he felt quiet and solid and big, the lone fighter. He was sorry to have to turn them away; they were disappointed, of course. Yet for all his sympathetic qualms, especially when they were young folks, and more especially girls, he was aware of a hidden thrill. Last night they hadn't seemed to see him; they saw him to-night, all right.

And all the while, without quite knowing it, he was waiting. He had Ed's daughter, Irma, on his mind. Each time a car drew up at the farther curb and an occupant got down to come across and peer, he held his breath. Poor Irma, she had looked so flabbergasted when he spoke to her last night. She would be even more startled to-night in the dark. He would want to forestall that; want to step out and lay a hand on her shoulder with an affectionate indulgence, chiding, "It's only Joe Louden. It's only me."

He began to grow impatient. His "No show to-night!" was hoarser, and the cars, flashing their headlights as they rolled away, disappointed of entertainment, got on his nerves. He didn't know what it was until, in one of them over there under the tent of the young leaves, he heard a girl's voice, "Some luck, that is. Let's go!" And then, lifted, calling to the roadster behind, "Oh, Ethel! Jamie and Ethel! Mac and I are going to the Dam."

They weren't disappointed. The discovery was like a mean blow under the belt, driving him wild. Turning them away from the theater, he had only turned them out unwatched into worse, the starry privacy of the plain—the plain that in his younger days had been his own.

When the next car came squealing its brakes he surrendered to his indignation and strode out, holding his hand up like a traffic cop.

"No show to-night. You go on home and put that car up. You hear?"

The roadster, not quite stopped, took startled flight. Under the arc at the corner Louden saw that it was the Pola kid, alone.

He returned to his station, his spirits amazingly restored. It was a little thing, Pola's being alone. But he chuckled. "I gave *him* a scare!"

And presently, dreaming out into the deserted street, he heard soft footfalls and saw a shadow slip in around a corner of the arch.

Irma *was* flabbergasted.

"It's only me," he said. "It's only Joe Louden, Irma." He laid a hand on her shoulder. And then, startled himself, "What's this you got?" He took the bag out of her hand and stared at it. "What th'—*Heck!*"

Her face was ghost white. Her eyes were as big as silver dollars and her mouth hung ajar. She wore a suit and a hat, carried gloves and a pocket-book, and that traveling-bag.

"Irma, what's the idea?" But he was only talking; two and two had already made their scandalous four in his brain.

What he was thinking was, "Thank Heaven I was here!"

"Irma, it's time you were home. I'm going to walk on along with you."

After a block she grew so heavy in his hand that, not wanting to hurt her arm, he put his own around her to steady her along. She struggled a little. Finding it did no good she began to cry.

"Oh, Mr. L-L-Louden—pl-lplease—c-c-can't go h-h-h-home. . . ."

He had told Ed, warned Ed. Yes, and it was the Pola boy too. Aimed to get her out there, run off with her, Ed's little girl, and on money stolen from Elkhart, most probably. The thief, the skirt-chaser, the dirty Dago brat, he ought to be hanged! Poor Irma, listen to her sob. Feel her shake, as if she would shake her pretty, innocent body in frightened pieces.

He held her tighter and petted her shoulder with compassionate fingers.

"Now, now. . . There, there. . . I'll stand behind you, trust Joe."

He wondered whether, if he were to bend and kiss her on the forehead, very gently, it would make it any easier for her to know that, poor child. But already they were at the steps.

Cass and Louden sat downstairs, silent, their heads bowed and their elbows on their knees. They didn't know they hadn't even begun to suffer yet.

It was nearly midnight when Mrs. Cass down to stand in the doorway. Her face looked queer, her eyes queerer; her voice was the queerest of all.

"Edward! I got it out of her at last, why she aimed to run off."

Both men got up, their legs of a sudden as stiff as stilts.

"Edward! Irma is going to have a—baby."

The first thing Cass said was, "Who's the fellow?"

"She won't tell me. I could kill her, she says."

"Well? Why don't you?"

But immediately after the savage word Cass grew tired. He sat down, his face in his hands. His wife sank on the sofa, her face in hers.

Then Louden laughed. It was a funny thing to hear.

"No need her telling. *I* know."

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move on!" he imprecated the laggards. "Pile in there behind."

And still they vacillated. Still they wanted to argue.

"Look, Joe." Elkhart cried. "What you say we turn the kid over to Page Bluek till we get the facts down cold? He swears he hadn't a thing—"

"*He* swears!" Louden had to spit.

Then Cass, "You know me, Joe, if I was anywhere near dead certain—"

"You're *some* father, you are. Look out of the way then, both of you!"

Throwing the clutch straight into second, Louden made the car jump.

Half a moon stood in the sky when the car left the shade of the street-plantings and entered on the open plain. Under its illumination the road ran as taut as a bowstring to the horizon, dust white. Louden drove faster and faster, and faster and faster raced his disordered thoughts. This boy—and pretty Irma! He saw them in pictures, flickering, livid white, like movies before his eyes, where the road should have been.

"When *was* all this? Where were you? Say!" He turned on the prisoner the inquisition of his vein-netted eyes, the breath ballooning in his lungs. "Say, open your face! All right, *be* obstinate. It's your lookout; go on and be!" As he gazed at the pliant grace, the virility and beauty of the frightened sinner's youth, he began to be frightened himself. "One thing I mustn't do, I mustn't let go and actually kill him."

A line of shadow appeared on the plain, the railroad, then little houses miles away. Louden stopped the car.

"Get out. Stand up!" he cried, as the boy, deprived of his arms, missed footing and sprawled among the prickly-pear beside the road. Pola stood up. His legs shook, his lip was caught between his teeth, his eyes were all whites as they stared at the quirt in the monitor's hand.

"Now, Pola, you ought to be cut to pieces, but I'm going to give you one last chance. Will you tell me the truth? Was it you? Did you do it?"

The boy's face went wrinkly; his lip escaped his teeth.

"Wait! Mr. Louden, wait, yes, yes —yes I did—"

"You *did!*"

The snake of God's vengeance struck. The green hide bit through clothing into flesh. The sinner was down, bucking like a spitted cutworm; veiled by the dust that rose around him in the moonlight the red streaks springing out on his back and thighs looked fantastic and harmless, like a dream.

An ecstasy flooded Louden's being, a crimson flood of redemption, centering in the arm that rose and fell. "Take that! And that!" And all the while a voice cried inside of him, distracted, "Stop! For God's sake stop before you murder him, man!"

Louden stopped. He threw the quirt away from him, into the car. He undid the lariat with shivering hands. Taking a bill from his billfold he dropped it beside the face resting quiet among the grass roots. "Listen! You walk into Wheatville there and take the first train comes and don't show your dirty face in this county ever again. A word to the wise, that's all."

As he drove home, as the wind cooled and dried his face and his breast moderated its heaving, Louden passed into a state of tranquillity, moral and physical, such as he had not known for years. Decent, he had scourged indecency; mature, he had given upstart youth the lesson it cried for, these days. He felt at once puissant and at peace. When he saw his town darkening the night ahead he wanted of a sudden to take it in his arms and possess and shield it. He wanted to make things right for Ed and Mildred, and for poor Irma. Poor Irma, she hadn't meant—hadn't wanted—girls of her age don't know what they mean or what they want. What they really want is guidance, the loyal hearts, the strong arms, the clear eyes of their friends.

Louden caught his breath. Peace gave way to ecstasy again, and this time

the flood was as white as the lightning of Heaven. . . .

There were still lights in the Cass house when he came. Going up on the piazza he called in through the screen door, "Ed! Oh, Ed Cass!"

Cass appeared above. "What's wrong, Joe? We're up here; come up." He looked as dazed as ever as Louden mounted. "Irma's gone to bed, Joe. We're in there."

A new air entered the room with Louden. Without opening his mouth it was as if he said, "Why all the tragedy? This isn't anything fatal, you know."

He stopped beside the bed and looked down at the careless hair hiding the face averted on the pillow. On his own face there came a light of compassionate foolery. "Cheer up, little girl; the worst is yet to come."

"Him, you mean?" Cass looked worried.

Louden sat down. Cass and his wife were both watching him and so, of a sudden, was Irma. Aware of her eyes, dark in the shadow of the bed-clothes, dwelling on him with a fixity of fascination, he straightened his tie, brushed his hair back, and grinned in humorous reassurance.

"Him, Ed? Don't worry, he's pulled his freight. You won't be bothered by *him* any more in this neck of the woods. . . . . Why?"

"Well, I don't know—" Cass stared at the carpet, his chin hanging. "I don't know—it leaves us in kind of a hole—and—and—"

"And when you're where you have to make the best of the worst," Mrs. Cass added, but there Louden stopped her with a lifted hand.

Irma and he were still gazing into each other's eyes, an intense and privy communion which might, be told himself, mean almost anything. It magnified his compassion and made his heart thud. He began to speak.

"Ed, you and I have stuck together for some years. If you know me, you know I don't quit. Ed and Mildred, there's a house at Twenty-one Denver Street that's waiting for Irma if she'll take it. There's A. J. Louden's name for her if she wants to put a Mrs. in front of it. If you're looking for a prize beauty, that's one thing; but if you're looking for a name nobody's going to say a word against, off color, that's another. . . . Well, Irma? This is so sudden, eh?" He chuckled, and turning to the parents, "There you are; take it or leave it, Ed."

He could not have asked for better thanks than the silence that followed. Mrs. Cass, wilting forward suddenly, put her face in her hands and wept. He jumped up and patted her shoulder. "There, Mildred, there, there, there!" He turned and held his hand out impulsively to Cass. Cass put his own into it after a moment, hesitant and heavy. "Joe," he protested, "you—you got no call to do this. I—honest, Joe, I don't know what to say."

"Don't say a word. I'm happy to do it. There'll be no fuss. I'll just bring the minister and Hurley around tomorrow—or no, by Gosh, *to-day*."

Looking between the bannisters as he went down stairs, Louden saw Irma's eyes still fixed in his direction through the high doorway of her room.

The world was big and the night was good as, utterly forgetting Elkhart's car, he walked. Yes, it is more thrilling to give than to receive.

Once in his bedroom, all the lights on, he didn't know whether to stand or sit. It was as if dozens of electric lights were ablaze inside the walls of himself, and his nerves the wires running to them.

He studied the room with new eyes, a new excitement. Novel speculations multiplied. Would she like it? Would she like those curtains or others of her own? Would she want the bed there or facing the other way? Oh, yes, and one thing! when Mrs. Falck came in tomorrow he must remember and tell her to change the sheets and pillow-cases. No—*to-day!*

He couldn't go to bed, couldn't sleep. In his nervousness, puttering about, he knocked over Caroline's photograph. It was in an awkward place anyway. He was about to stuff it into a drawer when conscience stopped him. He held it under the light and faced it squarely.

"Well, you'd be glad, I know that, Caroline. You'd be proud of me."

For she had been glad of everything that was right and kind. How typical she had been of the country she had lived in, brought in one generation from wildness to worth! After all, no better wife had ever been . . .

He ought to be getting some sleep. But when he looked at the bed, somehow, he didn't want to go near it. He sat in an easy chair and dreamed.

It was a shame, though, what Irma was up against. Tragic.

It was afternoon when he awakened. He blinked then he sprang up in the glory of the new day. He took a bath, shaved to the pink, put on his best suit, his vici kids, the choice of his ties. He walked out across the earth flooded with God's sunlight. Peace on it! and good will toward men!

At the parsonage he met with a slight disappointment. Mr. Crane was out. At the city clerk's office Hurley Flack was out too. Where? Then Louden had to grin. Flack had been seen going off with Mr. Crane and Mr. Cass. Darn Ed anyway! always in a stew to get started.

As he walked toward Cass's, by degrees his pace increased. The window shades, when he arrived, were all pulled down. The front door was open but the screen was latched, as he found when he shook it.

"Ed! Ed, where are you? Mildred! Somebody!"

"Yes, Joe?"

It wasn't Ed, it was his wife. Curiously diffident, she remained at a distance from the screen door, not offering to open it.

"Where's Ed, Mildred?"

"Where's Ed? Why—why, Ed—why, Ed's gone to Wheatville."

"Mildred—*where's Irma?*"

"Why, Irma—Irma's gone to Wheatville too." The silence of the man outside the door then was the last straw. She began to cry, half ashamed, half defiant, "I don't believe you can know how distracted we've been, Joe. So when the poor boy called up from Wheatville—wanting to marry Irma—why Ed got Hurley and Mr. Crane, and by now—Oh dear! it's *for* the best!"

Yesterday the immortal spark in Louden had been quick to anger; now it seemed intolerably slow. He felt the cold beginning at his heart and creeping out toward his skin and up along his windpipe.

"So, Mildred," he said at last, "you've sold out to them."

He turned and went down the steps, then turned again and came heavily back to press his face against the screen.

"And the humorous part is—for what? Judas Iscariot got thirty pieces of silver, anyway."

Louden hardly knew in what direction he was walking, and it doesn't matter much anyhow which way a dead man walks. Elkhart, meeting him on McKinley Avenue, studied him from under his lids.

"What's eating you, Joe? Say, I hear you damn near killed that kid."

Louden stopped short, and the stopping seemed to start his heart.

"While you were hearing, did you hear what Ed Cass has gone and done?"

"Yeah-mmmm . . . That's Ed, all over, ain't it?"

The blood had got back to Louden's face at last. "It's going to be Ed all over—somewhere else but here. Elk, listen, we're not beat; we haven't begun to fight yet. Listen, there's a few of us aren't going to take what's happening to this town laying down. There's going to be a clean-up, *now!* Listen, you boys been wanting me for mayor for a long time; well you're going to get me

now. The Klan's been wanting to get in here; well it's coming in here *now*. And when it comes, Elk, there's some folks—"

"Mmm-yeah, you're right, Joe." Elkhart pushed his hat back, hooked his thumbs in his vest, and frowned thoughtfully at a nearby water plug. "Only, Joe, don't you think you ought to take a holiday first? You been working pretty hard. Do you good. Listen, I'm starting for Denver on the six-five to buy goods. Listen, Joe, what you say?" Elkhart ended the longest speech of his life by slapping the other's shoulder with his big, urgent hand. "Come on pack a suitcase! That's the eye!"

A man can't fight his hundreds without needing a rest. The fire had passed from Louden. Of a sudden he was tired. Elkhart was right.

Yes, Elkhart had been right. Already sitting in the smoker and watching the plain stream by beneath the dusk, it had done Louden a world of good. It is amazing how swiftly, under the lenitive of fifty-miles-an-hour, a man's perspective comes straight again. . . . Irma! What was Irma? A sullen, perverse, spoiled little girl, not even very pretty. She had asked for what was coming to her; he was sorry; but, whew! he was glad after all he wasn't going to have her on his hands. He was glad to be out of it and Denver ahead.

It was a long time since he had been to Denver with any of the boys. Elkhart was talking about Denver now, fragments reminiscent and meditative, half to himself, a light in his eyes. He had had a nip or so. Elkhart didn't drink in his own town, ordinarily, but when he got on the train for Denver (it was law of the Medes and Persians) in his right-hand hip pocket he carried a pint of rye.

"Them days, Joe! Remember? . . . You weren't a heller, you weren't a go-getter or nothing, them days, *Oh*, no. . . . Remember the year we drove up Meeker's yearlings? Remember St. Louie Sue? . . . Remember the Double Eagle? . . . Remember Caroline's old man that night, fit to tie? 'No-sir, nobody ruins a daughter of mine he don't pay for it with his hide!' Gosh, you were lucky, Ed Cass was along. . . . Argue, Ed could . . . Starts out to argue the old geek into just simply laying off the shot-gun; ends up by arguing him into buying you and her the wedding-ring, be dogged if he didn't. . . ."

Both men sat up straight, waked up all of a sudden. Reminiscence, in league with the hypnotic beat of the wheels on the fish-plates under the train, had carried them farther than either realized. Louden was white.

Elkhart was red. He began to gulp. "Joe, by God-now! I never meant—well, you know what I know—I'd like to know what the town of Midway would ever've been without you and Caroline."

After a moment Louden's shoulder let down. He began to grow red himself, and looked out of the window, half sheepish, half sullen.

"Ed didn't do it all, at that. All I was, I was waiting. And you'd have seen, if the old boy had actually once pointed that gun my direction. I could take care of myself."

"You sure could, you sure could. A man had to, them days."

"Things went, them days, that don't go now. It was different."

"It sure was. When this country was rough and we were young, Joe . . . Look here, Joe, have a snifter."

Louden put his head down in the corner behind Elkhart. A man doesn't want everybody in sight watching him when he takes a drink.

There was a patch of glow under the mountains ahead. The City . . .

"Young!" said Louden. "What you mean, young, Elk? We got a lot of good years left. And when I get back home there's those that'll know it, don't you forget it. Geltmann, for one. I don't care if that building stands empty twenty years; that town's ours, not his."

COLONIAL HISTORY DEBUNKED

IT'S A WISE CHILD THAT KNOWS ITS OWN FOREFATHERS

BY HAROLD UNDERWOOD FAULKNER

Assistant Professor of History, Massachusetts Institute of Technology

PROBABLY no period in our history has received more exhaustive investigation from the hands of historians and antiquarians than those interesting years between the discovery of America and the War of the Revolution. Innumerable are the names of those who have cultivated this fruitful vineyard of historical research, the list including a majority of our ablest historians.

It is surprising, therefore, to realize that, notwithstanding the vast amount of very excellent work done in this field, there is no period in our history so little understood by the average American. It is astonishing how large is the amount of almost unadulterated bunk which has been regularly disseminated in books and school rooms, often by those who should know better. The small amount of information, consequently, which the average Babbitt possesses concerning this century-and-a-half of American civilization is a strange mixture of fiction and fact, with the former quite usually predominating.

II

The curious myths of colonial history encompass even the European background. One of these which has for years been glibly taught to high-school and college students is the story that the discovery of America was brought about by the crushing burdens which the Ottoman Turks placed upon Asiatic trade, thus stimulating the search for new routes to the Far East. This simple explanation of a complicated phenomenon is of uncertain origin, and of more than questionable validity. It is so beautifully simple, in fact, that it is a wonder it was not investigated and discarded years ago. It was not until 1914 that Professor Albert H. Lybyer in a seven-page paper supposedly punctured this myth by showing (1) that the Turks had nothing to do with the two most important trade routes until they captured Syria and Egypt in 1516 and 1517, while the great maritime discoveries took place in 1487, 1492, and 1498; (2) that the old flow of oriental wares through Syria and Egypt was maintained unbroken until 1502; and (3) that there was no permanent elevation of prices on oriental products before this date, and so there could have been no serious obstruction. At the same time he suggested that the motives "related to religion, crusading, conquest, and adventure probably outweighed the seeking of spices in the minds of the great explorers and their royal supporters." Yet the old explanation continues to be recounted in our halls of higher and lower learning with the same naïve faith that it was of yore.

III

Probably more liberties have been taken with the truth as regards the history of Virginia than with that of any other of the colonies. One of the most persistent bits of fiction regarding the

Old Dominion is that a goodly proportion of its wealthy families emanated from the nobility of England and came to Virginia in the years after the decapitation of Charles I. As a matter of fact, the Virginian aristocracy developed almost entirely within the colony, and the larger part of it was derived from the English merchant class. The "great Cavalier exodus" stressed by Fiske and other historians never took place; Wertenbaker, the most accurate of the recent Virginian investigators, has been able to find but a handful of the gentry who originated from the Cavaliers. "Few men of rank," says the sociologist, Arthur W. Calhoun, "ever came to the 'wilderness of Virginia' and the planters were generally of bourgeois stock. Even the Cavaliers were not necessarily of noble blood. The leading families of Virginia had exactly the same origin as those of New England. The Virginia middle class sprang from the families of immigrants of humble means and origin, which migration began early and continued through the seventeenth century."

The colonial Virginian stock was, in fact, primarily recruited from the lower middle and poorer classes in England—those groups whose economic position at home was hopeless. A number of these, especially before 1635, were able to pay their own passage and to set up immediately as small proprietors. The great majority, however, of the immigrants to Virginia came as indentured servants. Between 1635 and 1680 there arrived in that colony annually from 1000 to 1600 servants, Governor Berkeley estimating the annual immigration at 1500. Wertenbaker believes that 80,000 would be a conservative estimate of the number of indentured servants who landed, asserting that they were the most important factor in the settlement of the colony. "In 1641," says he, "according to a statement of Governor Berkeley, there were but 40,000 people in the colony. The immigration of servants had been in progress for fifty years, and the number brought over must have exceeded the total population of the state. Even after making deductions for the mortality of the laborers in the tobacco fields which in the first half of the century was enormous, we are forced to the conclusion that the percentage of those that came as freemen was small." Although these indentured servants represented almost every class in society, in general they were, as Becker describes them, an "inferior and servile" class. In brief, then, the white colonial population of Virginia, instead of being composed of the best elements of English society, was composed to a considerable extent of the worst.

While discussing Virginia it might be well to point out another current misapprehension. Most people, including students of American history in the schools, think of the colonial South as a community in which the social and economic unit was the large plantation worked by slaves and supervised by cultured gentlemen who lived a life of opulence and refinement. Where this idyllic picture originated is difficult to determine. As a matter of fact, there were few slaves in Virginia until the eighteenth century. In the second place, although the tone of Virginian society was given by wealthy planters of the type of the Beverleys, Carters, and Byrds, most of the southern whites were small landholders, as Wertenbaker has conclusively demonstrated from the records. Professor W. E. Dodd, a leading Southern historian, maintains that "nine-tenths of the South's landowners at any period in her history were small proprietors." In the third place, the Southern planter of large estate, where he existed, may have lived in opulence, but it was a crude plenty, and he was more than likely to be head over heels in debt to his London agents. Like his English prototype, the country squire, he was a hard-drinking, horse-racing farmer, whose recreation was more often found following the hounds than in perusing the classics, and whose sexual appetite was as likely to be appeased

in the quarters of his slaves as in the bonds of holy matrimony. Joseph Hergesheimer in Richard Bale of *Balisand* has given us a picture of the Southern planter of a type above the average as he existed at the end of the colonial period. Richard Bale, although brave, loyal and courageous, was ignorant, bigoted, narrow-minded, devoid of intellectual interests of any kind, absorbed in politics, liquor, horse-racing, and the petty affairs of his estate.

IV

The matter of the origin and composition of the Virginian people brings up the whole question of colonial population. From the pride with which the Colonial Dames and other descendents of the early settlers point to their ancestors one would suppose that they were supermen, the *ne plus ultra* of European society. On the contrary, a majority belonged to the class at home who were economically beaten or who were persecuted for religious or political beliefs. The latter element, of course, as dissenters from the majority belief and, as such, the radicals of their day, were likely to be above the average; the former group however, driven out by economic pressure, left reluctantly and contributed a racial stock highly undesirable, except as providing a supply of cheap labor. It should be remembered that after the early years most of the increase in colonial population came from natural growth within the colonies or from the indentured servants brought in by exploiters. Relatively few immigrants who were economically independent came to America of their own initiative during the colonial period.

Although Virginia was particularly unfortunate in its immigrants, it was not alone. North Carolina and Maryland received a considerable addition to their population from indentured servants who had served their time in Virginia and pushed on to the frontiers to take up land, or from runaway servants and criminals of that colony. William Byrd, who ran the dividing line between Virginia and her southern neighbor in 1728, speaks of the North Carolinians as irreligious, immoral, dirty, and incurably lazy. "To speak the truth," he says, "it is thorough aversion to labor that makes people file off to North Carolina, where plenty and a warm sun confirm them in their disposition to laziness for their whole lives." It is almost needless to say that the "poor whites" of the South to-day are to no small extent descended from the servile class of Europe. It is also obvious that some of the best stock in the South came from the more virile "Scotch-Irish" and Germans who pushed down the Appalachian valleys from Pennsylvania in the last half of the eighteenth century.

What has been said of the population of the three southern provinces just mentioned applied to most of the northern colonies, but to a lesser degree. In the North the self-sufficient farm obtained rather than the large plantation and, as a consequence, the pressure for cheap labor was not so great. Nevertheless, indentured servants of various types and the beaten and outcast of many nations formed a goodly proportion of the immigrants. Even in New England, which in many respects was fortunate in her founders, we find Governor Bradford of Plymouth giving the details of a most degrading sex crime and lamenting the fact that the country was "pestered with many unworthy people" and trying to explain "how came it to pass that so many wicked persons and profane people should so quickly come over into this land." His explanations are interesting and have a very modern ring to them. The chief reasons which he advanced were (1) that the great need of servants in a new land forced those in need of help "who could not have such as they would . . . to take such as they could"; (2) that ship owners "to make up their freight and advance their profits, cared little who the persons were, so they had money

to 'pay them"; (3) that many "adhere to the people of God, as many followed Christ for the loaves sake," and (4) that many "were sente of their friends some under the hope they would be made better, others that they might be eased of such burthens and they kept from shame at home that would necessarily follow their dissolute courses." Any one who has taken the trouble to run over the colonial court records of a typical New England community, such as Plymouth, with the depressing series of indictments for sexual crimes there to be found, cannot help but realize that there was a considerable sub-normal racial stock present. From whence, then, comes this exaggerated pride in colonial forbears and this idea that the colonist was a superman and the very flower of Nordic civilization?

We are told quite frequently that the population of the colonies at the conclusion of the colonial period was racially homogeneous and so prepared for revolt against Great Britain. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Of the estimated 2,750,000 in the colonies, at least one-tenth were negroes, one-tenth Germans and Dutch, and one-tenth "Scotch-Irish," so that it would be quite fair to say that at least one-third of the population in 1775 emanated from stock which did not come from England, but had sailed from Africa, Germany, France, Sweden, Scotland, Ireland, and elsewhere. It was the lack of homogeneity rather than its presence that helped to bring on the conflict. Nor was the Revolution itself any great Anglo-Saxon crusade for the protection of endangered liberty; it was a revolution brought about by economic and social interests which were different from those of Great Britain, and which can with a fair amount of accuracy be determined.

The myth regarding the English origin of the colonial racial stock has to no small extent been due to the analysis made by the Census Bureau in 1909 of the population revealed in the 1790 enumeration based on the names of the heads of families. Their distribution percentage was: English 82.1, Scotch 7, Germans 5.6, Dutch 2.5, Irish 1.9, French .6, and all others .3. This enumeration has justifiably called down the ridicule and denunciation of various racial historians. The Irish, in particular, have had cause for criticism, and it must be admitted that one of the fetishes of colonial historians has been the extraordinary emphasis placed upon the "Scotch-Irish." The very name "Scotch-Irish" is an anomaly. The settlers in Ulster were mostly English or lowland Scotch, the latter chiefly English rather than Scotch in origin. In Ireland they maintained their racial integrity to a considerable extent, and thus when they came to America, racially they were hardly Scotch or Irish. In America, however, they always called themselves Irish, the term "Scotch-Irish" being a concoction of recent historians. Although it is impossible to determine with exactness, there is no doubt that the immigration into America of pure Irish was much larger than has been generally believed, and that of the "Scotch-Irish" much less. According to an Irish historian friend of mine, this mistake in racial statistics is partly attributable to the fact that whenever an Irishman joins the Protestant church or the Masonic order he forthwith becomes "Scotch-Irish."

V

Our attention was directed earlier in this article at certain myths in Virginian history. The popular conception of colonial New England is just as erroneous, only in this case the trouble arises from an excess of hostile criticism, due to no small extent to a natural tendency to blame most of the unpopular features of our civilization upon New England Puritanism. The picture which the average individual has of early New England is that of a community where a lot of long-faced canting hypocrites divided their attention between sterile fields and a horrible theology, and

dragged out a gloomy existence under the iron rule of a ministerial oligarchy, the monotony varied only by the pleasure of occasionally hanging a Quaker or burning a witch. Because a lying Episcopalian parson, one Sam Peters, in his *General History of Connecticut* (1781) invented a number of so-called "Blue Laws," many to-day still profess to believe that to kiss one's child on the Sabbath, to make mince pies, and to play on any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, and jew's harp were criminal offences under the laws of New Haven. Certainly seventeenth-century New England left much to be desired as a place to live in, but in comparison with other parts of the world at the same time, and with present-day civilization in America, it stands up quite favorably.

In the first place, the criminal code of New England was no harsher than that of certain of the other colonies, and was certainly much softer than that of "Merry England." Thirty-one offenses were punishable by death in the "mother country" at the beginning of the reign of James the First, the list growing larger until in 1819 it reached the number of two hundred and twenty-three, of which one hundred and twenty-six were without benefit of clergy. Massachusetts by her first code in 1641, and Connecticut in 1642 imposed the penalty of death upon twelve offenses only. New Haven later added two or three, but with reservations which left to the courts much leeway as to enforcement. The laws in New England were not only less cruel than in England but they were enforced with less severity. That there was considerable interference by the government in the personal affairs and private life of the colonial New Englander is not to be denied; but who are we who live in an age of the eighteenth amendment, of legal injunctions, of espionage acts, of "Palmer raids," of anti-evolution laws, and innumerable other violations of personal liberty, and who have barely raised a protest at the passing of such liberty, to sneer at our forebears? When the great Timothy Dwight observed in 1821 that "In no state in the world was an individual of more importance as a man than in Connecticut" and that "such a degree of freedom was never before united with such a degree of stability," he spoke words which were decidedly more applicable to conditions at that time than they are in that commonwealth to-day.

True enough, New England for almost two centuries was virtually, though not technically, a theocracy; but it should be remembered that the clergy of colonial New England were the best-educated, often the only educated, individuals in the community, and exercised power through the force of intellectual superiority as well as through the prestige which came from their position as head of the most important social institution in the community. The possibility of a society ruled by its most intelligent citizens is so far removed from the degenerate democracies of our own time that it is quite beyond our powers of comprehension. Hence, I suspect, the somewhat condescending attitude which we assume toward our ancestors. Those of us who have dallied in the tap rooms or before the fireplaces of the cosy colonial taverns, or have stood in amazement at the sure and often rich art of New England georgian as displayed in the Royall Mansion at Medford or the Lee Mansion at Marblehead, cannot help but feel that at least eighteenth-century New England could not have been such a hopeless place in which to abide. If some of the evils under which we suffer are, as is contended, the result of Puritanism, it was the Puritanism of those who moved out. Certainly New England has been as much as any part of our country the home of that religious, political, and personal liberty which is fast vanishing.

THE FOGGS WERE SOLDIERS

A STORY

BY PARKHURST WHITNEY

A FAIR exchange was no robbery. Dear me! that was a horrid word to come popping into her mind at this particular moment. It wouldn't be robbery exactly. You might call it giving your customers what they wanted. These people wanted a story with their antiques. She wanted money. Each had what the other lacked and each would be happier for the exchange. And who would ever know? Certainly not these people.

Thus Miss Rachel Fogg, as she studied the backs of her callers. They were impressive, prosperous backs. They were the backs of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Coons of Cleveland, whose summer tour among the antiquities of New England had brought them to the historic Fogg house in Hanbury. They were now in that part of it known as Captain Fogg's room. The captain was long dead, but his memory was kept alive in this low-ceiled room whose windows looked down Ship Street toward the ocean. Here were his faded commission in the provincial militia, the dress sword presented him by his fellow townsmen, his portrait in uniform done by the stiff, uninspired brush of some unknown dauber. Here were his books on the art of war, his pewter plates and tankard, his tinder box, and long-barreled pistols.

Mr. Coons was fondling the captain's sword. "D'you suppose he ever killed anybody with it?" he inquired, and drew the blade as if hoping to find it still stained.

"Oh, no," said Miss Fogg. "It was a ceremonial sword. It never saw service."

Mrs. Coons was lingering before the traveling candlesticks. "We got some like those in Portsmouth," she announced. "The woman that sold them said they used to belong to people that were Tories."

"Some of my ancestors were Tories, too," said Miss Fogg.

"They were!" Mr. and Mrs. Coons turned and spoke together. They were not quite sure, you could see, how that confession should be received.

"Many of the—the best people of the colonies were," Miss Fogg reminded them. "They were wrong, of course, but I always credited them with moral courage. My ancestors were attacked, their property seized, and their home burned. They escaped to Halifax and lived and died in want. But they were loyal to the King—to a principle, and I always admired that."

"Well, that's right," Mr. Coons agreed.

"Though I sometimes think," she added, "there is such a thing as loyalty to your own interests."

With a slight shrug Mrs. Coons turned away and swung idly down the room to the fireplace. "These plates," she said, examining the pewter ranged along the mantel, "look just like some we got at Duxbury. We got them from a family that is related to Miles Standish."

It began to appear that the visitors had everything that Miss Fogg had—with one possible exception. This was

the slant-top maple desk which stood between the north windows. They had passed this piece without comment, seemingly without a glance. But Miss Fogg's eyes were not blind nor her wits dull. She knew that dodge. What tourists wanted they ignored or mentioned only to disparage. She knew tourists. She knew you could fool them, too.

Miss Fogg's possessions were these: a good name, an old house, and antique furnishings. The Foggs were soldiers; some by choice, some by their country's necessity. The New World has offered plenty of work for fighting men during its short history—the Indians, the French, the British, the Mexicans, the South. And from the earliest days to the Civil War the Foggs had not missed an opportunity. Gallant, no doubt, but not calculated to lay the foundations of a permanent family fortune.

Rachel Fogg, last in the direct line and sentenced to spinsterhood, was also at war: the kind of war that involves most of us. The enemy is the tax collector, the butcher, and the baker. Miss Fogg's was a war of attrition. Year by year she was forced back, always back; at last she had to decide whether she should surrender and go to an old ladies' home or stand her ground and starve in genteel fashion.

She compromised. The placard in the railroad station and the village stores, describing points of interest in Historic Hanbury, carried this additional item: The Fogg House, A.D. 1687. Admission twenty-five cents.

Miss Fogg, in a gray silk dress and a lace cap, guided the summer visitor through her home, exhibiting her dough table and kitchen dresser, her highboy and rare Brewster chair. There was a meager living in it, which she hoarded like a squirrel against the long winter. But the war was not over. Lately she had been driven back to still another position. She had had to sell some of her heirlooms, dealing stealthily with strangers, hiding the fact from her friends in Hanbury. This was hard, very hard. The roots of her family were deep in the soil of the town. She was digging them up. She was hastening the end of the Foggs.

Sometimes she wished she could be laid away in lavender and exhibited with her antiques. "That's what I am," she mused. "An antique. I wish somebody would buy me."

There were no offers for Miss Rachel Fogg, but she could get good prices for some of her other possessions. The kitchen dresser went, the highboy, a good deal of her pewter. And Captain Israel Fogg's slant-top maple desk. That was the first sale and the one that hurt the most. She was getting a little used to the business now; but that first transaction had made her ill with grief and remorse. It was like selling the captain's bones. She had been so much perturbed that at the first opportunity she had bought a substitute, not so old as Captain Fogg's desk, nor so handsome, but enough like it, so that she herself could at times forget that the original had gone by night in the van of a dealer.

And now Mr. and Mrs. James B. Coons wanted the substitute. She was sure they did. Out of the corners of their eyes they were examining, calculating, perhaps wondering if the Foggs could shed sufficient luster on their heirlooms to make the purchase interesting. And what the Coons wanted they could and would pay for. The enormous limousine, the liveried chauffeur, Mr. Coons' sporting tweeds, Mrs. Coons' summer frock spoke eloquently of money and good living. The authority and confidence that wealth gives was reflected in the man's round and aggressively good-humored face, and in his wife's well-nourished figure and complacent stare. The future of America was with the Coons of Cleveland, not with the Foggs of Hanbury.

They had finished their inspection of Captain Fogg's room and had turned their faces toward Miss Fogg. She was

sitting down, wrapped in the enfolding arms of a wing chair. She was tired. She was always tired these days. The tourist season was at its height. The main highway of Hanbury, following the convolutions of the seashore, hummed and roared with the motors of a great army of visitors. The sound dinned at her ears and sometimes at her heart, stirring feelings of resentment against these curious, prosperous, acquisitive invaders.

But to be tired and resentful was not to be neglectful of opportunity; now was the time for owners of barren hillsides and decaying homes to reap the harvest. "Will you rest before you go?" she said. "Will you sit a spell?"

"Must be on the road," murmured Mr. Coons; but they made no immediate move toward the hall and then, as an apparent afterthought, Mrs. Coons spoke, "This Captain Fogg—was he ever in a war?"

"Yes," said Miss Fogg; "he was killed at Fort William Henry."

"Fort William Henry?" A crease appeared between Mr. Coons' eyes. "Why, that sounds like the Civil War."

"Oh dear no," chuckled Miss Fogg. "That was my father's war. This was the French and Indian War. It was in 1757."

Mrs. Coons' placid face betrayed her with a flicker of interest, as she turned to her husband. "How many years ago was that, Jim?"

"Le's see." Mr. Coons did a sum in subtraction, stabbing the air with a sturdy forefinger. "Le's see—seven from five leaves eight and one to carry—six from twelve—six—one . . . One hundred and sixty-eight years ago," he announced. "That's going back a ways."

"Quite a ways," agreed Miss Fogg. "So long ago it really doesn't matter, I suppose."

Mr. Coons recalled now that he had studied the French and Indian War when he was a boy. "But I'll admit I haven't thought much about it lately," he confessed.

Mrs. Coons said nothing, but she sat down and deliberately, unerringly returned to her point. "How was he killed? Shot?"

"Well, yes and no." It pleased Miss Fogg to be tantalizing. She liked the man, but the woman's cold pursuit of her quarry was irritating. Besides it suited her purpose to be reluctant. Mrs. Coons wanted a story with her purchase. Let her work for it, then! She would appreciate it all the more afterward.

Mrs. Coons sniffed. "I don't see how that could—" she began.

"No, I suppose not," said Miss Fogg, a little ashamed of her manners. "He *was* shot, but so many awful things happened before that you could hardly decide what caused his death."

"What awful things?" asked the relentless woman.

"Well, it was this way," said Miss Fogg, deciding to expand moderately. "You see, the fort was surrounded by French and Indians under Montcalm. They were eight thousand against about two thousand in the fort. They had been fighting for days and Montcalm's bigger cannon were pounding the fort to pieces. It was only a question of how long the defenders could hold out—unless other soldiers came to their rescue. You see there was another fort—Fort Edward—about fifteen miles away. But General Webb—he was the commander there—had already refused to help the men at Fort William Henry."

"Why?" Mrs. Coons wanted to know.

"Oh, that's in all the histories," said Miss Fogg. "But I don't know that it'll help you much to read them. I suppose there were good military reasons, but I never saw much sense in military reasons."

"And your—that about Captain Fogg—is that in the histories, too?"

A determined, single-minded woman, that Mrs. Coons!

"Mercy no!" Miss Fogg folded her thin hands and sank farther back into the great wing chair. "What he did—what happened to him was not unusual. It happened to many soldiers in those

days—and people who weren't soldiers, too."

"Tell us about him, Miss Fogg," urged Mr. Coons sympathetically.

"Well, as I was saying," she resumed, "their only hope was General Webb, and that was a slim hope. They had sent messengers to him, but the Indians who were camped across the road between the two forts were too cunning. They caught the messengers and brought their heads, hoisted on spears, to show the defenders."

"Ugh! Really?" murmured Mrs. Coons.

"At last Colonel Monroe, the British commander, called a council of his officers. Montcalm had offered honorable terms of surrender and safe conduct. Should they accept? Some of the British were for accepting, but some of the militia officers felt differently, and Captain Fogg spoke up for them.

"'Montcalm,' he said, 'is an honorable man. He promises sincerely. But we men of the colonies know Indians. Montcalm cannot promise for those savages out there. They outnumber his men as he outnumbers us. We have killed their braves. They will demand our lives in return. And Montcalm will not dare refuse them.'"

Miss Fogg looked across the room at the crude portrait of her ancestor. "That was prophecy," she observed, and went on with her story:

"Colonel Monroe asked Captain Fogg what he proposed.

"'I would like to try to get through the lines to-night, and appeal once more to General Webb,' he replied.

"'General Webb,' said the colonel, 'has already decided that it is not wise to risk all the troops in this district in one battle against superior numbers. For my part, I think he is correct.'

"'I don't, sir,' retorted Captain Fogg. 'I admit the great difficulty of evading the Indians, but if I can get to Fort Edward I can convince General Webb that he is wrong. I can show him how a small force, using the tactics of the Indians, can save us and, it may be, send Montcalm packing—'

"'And if he still refuses?' said the colonel.

"'Then I shall call him a coward and I shall tell him that I will spread the story of his cowardice throughout the colonies,' said Captain Fogg.

"'Not with my permission, sir!' roared the colonel. 'I will send no officer to General Webb with such a message. British soldiers are not cowards, sir. And I shall give you an opportunity to reflect on your impudent words. Retire to your quarters! You are under arrest.'

"I guess," said Miss Fogg, a little breathlessly, "the seeds of the Revolution were already planted and beginning to sprout. General Braddock had disregarded the advice of colonial officers not long before, and his forces had been butchered by inferior numbers of French and Indians. The colonials were beginning to question the authority and wisdom of the redcoats."

She ceased and caught at her breath. My! she mustn't get going like that. Mustn't get worked up about things that had happened a hundred and sixty-eight years ago. She looked up to find that both visitors were regarding her intently.

"But they didn't—he wasn't shot for that, was he?" Mr. Coons was saying.

"Oh, dear no!" Miss Fogg marshalled her forces for the conclusion. "You see, he wasn't seen in the fort after that. When he left the council of officers he disappeared. Nobody knew what happened to him. Not until after the garrison had surrendered and the massacre he predicted had been checked was his fate known. A young French officer sought out his comrades then and told them the story that was later brought to our family.

"He started out to go to General Webb after all. He was a headstrong young man. I guess he didn't mind disobeying Colonel Monroe if he could carry out his own plans. But the Indians caught him. I suppose he had to leave the fort hurriedly and without

proper preparations. Anyway, the Indians caught him as he crept through their lines. They didn't kill him on the spot. A chief who spoke some English had a cunning plan. Let the captive go back to the fort and ask to be let in. Let him manage to keep the portal open. A band of braves would be waiting nearby. If the white man would do that, his life would be spared. Otherwise—"

Miss Fogg sighed again and interlaced her old fingers. "That wasn't much of a choice, was it? What miserable decisions we have to make sometimes—life without honor or death with it. . . . What would you do?" she fired the question suddenly at Mr. Coons. "Don't you think we make an awful pother about honor?"

"By golly!" Mr. Coons shook his head slowly, and got a little red. "I certainly should hate to have it put up to me—"

"Anybody would," agreed Miss Fogg.

"A man owes something to his folks, I always say," offered Mrs. Coons.

"Captain Fogg had a family," said Miss Fogg. "A young wife and a young son. And I suppose he did think of them. But he made his choice and—and so out in the dark woods they stripped him for the torture. He was not to die easily. They stuck knives in him. They mutilated him. They put splinters under his finger nails and set fire to them. They whooped and danced around his tortured body.

"It was the whooping that accompanied their hideous work which brought the young French officer to the scene. He thrust the savages aside and took Captain Fogg from the stake. But it was too late. He was conscious but dying and suffering terribly. He asked the Frenchman to shoot him—put him out of his misery—"

Miss Fogg spread her hands, indicating the end of the story. She looked into the faces of her visitors. Had she told it well? Well enough? Perhaps she should have trimmed it up more. But Mr. Coons broke in upon her conjecturings with hearty assurances of approval.

"You ought to be proud of an ancestor like that, Miss Fogg!" His eyes were like a boy's, lighted with excitement at old tales of derring do. "I'd be proud, wouldn't you, Ella?"

"Yes—why yes, of course," she said, while her acquisitive eyes roamed around the room to light, as if by chance, on the slant-top desk. Ella would be proud; definitely intended, in fact, to be proud. She was thinking perhaps of her next luncheon at home. "My dear," she would be saying, "I must show you the old desk we picked up in New England last summer. It's been in the Fogg family—you must've heard of the Foggs—nearly a hundred and seventy-five years. The man that used it first—quite an interesting story."

Aloud, however, she was saying rather negligently, "That old desk up there—was that Captain Fogg's?"

Miss Fogg's heart fluttered and danced under her black-silk dress. There it was! Just as she had predicted! One little word would do it. Three people happier and nobody hurt. Not really hurt. It wasn't a bad desk. Quite good, on the contrary. But the word wouldn't come. It simply wouldn't come.

"Oh, dear no!" she said. "That's just something I picked up at an auction."

SLUMBERERS OF THE SURGE

BY WILLIAM BEEBE

WHEN I began to be wonted to the long, winding kingdom of my shallow, underwater world, my first fine frenzy of inarticulate emotion at its strange landscapes and stranger inhabitants slowly changed to more specific appreciation. And the very first evidence of this was humorous—for I began to see close resemblances between these villagers of the deep and dear friends of mine. This is not to be read with a roar of laughter and an all-inclusive pseudo-witticism of queer looking people and "poor fish." That is far from what I mean; it was in no way a question of special features or personal appearance, but often a matter of quite indefinable qualities: the way a grouper would come over a mound of coral, or a moorish idol peer up at me, the nervous flick of a small wrasse person brought often to mind a gait, a glance, or a trick of the hand of some acquaintance. These casual chuckles undermined the distraction of alienness, and at once I felt more at home. This was emphasized when I dived again and again in one spot, day after day, and saw, not only the same lanes and streets and mountains, but the identical fish themselves. The little old lady in Paris, garbed in black who used to pass me on her way to market every day had always the same tear in her veil; and now, the small fussy demoiselle fishlet which invariably scurried past when I had taken my seat was known to me among all her neighbors by the frayed spot on the side of her fin.

I succeeded in merging myself into the life of fishes, aided by the lack of fear, or even respect, with which they greeted my entrance into their world. But when I began to think in words, I found that just as I had to have a stream of atmosphere flowing down to me, bringing with it all the little motes and beams belonging wholly to the upper world, so when my mind began resolving into outflowing words what my senses had sent to it, these were ever burdened with dry earthly similes and metaphors.

To an eye above the water my new kingdom's limits within the confines of these Cocos and Galapagos Islands would appear like a multitude of thinnest of rings scattered about just beneath the surface. For this is an egocentric kingdom as far as I am concerned, and its lower boundaries are those of my limited extremes of penetration. As for the upper frontiers, I admit neither rock nor weed ever bathed by the air even at lowest tide. All between I have made mine by right of imagination and a few score of timid entrances and creepings about. Yet always, while among my subjects, I must abide in a glass house and, like a humble water beetle, enclose within it a bubble of air. My impatience never ceases to desire to fling the glass windows wide open, and smell and taste and hear this new world—to *hear*, for there must be some rippling vibration of sound or other waves from so many thousands who forever mumble at one another with their lips.

One of my favorite neighborhoods of observation was a marvelous shire on the bottom of the east side of Chatham Bay, Cocos. Just as Cocos itself at this season was more often than not completely cloaked in a solid rain cloud, so

my capital was forever hidden from prying eyes by a liquid sheet of emerald-green.

Before describing an earthly city we always speak of its environment and background. What I saw as I looked around above water just before I dived was a sort of upground—I know of no other word—the beautiful, great bay with the *Arcturus* riding at anchor, while high overhead rose the steep mountain slopes of Cocos, covered with dense green jungles, tall palms and graceful, lacelike tree-ferns standing out above all the rest, while fig trees clung to the steepest slopes, dropping down perfect portières of dangling rootlets. In and out, like a warp of silver threads among the green foliage, shone the waterfalls—the glory of all this island loveliness, dozens of them, slipping down from rock to rock or sliding gently over hundred-foot stretches of emerald moss.

But now the diver's helmet is poised on high, dropped over my head—I am eclipsed, and change planets.

I sink down, down, down, and finally let go the last rung, drop quietly and deliberately on my feet, and look around at a city of giant mushrooms. A huge dome in front of me offered good climbing, so I kicked my feet and body free, and drifted to the top with slight tugs of my hands, gravitation all but negatived. From the top I looked down upon a marvelous boulevard of the whitest sand, bordered by edifices of coral beyond all adequate adjective and exclamation. In the middle distance I saw the palace of the Dalai Lama at Lhasa with its majestic down-dropping lines; beyond it, the corals had wrought a fairy replica of the temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. Then a cloud of pagodas filled the end of the sandy vista, silhouetted against the blue, at which I can never cease marveling whenever I think of this water world—a pale cerulean, oxidized now and then with the glimmering through of some still more distant monument. Invariably the architecture of the East was brought to mind, not the semi-plagerized structures of most of our western efforts, but light, uplifted pagoda roofs, curving domes, and stalagmite minarets, together with the scroll-work which is lacelike but never gingerbready.

Through many days of watching—sometimes rising to the surface, gray with the soaking of water, or chilled and chattering, but always reluctantly—I studied the fishes, the aborigines of these places, and I found them astonishingly like humans in all their more important habits and concerns of life.

II

Looking over my finny subjects in general, I found they were divided into distinct gens or castes, and these in turn separated more or less naturally into guilds and professions. From my seat at one end of the mushroom city I could pick them out—sometimes several at a glance. Over the coral, above its mounds and branches and labyrinths, there floated the castes of Free Nomads and Grazers. Shall I call them figuratively the zeppelins and the aeroplanes of the sea, or, with rather more exactness of applicability, the eagles and vultures, the parrots and woodpeckers? Or, best of all, let us credit them exactly for what they are.

As Nomads I should consider those fish people who usually hunt singly, but sometimes in small packs, who have no homes, no coral haunts or rocky retreats, but who live, feed, fight, mate, sleep, and die in mid-water. The sharks are these, yet not the rays and skates, which belong to the same natural order, but which have spread into various directions and appropriated an interesting and profitable field for themselves. Indeed, in the case of the sharks, what has not been usurped by them has been given them as endowment by legend and fancy. We humans adore to build up a scarecrow of straw and paper around things admirable in themselves, inflate it with hot air, then look at it, scream, and run terrified away. Cries of *Snake! Evolution! Shark!* are sufficient to throw

certain panicy, timid souls into a horrified terror. All these fears have about the same basis of truth; out of seventeen hundred species of serpents living on the earth to-day less than one-third are harmful; undoubtedly there have been a few men who were at the same time, very bad men and believers in evolution; and there is no doubt that a few authentic cases of the attacks of sharks upon men have occurred. To condemn sharks in general is like never taking a taxicab because men have been run over and killed by taxicabs.

I have written elsewhere of individual sharks I have met, but here we are concerned only with their relations to the scheme of the shallow-water world. At Cocos there weaved in and out above me, occasionally coming down and curving around the great coral pagodas, sharks of three species. The white-finned and the Galapagos sharks were wandering nomads of distinctly vulturine habits, arousing no fear among smaller or weaker fish, but always on the lookout for a crippled or dead creature. They were the dominant scavengers, and after we had used dynamite, the sharks under water and the frigate birds above cleared away every specimen, no matter how small, that had been overlooked.

These two kinds of gray sharks were four to seven feet in length, and they swam slowly with wide lateral undulations of the head and body, keeping rather a dull outlook from their yellow eyes. The ability of the human imagination to see what it thinks it ought to see is astonishing. As long as my book-and-legend-induced fear of sharks dominated, I saw them as sinuous, crafty, sinister, cruel-mouthed, sneering. When I came at last to know them for harmless scavengers, all these characteristics slipped away, and I saw them as they really are—indolent, awkward, chinless cowards. They are to a barracuta as a vulture to an eagle; a ladyfish has a thousand times less weight and double their courage.

As regards tiger sharks—which by the way, attain a length of thirty feet in my kingdom—I reserve judgment. I have had medium-sized ones swim up to within six feet and show signs of nothing more alarming than curiosity; but I have also seen a tiger shark snap up a baby sea lion close to a rookery of big males as though it were a minnow, and I have observed and shared the respect with which fish greet his appearance. I should catalogue him as an uncertain character—safe enough usually, but to be interviewed with the iron ladder between us.

Groupers are another tribe of Nomads, one without any sense of humor or the sophisticated casualness which seems to me to characterize most sharks. Groupers take life in grim earnest and, while they lack the pessimistic viciousness of barracutas and morays, yet they are persons of uncertain temper. Lack of size alone keeps them from being as much feared as tiger sharks. I was never wholly comfortable when these great brutes came up in their loose schools of six or eight, swimming so close that I often kicked at them or stabbed with my harpoon. Their reaction, after avoiding the stroke, was instantly to return and follow the foot or the instrument in a most disconcerting way. No shark was quicker—nor by a long ways as effective—in attack upon any fish in trouble or disabled as were these evil-mouthed fish.

Once I saw a giant ray or devilfish while I was perched on a coral throne. Dense schools of small fish passing overhead dimmed the light as would a cloud, but this huge creature actually caused a momentary eclipse as he flew close above me, so close indeed and so far beneath the top of the water that my companions did not notice him. My delight at seeing his enormous enamel-white expanse overhead was temporarily distracted by one of his wing tips catching in my hose of life, but it slipped around with no more than a sudden twitch to the helmet. I entered him in my census file as Nomad, unique so near shore, harmless, curious, playful, feeding on nothing more exciting than the minute shrimps and infant crabs

which paddle about near the surface, especially at night. All this I had gleaned from others of his kind which I had met farther out in the bay and elsewhere and always close to the top of the water. Devilfish he may be in appearance because of his horns and tail and the color of his cloak, but he has a gentle soul. This giant must have a courtship of sorts and a consorting for a time with a mate, but I have found him the most solitary of behemoths.

The last member of the tribe of True Nomads and far and away my favorite, is a splendid blue carangid, two feet or more in length and swifter than any other. In clans of ten or a dozen they come out of the translucent blue and, as they approach, slip off the azure veil which dims them and flash out pure silver, for, from my position, I see them with the eye of a true dweller in these deeps. They are built with the finest of stream lines, narrow tail peduncle aft, wide crescentic tail, long, falcate pectorals. Around and around me they go, arousing keen interest and admiration, where the groupers induced suspicion and distrust. I felt that these were fish of caste, fighting, if they must, in the open. Their relation to other smaller fish was a mystery or else to be explained by sleight-of-fin legerdemain. None paid any more attention to them than to the Grazers. Yet these were of a far other sort. Three separate times I saw one of these carangids move out of the circle they were drawing around me, with a twist and a flash as quick as light, and each time a small wrasse swimming near absolutely disappeared. It reminded me of the frog-and-his-tongue trick—a frog facing a fly a considerable distance away, and suddenly the fly is gone. You are sure it went down the frog's throat, but no human eye is quick enough to see all the details. And so the flash of silver caranx seems not to approach or touch the little wrasse—and yet the wrasse is no longer interested in food or life and the caranx is back in place, swimming quietly, breathing gently.

These fish would take no bait and they avoided the repeated stabs of my grains with less than effort, and only when we took advantage of them with a stick of dynamite was I able to name them for certain, *Caranx melampygus*, and to study their marvelous body engine at leisure. I learned as much as any instantaneous cross-section could provide, of which one fact only is of interest here. A female with ripe ovaries was about to deposit one hundred and fourteen thousand eggs. This showed clearly that, no matter how well able the full-grown fish are to take care of themselves, the young fry must be threatened with a host of dangers to render such a number of eggs necessary to maintain the species. To return in this connection, for a moment, to another Nomad: let us consider the devilfish which produces but a single young weighing nearly thirty pounds at birth. On this very trip I examined such a lusty infant and could see no means of defense by which it could excape the attack of a barracuta or tiger shark. I should like sometime to take a year off and do nothing but study the life history of the devilfish.

Once when a small boy I was studying the common bird life of a small city park. I looked up one day and saw a brilliant parrot perched in a tree overhead. The thrill which came to me then was repeated when, almost on the last day of my diving at Cocos I saw a beautiful flying fish swimming over my mushroom coral city. I had hardly registered it when the reason for its presence in this unlikely spot was explained. A long narrow fish came up behind, slowly at first, then with a rush—a needle-toothed garfish. The flying fish gave two or three convulsive surges forward and then I saw what I had never expected to—one of these fish rise from the water above me and disappear into the air. Somehow this made me feel more like one of the actual inhabitants of this underworld than anything which had occurred heretofore—I was seeing things from a real fish-eye-view.

The gar missed his prey, and I was interested to see that he became utterly confused and made one short rush after the other in various directions. I saw the flying fish drop into the water only twenty feet away, coming into view with a flop. The gar showed no signs of having sensed this, and the last I saw of the two, the pursued was vanishing into the blue distance while the gar turned back the way it had come.

The last Nomad I can recall does not really belong in this class, since it has a home, although the strangest in the world. When the devilfish swam over I saw very distinctly two sucking fish glued to its under side. These are the remarkable attendants which spend their whole life being carried about by their host, whether shark, devilfish, or turtle; so if not comparable to the nomadic Arab, they can at least qualify as the representative of the Arab's flea.

III

I stood up on the top of the great coral mass, which I might, if I were that kind of person, have named "Nomad Belle View," and slipped, or rather drifted half way to the bottom. Then with a mighty spring I passed slowly but quite across the sandy boulevard and beyond to another city, this one of cones, inverted cones at that, like enormous anemones. The swell was increasing and far off at one side I could see the iron ladder frantically jerking up and down. Hardly had I curled myself in between three small cones, with a branching tangle of animal blossoms in front, when there occurred that dimming of the light with which I had become so familiar. Leisurely there passed overhead three hundred—three hundred and twenty-six to be exact—of the big, black surgeon-fish. They wandered over to the great brown coral which I had left, and spread over it like a herd of sheep across a meadow—nibble, nibble, nibble, as they climbed slowly, drawing the black blanket of their numbers over every inch of surface. A strong surge swept them a yard away, held them suspended for a moment, and then returned them each to his place on the coral.

To my coarse and untutored vision each retreating surge seemed to restore things exactly as they were and yet, if I could see all the hidden activities of my kingdom, I should know that every swell, each minute and each hour, must cause a thousand thousand tragedies—exposing to hostile, alien eyes, hidden weakness and camouflaged defenselessness. Not a moment passes but somewhere a color secret is exploded, an unedible bluff called, for even a fish's memory with hunger as the stimulus can span ten feet and two seconds.

As the buffalo herons and cowbirds and black cuckoos gather about grazing cattle, to snatch the disturbed grasshoppers, so, on the outskirts of the surgeon herd, small wrasse persons and others frisked about, darting in to seize some crab or shrimp which the scraping teeth of the grazing fish had dispossessed. Again, as in grazing herds of antelope in Africa, a zebra will now and then be found, so here, mingled in the depths of the three hundred odd, I saw several white-striped angelfish and as many of my old friends, the yellow-tailed Xesurus.

Fish such as these I take as types of my Grazers—Coral Grazers in particular. My study of the yellow-tailed surgeons applies, with slight changes, to the others—fish which swim slowly about, often in large schools, usually at a low level near the coral or rocks. They are apparently well protected by the poisonous spines on various parts of the body and show no fear of other fish. They may be somber in general body-color but they always have some conspicuous mark or patch of color, such as the yellow tail of *Xesurus*, the white tail of *Aliala*, and the black bands in another surgeon. But however they differ in size, color, or sociability, they have one thing in common—their teeth.

One glance at the mouth of a lion, a horse, or a rabbit tells us much of their

ways of life and their food; and no one could ever mistake the teeth of a surgeon-fish for those of a shark or even a snapper. My Grazers, judged by their teeth, fell into four general types: the Hands-and feet, the Chisel or Horse-toothed, the Stockades, and the Parrots. The first I might describe as six and thirty little soles sticking up all on edge; and in *Hepatus*, another surgeon, the teeth are absurdly like hands, palms out, with the fingers held close together. This fish is content with algæ, as I have never found a crab or other marine animal in its food. The triggerfish are armed with the dental chisels, *Melichthys*, the beautiful black trigger, and the solitary, and preternaturally solemn *Pachygnathus*. The front view of these fish presents a horrible horselike appearance, a horse whose teeth are too prominent and too many.

The stockades are a strange group, with teeth which far excell any instrument of human manufacture. Details are for the ichthyologist; but consider for a moment the Moorish idol and the angelfish. The astonishingly beautiful white-striped angelfish has a solid outside row of stockade teeth, growing out of a thick, bony jaw. Back of the front row are four or five layers of teeth, appearing above the jaw in short lengths, looking, on the whole, like a strip of ticker tape or pianola music. But *Pomacanthus zonipectus*, or more trippingly on the tongue, orange-finned butterfly-fish, has the most bizarre mouthful of any of my Grazers. At first sight it seems to have a few, large, curiously ribbed teeth, but on closer inspection these are seen to be composed of many, fine, slender individual teeth, like glass splinters.

With all the fish grazers the price of such definite, abundant, non-motile food seems to be a stiffening of the whole body, activity being superfluous; progression being by fins in place of any undulation, a rolling of the eyes in place of a twistable neck and body. But one does not need to go in enormous schools, hordes, or herds, such as surgeons, locusts, and antelope affect. The idols keep in pairs, and they swim and sink, turn and feed with such unanimity that they might well be a single moorish idol and its shadow. They have an outrageous pout which reminds me of a lawyer friend, and which must be most useful in a Grazer, since one can graze and yet see upon what one is grazing without shoving back from the table. A word as to the parrot-mouths, which character indeed, has given their name to some of them. Here, as for example in the puffers, the teeth are wholly consolidated to form great cutting plates, usually divided in a harelip fashion into four. In other fish, as the stonewall perch, as the Japanese call it, the components of the beak are faintly visible, although solidly ossified, the tips showing as rounded, flat nodules.

When I see what a considerable proportion of my subjects keep life within their bodies by scraping rocks and coral clear of the encrusting algæ, worms, shells, crabs, and other growths and organisms, I marvel that the exposed surfaces are not all as close-cropped as a sheep meadow. But the clipping seems to hasten renewed growth, and as there is never any trouble about irrigation, there is a never-ending supply. Again we must remember that, strictly speaking, all the fish of this group also belong to the tribe of Nomads, in the sense that their home is where they are and where food abounds. From my studies of the Grazers it seems to me that they must sleep in some manner inexplicable to us, confining to some one part of the brain the automatic, temporary regulation of eyes and fins. In an aquarium I have never been able to surprise one of the Grazers off guard. The one exception to all this is the triggerfish, and these are chronic loungers and dozers. They lean over anything handy or slant back against a corner at night and are not easily disturbed, although the lidless, staring eyes are never veiled.

IV

As with any community, the more I studied my kingdom, the more complex

became the various sects and guilds. I could keep on for many pages without beginning to exhaust even my superficial knowledge of the Grazers, for turning to the great patches of sand without my mushroom city, I perceived castes of sand shovellers and sifters, to say nothing of sand waiters who disguised their deadly aggressiveness beneath a thin covering of this white dust—dust which I could never think of as wet, because there was nothing dry for comparison. To the more gentle sand folk belonged the shovel-nosed rays, the mullets with their delicate chin feelers like the tapping stick of a blind man, and *Polynemis* of the long thread fingers, forever stretching out for knowledge of sustenance. These too, were sand colored, but probably rather as a protective cloak against the peering eyes of enemy Nomads.

The great backbone of my population, the host of "common peepul" was what I called Percolators—although some of them were aristocrats and many did not percolate. As a whole, however, they lived their lives in and out of the coral and rocks, never becoming surface lovers, nor settling down in any special crevice. Still they were local optioners in point of residence, and many a time I recognized the same individuals in the same coral palace grounds. In taste they were omnivorous or carnivorous, seldom wholly vegetarians and never strictly grazers. Like New Yorkers at lunch hour, they were victims of idle curiosity, and I shall never see a throng watching with breathless interest the overtime working excavators or the rhythmical riveters on some new building, without remembering the crowd of small Percolators who always rushed toward me when I first submerged, swimming rapidly with a My-Word!-see-what's-here expression.

My Percolators belonged to many families and systematic gens, and their diversity of habits within the limits I have set would fill volumes. The most abundant was probably the beautiful blue-lined golden snapper, *Evoplites viridis*, which I pictured in color two years ago in plate V in *Galápagos*. This may be taken as typical of the group. In a dozen stomachs I found that crabs and very tiny fish each occurred five times, shrimp thrice, and snails once. They have little social instinct, and while a score or two would gather quickly at hint of a repast, yet they were never closely associated in schools.

They ran or swam with many of the other medium and small Percolators, the most brilliant being wrasse, with unbelievably harsh and gorgeous pigments and patterns. *Thallasoma*, or the pousse-café fish, with its purple and yellow and green stripes, always formed a large percentage of the crowd of fish whirling about my hand and helmet when I held a bit of crab as lure. *Dermatolepis*, the big, high-backed, golden-spotted sea bass, must be considered as giant Percolators, for they were always trying to push through crevices and archways too small for them. They were ugly natured as well as bold, and needed only a little more courage to attempt to hamstring me when I was not looking. As they became angry or over-excited they showed their spleen or nervousness by changing color, thinking nothing of shifting from white to black, always with the yellow gold spangles shining clear. At the other end of percolate size were the tiny *Runulus*, midget, eellet wrasses, who eddied in and out between my fingers without my ever succeeding even in touching them. When I say that within a few minutes after taking my coral throne, I often had five hundred Percolators swimming close about me, the vast numbers of my subjects (if not their loyalty other than gastronomic) may be realized.

Two more castes remain, the squatters and the villagers—my favorites of all my fish. They were of greatest interest when compared with one another, for while the latter had individual crevice homes, yet they were built along normal fish lines, while the squatters, although they might spend only a short time in

any given spot, were all physically adapted and modified for life in and over and around rocks and coral.

The most abundant of the villagers were the brown *Pomacentrids* or demoiselles. They were everywhere and yet each one had its own little domicile—a hole, or crack or crevice where it resided and which it defended against all comers. A sight of which I never wearied was to see a big *Xesurus*, if not indeed a grouper itself, come barging slowly along, when suddenly out from the very coral rock in its path there would shoot a diminutive demoiselle, fins erect in righteous wrath, and actually rush at the offending giant. The gesture of home defense was so real that the attacked one if a small fish usually turned tail and fled at once, or, if the dignity of size had to be maintained, the surgeon or grouper would veer slightly to one side, as if recognizing and acknowledging the excellent motive of irritation, but saving their own face.

All my life I have had a weakness for gobies and blennies and, now that I was able to sit upon a rock and have them come out like elves and gnomes and skip and slither about at my elbow, my fondness grew to real affection. Of all fish they give the impression of being less completely bound up in fishiness. I am sure that they would make splendid pets and would do all they could to cross the border line which divides the inhabitants of the realm of water from us elemental mongrels. We, lords of creation indeed! who must needs breathe one thin medium, support ourselves upon a thicker one, and yet, although our body is seven-eighths of the third, perish miserably when immersed in it.

V

I have given above a few, stray notes of a minute fraction of my shallow water kingdom, observed in a succession of fleeting moments of time. Its chief value is to show our ignorance of this cosmos —and to stimulate at least my own desire to go and learn more.

When I reached Cocos Island I had with me a list of thirty-eight species of shore fishes which had been collected twenty-six years ago. Of these I was able to secure and identify twenty-three, in addition to fifty-seven others which had never before been recorded from this lonely Island. During my stay therefore I observed eighty species, making a total of ninety-five altogether. I have notes on at least a third again as many which were too wary for me, although some of them would swim up to the very glass of my helmet and gaze impudently in at me, and which were quite new species. The details of this fauna, their names and relationships, colors and food belong elsewhere, but I desired here to give a shadowy hint of the mode of life and the personalities of a few, in the pitifully inadequate method of adulteration through the medium of human thought and words.

PORTRAIT OF A RED-FACED GENERAL

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EARL CORNWALLIS

BY PHILIP GUEDALLA

IT WAS at Baiæ that a shadowy guest in an inimitable sense called on the Procurator of Judaea, stayed to supper, even stayed (unlike Pilate, his host) for an answer to a casual question. Did he, the guest inquired, recall a Galilean of the name of Jesus . . . Jesus of Nazareth . . . crucified for some offense? The old man frowned, groped in his memory, put a vague hand to his head and answered faintly, "Jesus, Jesus of Nazareth? I do not remember."

That exquisite effacement of the past is the perfect comment of an ironist upon the intelligence of historical characters. Pilate, one feels, was not alone in this unawareness of his own significance. Perhaps his siege of Capri was more to Hudson Lowe than his six years at St. Helena; and even at St. Helena his intrepid abolition of slavery without compensation to the island owners may have meant more to him than the white face at Longwood. When Cauchon died, he took more pride in his Canon Law or his new Lady Chapel at Lisieux than in an arid disputation with a thick-necked, fair-haired girl at Rouen, who stood awkwardly before him and looked with strange eyes as she answered in her pleasant country voice. Yet he lives in the world's memory of her. The same deception is oddly universal. Authors mistake their masterpieces; martyrs frequently misjudge their own importance. A tremendous doctor, writing in a terrifying certainty of his immortality, secures it only by the watchful notebooks which caught his least considered sayings. An archduke, morganatically married but profoundly serious, must have seemed to himself to earn his monument with a lifetime of slightly irritable industry in the stiff, half-Spanish state of the Hofburg. Yet nothing matters of his life except his leaving it in the scared sunshine of a little Bosnian town.

How many figures, faced in Elysium with eager questions upon their supreme achievement, must murmur a vague, unsatisfying I do not remember! It is so easy to miss the point of others that one may sometimes be forgiven for missing one's own—the more readily, perhaps, when it was a failure. For we may leave the memory of our failures to other people with perfect confidence. Posterity is never a tactful listener; and that side of our immortality will always be secure. But these omissions often have a simpler cause. Sometimes deliberate, they are due quite frequently (Pilate's was such a case) to sheer inadvertence. The poor dears make history and never notice it; or they make it and then, like a posted letter, quite forget it. So it may be conjectured that the big, red-faced Governor-General, sometime Mr. Pitt's Lord-Lieutenant and Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, who sat dreaming on his state barge in the steamy heat of 1805 and watched the flood-water of the Ganges swirling past, remembered India, remembered Dublin Castle and that odd negotiation with Joseph Bonaparte under the lee of Amiens Cathedral, where the social tone was set by deplorable republican diplo-

mats with "the dress of mountebanks and the manners of assassins," but had forgotten Yorktown.

Defeated generals are pardonably susceptible upon the subject of the unfortunate maneuver which lodged them firmly in the history books. Sometimes the mood provokes a frenzied excess of explanation, a flow of highly technical apologetics with an accompaniment of admirable maps and uncharitable reflections on their colleagues. Burgoyne wrote a pamphlet; there is an octavo in which Bazaine lost his battles over again; and Kuropatkin frequently explained himself, but never Mukden. But the more usual recourse of these dispirited heroes is to silence. Benedek never wrote the name of Sadowa; Dupont rarely delighted Restoration drawing-rooms with a full narrative of Baylen; Laing's Nek and Majuba long remained among the less popular topics in exclusive clubs; and General Cope was strangely unfriendly to protracted discussion of Prestonpans.

Cornwallis exercised himself in either mode. He had his explanatory moments. A *Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. relative to his Conduct during part of his command of the King's Troops in North America; Particularly to that which respects the unfortunate Issue of the Campaign in 1781* provoked him to *An Answer to that part of the Narrative of Lieutenant General Sir Henry Clinton, K. B. Which relates to the Conduct of Lieutenant General Earl Cornwallis during the Campaign in North America in the year 1781.* This sturdy commentary, penned in the civilian shades of Mansfield Street, elicited from the *Gentleman's Magazine* a review in which the writer opined that the Earl had "made as gallant a defence here as he did at York Town"; although the *Monthly Review* observed a trifle acidly that "the vicissitudes attending the joint operation of detached armies will frequently furnish occasions for ill-humour, that would never have discomposed their minds had their endeavours been crowned with success." There was a brisk interchange of *Observations on some parts of the Answer of Earl Cornwallis*, which left the *Monthly Review* sadly adrift in "much rejoinder, about the times of sending orders, receiving dispatches, producing and withholding letters, etc., which the parties concerned will understand much better than any of their readers," and inspired in the *Gentleman's Magazine* a weary conviction that "nothing is more easy, and at the same time more fallacious, than opinions formed by or from events"; to say nothing of *A Reply* (mysteriously signed "Themistocles" and quoting Quintilian) *to Sir Henry Clinton's Narrative Wherein his numerous errors are pointed out*, and *A Parting Word* (unsigned and quoting Demosthenes) *or, a Summary Review of the Controversy between Sir Henry Clinton and Earl Cornwallis Occasioned by the Observations lately published by that Gentleman on his Lordship's Answer.*

But the debate died down. "These brave but unsuccessful warriors," in the manly phrase of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, pursued their several careers without those penalties which attend failure in the service of more vindictive (or less forgetful) nations. Clinton withdrew with dignity to Gibraltar, glowered with every gun in his command at the Spanish shore, and watched the bulk of Africa across the dancing Straits, as Cornwallis traveled a more varied course. He governed India, made land systems, stormed Seringapatam, and presided imperturbably over sun-dried but voluble subordinates capable, at need, of minutes in five hundred paragraphs on revenue and rent; he governed Ireland and—calling perhaps, an Old World into being to redress the balance of the New—passed an Act of Union for Mr. Pitt; he went to France and, holding an olive-branch with one hand and his nose with the other, made peace with Bonaparte for Mr. Addington. Somewhere across the world a kindly mist enfolded the low shape of the Yorktown peninsula. It

had receded now, revisiting him only in dreams or in that unpleasant vision which once drove the tired negotiator at Amiens to exclaim in a vivid military nightmare, that "I have often wished myself either in the backwoods of America, at two hundred miles distance from my supplies, or on the banks of the Caveri, without the means of either using or withdrawing my heavy artillery." The scene had faded—General Washington's hard smile, the pounding drums as the tired men marched out of the battered town to the cheerful air of "The World Turned Upside Down," the dismal ritual of surrender, a dinner, candles on the table, the French in their white tunics, and the bright eye of Lafayette, toasts of elaborate friendliness, and "the illustrious part that your Excellency . . . long and arduous contest . . . matter of history . . . laurels." It had all faded now. Washington was dead and buried somewhere; the French were centuries away from the King's white uniforms; Lafayette lay in an Austrian prison; and, as he sat dreaming in the heat of 1805, Cornwallis had forgotten Yorktown.

But Yorktown remains. Faded, perhaps, for him, it lingers in the world's memory. For the world's memory works differently. His Act of Union is repealed; his Peace of Amiens was an ineffectual interlude; even his Perpetual Settlement of Bengali tax and tenure somehow lacks perpetuity. But Yorktown remains, evoking in the memory a line of crumbling earthworks, the flagging guns, a sudden silence as the smoke hung in the still, autumn air, and a big, politely deprecating soldier. For Yorktown, with Saratoga, led in the United States; and Cornwallis walks down history in that odd *cortège*.

Nature, indeed, appeared to have designed him for a walking part. Born in Grosvenor Square, he was baptized yet more conformably with the *ton* at St. George's, Hanover Square; and from the first he seemed the very picture of a walking gentleman of the age. Son of a fifth Baron and first Earl, good breeding dictated that he should learn his elements at Eton. Even his accidents were of the highest gentility. For when an impulsive hockey player injured his eye for life, the fatal blow was struck by a future bishop. Enriched with these experiences, he became an ensign in the Foot Guards and traveled on the Continent in search of a military education, accompanied by a Prussian officer who reported his progress to an anxious parent in the most abominable French. The pilgrims, guided by some mysterious predilection, reached a Military Academy at Turin with an eccentric curriculum. Dancing began at dawn, followed by German grammar and riding. A fencing lesson rounded off the morning. The afternoons were less exciting. For a tutor called at three to impart an hour or so of mathematics and fortification; and a final dancing class completed the happy day. Fitted for high command by this terpsichorean training, he joined the staff in Germany and saw the fight at Minden. Recalled to England, he was promoted captain of the Line, came of age, was promptly elected member for the family borough, and commanded a battalion at twenty-two—the very picture of a walking gentleman.

But two years of active service in a marching regiment gave him a more substantial training. He was a soldier now; and when peace seemed to afford an opportunity of practicing the more frivolous items of the Turin curriculum, he still trailed dutifully round the garrison-towns with his battalion. At twenty-seven he was (supreme exile) in Scotland; the roving colonel saw, in his professional pilgrimage the sad façades of Dublin, the great tower of Gloucester, and even the little shady streets which run in and out between the Rock and Algeciras Bay. At twenty-nine—still soldierly—he married a soldier's orphan. The act, hardly surprising in a colonel, was almost improbable in an Earl (for he had succeeded to his earldom). But

the warrior was scarcely submerged in the senate, although he attended intermittently to vote with the Whigs and once to resist, more soldierly than ever, the Cider Tax.

So the walking gentleman, if he ever existed, had vanished in the assiduous colonel with his parades, his soldier's orphan, and his distinctly Whiggish views. Almost a Wilkite, he stood boldly for the privilege of Members of Parliament to indulge their proclivity for seditious libel without the inconvenience of arrest; and his American opinions took him into the empty lobby where Lord Camden and Lord Shelburne voted almost alone against the Declaratory Act. When Chatham came in, the wild inconsequence of the age of sinecures made the Whiggish colonel Chief Justice in Eyre South of Trent; judicial experience was hardly requisite in this ornament of the Bench, since he never sat. Marked for promotion, he next exercised (by deputy) the still less arduous functions of Vice-Treasurer of Ireland. But his ambitions never strayed from his profession. He accumulated dignities as aide-de-camp to the King and Constable of the Tower; and when the restless colonies broke into war, his career, stronger than his convictions, sent him across the sea as Lieutenant-General in America. Untrue to her pedigree, the soldier's orphan would have detained him; and, responsive to her distress, his uncle the Archbishop even interceded with the King. But in '76 he sailed and played a minor part in the opening moves. He came home on leave in '78, but sailed again. She watched the tall ship out of Portsmouth Harbor and trailed back to Suffolk, where she drooped and died.

The widower returned dispiritedly to his command, to a war which he regarded with vague distaste and a commander who showed an alarming tendency to resign in his favor. Few remained out of all the heroes who had sailed to this interminable siege of the new Troy. Gage was at home; Howe was revising his *Narrative;* Burgoyne was back in Hertford Street. Clinton survived, a trifle querulous and sending his annual resignation to Lord George Germaine. That sage, unrivalled organiser of defeat, presided at the War Office. Familiar to an earlier generation as Lord George Sackville, he was courtmartialled after Minden, dismissed the service, and expelled the Privy Council. These awful consequences had attended an unfortunate disobedience to orders whilst in action. But his country, with its genius (always warm, and frequently misplaced) for forgiveness, wiped them all away; and his grateful sovereign, whom he had been declared unfit to serve in any military capacity, appointed him with exquisite appropriateness Secretary of State for the colonies and for war. With rare ability he contrived to lose them both. This spoiled child of defeat projected military operations for punctual execution three thousand miles away, enriched them with a bewildering wealth of wholly inapplicable detail, pelted his generals with a hail of ill-informed instructions, and watched their invariable failure with a malign dissatisfaction; until, these genial auspices presiding over British arms, the United States sprang fully armed from the brain of Lord George Germaine.

Cornwallis, momentarily stifling the resignations of his chief, drifted without enthusiasm into the campaign of 1780. Advancing a trifle ponderously behind the leaping brilliance of Tarleton and his Legion, he marched through South Carolina and at Camden laid a heavy hand on the precarious laurels of Major Gates, late of the Sixtieth Foot. A rapturous Parliament passed grateful resolutions. But his advance was checked, and he passed an unsatisfactory winter. Followed an orgy of cross-purposes in which the War Office supposed the south secure and reinforced the north, the north in the same delusion planned the evacuation of the south, and the bewildered south, knowing its weakness, moved uncertainly towards the north.

This triangle of misunderstanding was maintained by a cross-fire of correspondence between Germaine and Clinton; whilst in its southern apex Cornwallis abruptly transferred himself two hundred miles to the north, seemed to repent, and passed a tiring summer counter-marching to an exhausting tune played by the more sprightly Lafayette. Growing spent, he backed dispiritedly into Yorktown. The trap closed suddenly—"The enemy's fleet has returned. Two line-of-battle-ships and one frigate lie at the mouth of this river . . . I hear Washington arrived . . . my half-finished works . . . at least six weeks from this day." It came in four weeks—the crumbling earthworks and the flagging guns ("only one eight-inch and little more than a hundred coehorn shells remained") and the hard smile of Washington.

Cornwallis was at his most charming in defeat. He made a graceful speech at table and maintained the exacting role of an unhorsed but still amiable knight. He borrowed works on tactics from French officers; and when he reached New York on parole, he even remembered in the midst a pardonably warm debate with Clinton to despatch to Rochambeau a most disarming consignment "*de quelques Fromages et de Porter Anglais, que je vous prie de me faire l'honneur de m'agréer.*" So the big, easy man emerged from misadventure, and walked once more sedately down the long avenue of his career. It took him back to Suffolk, into the library at Mansfield Street where he read military books imperturbably; to India, to the judicial convolutions of the Perpetual Settlement to Seringapatam; to Dublin in the drizzle of 1799, to the Act of Union; to Amiens and the dark features of Joseph Bonaparte, and back at last to India again, where he sat dreaming in the heat of 1805 with Yorktown quite forgotten.

Yet that action, even though his part was slightly passive, remains his most decisive. For Yorktown, as the phrase goes, made history with rare precision. The outline of decisive battles is frequently blurred by the peace that follows them; the edges of their sharp decision are often blunted by compromise. But no timid adjustments followed Yorktown. Lord North flung up his arms; Germaine resigned; and soon Doctor Franklin was putting his name, with its little flourish, between the pedantic clarity of John Jay and John Adams at the sealed and ribboned foot of a treaty of "firm and perpetual peace" between the United States and a friendly sovereign who reigned in London.

One sees it, somehow, as a bull-fight, an interminable *corrida* which dragged on for six years. It swayed obscurely across great rivers, along the shores of shining, level lakes, down long defiles where the dark pines gathered for their slow march across the hills. Sometimes it reeled out into the sunshine, and the bayonets gleamed behind yellow sand-hills by the Atlantic or in the hot, green fields. But it had always something of the bull-ring. The war had opened as suddenly on the bare hills above Boston, as the first bout opens with the quick, angry trot of a big Miura bull into the sunlight. All round them, tier upon tier, the adorable, silly world of the Eighteenth Century sat watching.

Trenton and the Brandywine, White Plains and Saratoga were the feints and wheelings of the first movement. Burgoyne's attack was almost brisk. But the British effort failed to lift the whole weight of New England; and it strained, as the bull strains under the dreadful burden of horse and rider. He was tiring now; and as the big head began to droop, the barbs were planted and the bright *banderillas* fluttered gaily behind the long horns. Then the last bout opened. A few passes with the red cloth (for Lafayette's campaign was little more), and the tired bull was posed for the *matador*. So, as one seems to see them, the armies came to Yorktown. Then the sword plunged; the bull dropped heavily; and the ring was roaring.

THUNDER ON THE LEFT

A STORY IN FOUR PARTS—PART IV

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Summary of Parts One, Two, and Three.—The reader has now before him the final installment of this story, with its unexpected and yet surely inevitable conclusion; the last words dying away into an irony which is all the more cruel because it is so quiet. This gives an opportunity to look back over some of the small touches of symbolism and suggestion whose full value might elude a hasty reading. In the moonlit evening (in the November issue) the soulless chorus of insect voices and the hayloft parody of George's passion lead the way toward the frustration of his dream of ecstasy undefiled. Then comes the first intimation of the central fact that George and Martin are the same person: George representing the man that life and its perplexities will make of the child Martin; and Martin, magically projected into the future of his playmates, stands for the unmarred George that might have been. Through the moonlit dialogue in the garden, and in the Twenty Questions episode indoors the figures of George and Martin begin, as it were, to coalesce. Martin, as an entity in himself, becomes more shadowy; yet in his influence on Joyce, more potent. And the memory of the toy mouse becomes a symbol not merely of that vanished childhood but also of what is implicit in childhood, Joyce's physical innocence—as, in medieval legends, a mouse running from under a woman's dress was supposed to be a sign of departed chastity.

From the luster of moonlit garden they come indoors into artificial light, the lamplight proves too strong for the moonlight; the social tension of burdens and jealousies is too exacting for them all. In the game of Twenty Questions Joyce subconsciously realizes that the moment is a psychic revival of the old birthday party so many years before. She alone of these adults has never quite lost some essence of her childhood, and now she perceives that it is the Martin-phase of George that she loves, not the George-phase, and that both George and Martin must be spared this disillusion. Phyllis, on the other hand, really does love the George-phase, though temporarily captivated by the strangeness of their visitor. George himself, in his vision of Joyce and himself on the sand, and in the subsequent crisis, is dumbly aware of the lesson that "Food and Hunger meet only to cancel and expire." He rises to the courage of renouncing that consummation which seemed perfect, justified, and inevitable. But even here irony denies him self-applause, for his sacrifice is enforced by the tragic and farcical interruption which proves to be only the collapse of Ben's bed upstairs.

In a story of this sort, irradiated with "transfusions of the moon," it is impossible to graph the scheme too rigidly. In all its double connotations, of pure fantasy and cruel comedy, it deals with matters so far behind mere physical conduct that they are rarely dealt with honorably in fiction. It speaks to that "Sense of Significance" which is the only sure object of any work of art, and which every reader will digest according to his own inmost need.—*The Editors.*

JOYCE lay in a trance of weariness. A nervous tremolo shivered up and down from her knees to her stomach; her spirit seemed lost and dragged under into the strange circling of the body—stubborn as that of a tree—that goes on regardless of the mind. I don't care, she thought, I'm glad I'm alive. She was too inert to close her hot eyes or turn over into the pillow to shut out sounds from her sharpened ears. She heard George's step on the garden path,

Phyllis come downstairs and go to the kitchen. Beneath everything else was the obbligato of the house itself; twinges of loose timbers, the gurgle and rush of plumbing, creak of beds, murmuring voices, soft shut of doors—tenacious life reluctantly yielding itself to oblivion. Then into this fading recessional came the low sough in the pines, the slackening volleys of the crickets like a besieging army withdrawing its troops. And the far away cry of a train. She imagined it, trailing panes of golden light along the shore, or perhaps darkly curtained sleeping cars partitioned into narrow kennels where mysterious people lay alone; and the bursting silver plume of its whistle, spirting into the cool night, tearing a jagged rent in silence, shaking the whole membrane of elastic air that enveloped them all, a vibration that came undulating over the glittering bay, over the lonely beaches, trembled beside her, and went throbbing away. . . . She hadn't been down to the beach yet, over the rolling dunes that gave her childhood a first sense of fatal solitude. She tried to remember how that shore looked—wideness, sharp air, the exact curved triangle of sails leaning into unseen sweetness of breeze, steep slides of sand overtufted by toppling clumps of grass. If one could escape down there and go bathing in moonlight; come back cleansed, triumphant.

The whisper at the window sill startled her. She knew Bunny at once.

"You must get him away. Before it's too late, before he knows."

Joyce understood perfectly, so perfectly it didn't seem necessary to say anything. This was just what she had been telling herself.

She nodded.

"I kept calling him while you were all in the living room. I was here at this window. He won't listen. He thinks I'm just teasing him."

Joyce remembered Martin closing the door.

"Then I called *you*. I was so afraid you wouldn't hear me. It's awful to be helpless."

"Bunny, you're not helpless. Tell me what to do."

"What room is he in?"

"I don't know. Yes, I do, I think it's at the end of the passage, next the bath."

"The old nursery. Oh, if I could come indoors. I can't; they've forgotten me."

"We'll manage," Joyce whispered. "I always knew you and I should have to help each other."

"He must find something to take him back. You are the one who can help."

Joyce knew there was some secret here too beautiful to be said. Bunny could not tell her, it must be guessed.

"Is it something I gave him?"

"Something you'd like to keep."

"Is it the mouse? Bunny, how can we find it; that was a lifetime ago."

"Perhaps it's in the nursery. In the old toy cupboard."

"I'll get it in the morning."

"That may be too late. Now, tonight."

"Oh, Bunny, tell me plainly. Is it the mouse you mean?"

She was tugging fiercely to raise the screen, jammed in its grooves. Her fingers still tingled from the sharp edges of the shallow metal sockets. Only the empty garden, the sinking candy-peel moon beyond the black arc of hill.

The impression was vivid upon her. There was only one thing to do, she must go through the sleeping house to Martin's room, rouse him, tell him at once. She rose from bed and opened the door.

He was there, holding out his hand, motionless as though he had been waiting so all the shining night. She took it mechanically.

"Who is it?" she said.

"Who else could it be?"

But at first she had thought it was Martin, somehow warned by Bunny. They stood aghast of each other, in silence, awkwardly holding hands. It

was not like a meeting, it was like a good-by.

The declining moonlight limned her cloudily. But this was no silly dream. He saw her revealed in all her wistful beauty, meant from the beginning for him.

"George, we must get Martin out of the house—"

Martin again. Evidently, he thought, the gods intend to wring the last drop of comedy out of me.

"Damn Martin," he said softly. "Joyce, I didn't find you at last to talk about *him*. Dear, I told you we'd know it if the time came."

Was this what Bunny meant by giving? I have nothing to give. The Me he loves has gone somewhere. How can I tell him? Instead of the imagined joy and communion there's only horror. And I want so to love him.

He had carried her to the couch and was kneeling beside her. Oh, if I could lay down the burden of this heavy, heavy love. If I could love him gladly, not just bitterly. Is this the only way to save him from knowing? Such a little thing, that I wanted to keep for myself. She turned from him convulsively and buried her face in the pillow. He mustn't see my tears. The cruellest thing is he'll think I don't love him. No man was ever so loved. But I gave myself, long ago, to the dream of him. I can't mix it with the reality.

She turned, in a mercy of pure tenderness.

"George, dear George, I meant what I said. I'll do whatever you tell me."

But the brave words trembled. She lay before him, white, inaccessible, afraid. Exquisite, made for delight, with every grace that the brave lust of man has dreamed; and weariness, anxiety, some strange disease of the spirit, frustrated it. Their love too was a guest of honor, a god to be turned away. She lay there, her sweet body the very sign and symbol of their need, and he knew nothing but pity, as for a wounded child. In that strange moment his poor courage was worthy of hers. God pity me for a fool, he thought. But I love her best of all because I shall never have her.

"I'm going to tell you the truth," he began—

A heavy jarring crash shook the house, followed by a child's scream. He rose heavily to his feet, tightened and nauseated with terror. He knew exactly what must have happened. The railing on the sleeping porch, which he had forgotten to mend. One of the children had got out of bed, stumbled against it, the rotten posts had given way. If she had fallen from that height . . . he pictured a broken white figure on the gravel. This was his punishment for selfishness and folly. Oh, it is always the innocent who suffer.

With heaviness in his feet he hurried through the dining room and verandah. All was still; looking up, he could see the balcony unaltered. Then, through the open windows above he heard the unmistakable clang of metal on a wooden floor. Ben's bed.

Unable to shake off his conviction of disaster he ran upstairs. Phyllis was crouching in the passage, comforting Janet. "I had a bad dream," the child sobbed, "then there was that awful noise."

"There, there, darling, you're all right now. We all have dreams sometimes. You can come into bed with mother."

There was the bleat of one of the talking dolls. "Maa-Maa!" it cried, and Sylvia appeared, sleepily stolid. "Is it to-morrow?" she asked.

"I thought the porch had broken down," said Phyllis hysterically. "George, did you fix that railing?"

"Nonsense. The porch is all right. Get back to sleep, little toads."

"What was it, Ben's bed?"

"Ben's! No such luck, it's mine," said Ruth, opening the door. "Where does the light turn on? I can't find the button." She saw George and gave a squeak of dismay.

She needn't be so damned skittish, he thought angrily. Nightgowns aren't any novelty in this house. "Phyl, you take Janet into bed, I'll put Sylvia on the window-seat. Keep them off that porch till I've mended the railing in the morning."

Ben was grumbling over the wreckage. "George, what's the secret of this thing? Lend a hand."

"I'm frightfully sorry," said George. "I ought to have warned you. Here, I can fix it, there's a bit of clothes line—"

"For Heaven's sake, don't start tinkering now," said Ruth, who had dived into the other bed. "I'm all right here, and Ben can sleep on the mattress."

Her door was open, she stood anxiously waiting as he came downstairs at last. She had put on her wrapper, he noticed with a twinge.

"Ruth's bed had a blow-out," he said. "At least I thought *she* was safe when she's between the sheets." He felt that he ought to want to laugh, but he had no desire to. I suppose it's because I've got no sense of humor. "Mr. Martin seems the only one who knows that night is meant to forget things in. Well, let him sleep. He'll be on his way early in the morning."

She did not answer at once, searching for the words that would help him most.

"I must go too. George, you must let me. I'd only spoil your Picnic."

"You'll miss a lot of nice sandwiches," he said bitterly. "I made them myself, white meat."

With divine perception she saw the nature of his wound, the misery of his shame and self-abasement. It was not love of her he needed now, but love of himself, to keep life in him.

"We shouldn't have any chance to be *us*, we couldn't talk, we must say it now."

He remembered that once they had promised themselves they would never say it.

"It's better so, I suppose. Then there won't be even one sorrow that we haven't shared."

"Sorrow?" she said. "Let's call it joy. Dear, I shall always worship you as the bravest and most generous I have ever known. To do without things one can't have, what credit is that? But to do without what one might have had . . . George, let me try to get a little rest. I feel so ill."

He tucked her in and patted her shoulder.

"Good night, dear," he said. "Don't worry. Everything will be all right in the morning. God bless you. . . . Don't forget any of the things I haven't told you."

She knew that this was as near being one of his Moments as he could be expected to manage. He had turned the corner, at least three of the Georges would live. And the Fourth—well, she had that one where nothing mortal now could blot or stain him. Forever.

"In the morning" . . . it was morning already. As he lay down on the couch he could feel, rather than see, the first dim fumes of day. The brief hush and interim was over, the pink moon had gone. The last of the crickets flung the password to the birds, treetops began to warble. A new link in the endless chain picked up the tension of life. Somewhere over the hillside a cock was crowing his brisk undoubting cheer.

So this was what they called victory. What was the saying?—One more such victory . . . Not even those last merciful words of hers could acquit him of his own damnation. All the irony, none of the bliss. The world hung about his neck like the Mariner's dead albatross. The charnel corpse clung to him, rotting, with bony skull and jellied festering eye. But even the Mariner was worthier, having killed the bird; he himself had only maimed it. There would not even be the sharp numbing surgery of good-by. Endlessly, through long perspectives of pain, he could see

themselves meeting, smiling and parting, to encounter once more round the next corner of memory and all the horror to be lived again. We're experienced in partings, he had said once.

The gradual summer dawn crept up the slopes of earth, brimmed and brightened, and tinctures of lavender stained the sweetened air: the hours when sleep is happiest, ere two and two have waked to find themselves four, and the birds pour the congested music of night out of their hearts. And the day drew near. the day when men are so reasonable, canny, and well-bred; when color comes back to earth and beneficent weary necessities resume; the healthful humorous day, the fantastic day that men do well to take so seriously as it distracts them from their unappeasable desires. With an unheard buzz of cylinders, the farmer's flivver twirled up the back lane and brought the morning milk.

XIX

Janet was surprised to find that she had gone abroad during the night. She was puzzled until she noticed that where she lay she could see herself reflected in the dressing-table mirror, which tilted forward a little. The shoehorn, that held it at the proper angle for mother's hair, had slipped down. So the whole area of the big bed was visible in the glass, and the mounded hill of white blanket that must be mother. Under the snug tent of bedclothes Janet could feel the radiating warmth coming from behind her. She experimented a little, edging softly closer to see how near she could get to that large heat without actually touching it. How warm grown-up people's bodies are!

The curtains rippled inward in the cool morning air. The light was very gray, not yellow as it ought to be on the morning of a Picnic. Her clothes were on the floor beside the bed. Clothes look lonely with nobody in them. She watched herself in the glass, opening her mouth and holding up her hand to see the reflection do the same thing. Then the clock downstairs struck seven, and she felt it safe to slip out. In the glass she saw the blankets open, a pair of legs grope outward. Cautiously, not to rouse mother, she picked up her clothes and got to the door. As she turned the knob one shoe fell with a thump. She looked anxiously at the rounded hill. It stirred ominously but said nothing.

Sylvia, with sheets and blankets trailing from her, lay like a bundle of laundry on the window seat. Janet woke her, they sat dressing and babbling together, now and then shouting along the passage to Rose, who slept with Nounou. Rose kept opening the nursery door to ask what they said, then while the remark was being repeated Nounou's voice would command her to shut it. Janet, with brown knees hunched under her chin, picked at shoelace knots. Sylvia, in her deliberate way, was planning this time to get her shirt on right side forward. She announced several times her intention of drinking plenty of ginger ale at the Picnic, because peanut-butter sandwiches make you so thirsty. She kept saying this in the hope of learning, from Janet's comment, whether milk has to be drunk at Picnics. Janet did not contradict her, so Sylvia felt that the ginger ale was a probability.

Ruth, lying in a delicious morning drowse, rather enjoyed their clatter, as one does enjoy the responsibilities of others. Refreshed by long slumber, she relished the seven-o'clock-in-the-morning feeling of a house with children in it. A sharp rumor of bacon and coffee came tingling up the back stairs. She lazily reckoned the number of people who would be using the bathroom. It would be a good plan to get ahead of the traffic. But while she was trying to make the decision she heard the children hailing George. He said something about not leaning out of the windows without any clothes on. "We're trying to see if there are cobwebs on the

lawn; when there's cobwebs it's not going to rain." Then his steps moved along the corridor. She relapsed into her warm soothing sprawl. Besides, it's always a nuisance to get down too early and have to wait about for breakfast. She liked to arrive just when the coffee was coming fresh onto the table.

She looked forward to an entertaining day. Nothing is more amusing than one's friends in the knot of absurd circumstance. She had been afraid of Joyce; but certainly last night the girl had made a fool of herself. And Phyllis, the cool and lovely Phyllis, usually so sure, she too would be on the defensive. The life of some women among themselves is a vast and silent campaign of treason, where they move like Guy Fawkes, conspirators in the undervaults of society, planting ineffective petards in one another's cellars.

She enjoyed herself trying to foresee what Phyllis's strategy would be. I think I'll take pains to be rather nice to Mr. Martin. In spite of his simplicity there's something dangerous about him. It would be fun to allay his suspicions and then, when she got him in clear profile against the sky, shoot him down without mercy. She felt an agreeable sensation of being on the strong side; of having underneath her the solid conventions and technicalities of life—as comfortable and reassuringly supportive as the warm bed itself. Not a very lucky analogy, perhaps; she looked over at Ben, who was still asleep on the floor. He looked pathetic beside the collapsed bed-frames, his dejected feet protruding at the end of the mattress. But that was the satisfying thing about Ben: he was conquered and beaten. He would never surprise her with any wild folly. Urbane, docile, enduring, he knew his place. Properly wedged into his seat in the middle of the row, he would never trample on people's toes to reach the aisle between the acts. The great fife and drum corps might racket all around him, he would scarcely hear it. There was cotton in his ears. Any resolute woman—she reflected sagely—even without children to help her, can drill a man into insensibility.

George allowed the bath-water to splash noisily while he cleaned his teeth, but he always turned off the tap while shaving. He shaved by ear as much as by sight or touch. Unless he could hear the crackling stroke of the razor-blade he was not satisfied it was cutting properly.

"How soon do you think the Pony will come?" Janet had asked as he came upstairs. The children had found some deceptive promotion scheme advertised in a cheap magazine of Nounou's. The notice had led them to believe that if they solved a very transparent puzzle they would easily win the First Prize, a Shetland pony. They had solved the puzzle and now were waiting daily to hear the patter of hoofs up the lane. To George's dismay he had found that they took this very seriously. They had swept out an old stall in the stable and ravished a blanket from Rose's bed to keep Prince (whose name and photograph had appeared in the advertisement) from being cold at night. He had tried, gently, to caution them, explaining that the puzzle had only been preliminary lure for some subscription-getting contest. Undismayed, they had badgered Lizzie, the ice-man, and a couple of neighbors into signing up at twenty-five cents each. They paid no heed to his temperate warnings that it would be impossible to get many subscriptions for so plebeian a journal. He wondered how he would ever be able to disillusion them.

The razor paused and he stared at his half-lathered face in the glass as he realized the nice parallel. Isn't it exactly what Nature is always doing to us? Promising us a Pony! The Pony of wealth, fame, satisfied desire, contentment, if we just sign on the dotted line? . . . Obey That Impulse. By heaven, what a Promotion Scheme she has, the old jade! Had his sorry dreams been

any wiser than those of Janet and Sylvia? . . . his absurd vision of being an artist in living, of knowing the glamour and passion of some generous fruitful career, of piercing into the stormy darkness that lies beyond the pebbly shallows of to-day—all risible! Life is defeat. Hide, hide the things you know to be true. Fall back into the genial humdrum. Fill yourself with sleep. It's all a Promotion Scheme. . . . And inside these wary counsels something central and unarguable was crying, It wasn't just a Pony. It was the horse with wings.

The great Promotion Scheme, the crude and adorable artifice! How many infatuated subscribers it had lured in, even persuaded them to renew after they had found the magazine rather dull reading. In the course of another million years will it still be the same, man and woman consoling and thwarting one another in their study of the careless hints of Law? He could see the full stream of life, two intervolved and struggling currents endlessly mocking and yearning to each other, hungry and afraid—clear and lucent in sunlit reaches, troubled and swift over stony stairs, coiled together in dreaming eddies, swinging apart in frills of foam. Sweet immortal current, down and down to the unknown sea. Who has not thrilled to it, craved it, cursed it, invented religions out of it, made it fetich or taboo, seen in its pure crystal the mirror of his own austere or swinish face? Turn from it in horror, or muddy it with heavy feet, this cruel water is troubled by angels and mirrors the blind face of God. Blessings on those who never knew it, children and happy ghosts.

George ran his fingers over his glossy chin. He looked solemn recognition at the queer fellow in the glass, and mused that it's only people who haven't had something they wanted who take the trouble to think confused and beautiful thoughts. But he heard a cautious hand trying the knob. Even thinking about God is no excuse for keeping others out of the bathroom. He laughed aloud, a peal of perfect self-mockery, and splashed hastily into the cold water. Martin, waiting to get in, heard him and wondered. Usually it is only gods or devils who are merry by themselves. Among human beings it takes two to make a laugh.

"Why were you laughing?" he asked, opening his door when he heard George leave the bathroom.

George paid no attention. He was hurrying to tell Phyllis his thoughts before they escaped. Who but she would have endured his absurdities? If she had had hallucinations of her own, that only brought them closer together. Out of these ashes they could rebuild their truth. Love means nothing until you fall into it all over again.

She was sitting on the edge of the bed, by the window, nervously picking the nails of one hand with the forefinger of the other. This habit, which he detested, almost broke his enthusiasm. He had a grotesque desire to tell her that he would forgive her even that. I guess I really do love her enormously, he thought, or the little things she does wouldn't madden me so. Exasperated with sudden tenderness, he had somehow expected her to meet him with equal affection. But she just sat there looking down at her hands. He took them, to stop the hated gesture. The bantam over the hill repeated his rollicking sharp salute, which would have been an epigram if he had uttered it only once.

"I wish you could stop that rooster," she said. "Over and over again, the same identical squawk. I shouldn't mind so much if he wasn't a bantam. It makes it seem so silly, somehow. He goes out under those great tall pine trees and shouts at them."

He smiled and turned her face toward him. She looked pitiably tired. He knew how she would look when she was old.

"Perhaps he's rather like me," he said.

"There was one here that crowed just like that when we were children. The same note exactly."

"It's hereditary. Probably this is his great-great-great-great-grand-egg."

She reached under the pillow, pulled out the little flattened handkerchief, and stood up.

"I must hurry. I'd give anything if to-day were over. I suppose life is like this, just day after day."

"Give me that," he said, taking the handkerchief. "I've seen it before."

"No, you haven't," she said, still in the same dull tone. "It's a new one."

"Yes I have. Last night."

"Last night?"

"Yes, under your pillow."

"You?"

She stared, her face quivering. Suddenly the line of her mouth seemed to collapse and run downward. Something tight had broken, something proud and fierce had bent. She was crying.

"Oh, Geordie, life is so much queerer than I ever knew. Why didn't you tell me? I had such beastly dreams. I wish I could die."

The old name recalled one of his own for her.

"Leopard, Leopard . . . you silly little half-tamed leopard. What do I care about your dreams? It'll all be all right in the morning."

"It *is* the morning, and it isn't all right. *You* take them for the Picnic, let me stay at home. I *won't* see Mr. Martin. Take him away. He's so like *you*, Geordie, but with all your beastliness left out. Your *nice* beastliness, your *dear* beastliness, everything that makes me hate and adore you."

"Now listen. I've got a great idea. I didn't half take my bath, I was so keen to tell it to you. Let's get married."

She looked at him in such quaint misery, her face all wrinkled and slippery with tears, he was almost angry again.

"Damn it, I mean *really* married. The first time doesn't count, it's only a Promotion Scheme, your genial old prayer book admits it. But the Bible says it's better to marry than to burn, doesn't it?"

"Let's do both."

(Why, he thought, she's got almost as much sense as Joyce.)

"That's the way to talk," he said, "because I'd much rather marry a woman with a sense of humor. All right, we'll pretend we've been living in sin, and now I'm going to make an honest woman of you. "Wilt thou, Phyllis, have this man to be thy wedded husband?—"

"We *have* been living in sin. It's sin to be unhappy and hateful."

"Of course it is. And if either of you know any impediment—Where's that prayer book of yours? I love that marriage service stuff so much, it'd be worth while to get spliced every now and then just to hear it. It's so gorgeously earthy. Remember that bit where as soon as he's tied 'em up the parson has misgivings, and sings out in alarm 'O Lord, save thy servant and thy handmaid!'"

"No, don't read me the prayer book now, I can't stand it. I want to get my bath."

"Run along then." He threw her blue robe around her shoulders. "We've got to go through with the Picnic for the children's sake. We'll make it the happiest day in the world."

"You don't think it's too late?"

He watched her down the passage, and then stood by the window seat looking out. The morning was very moist, there was fog over the bay, the hall had a faint musty odor like damp wallpaper. Certainly it was going to rain. Never mind, it would be one of those steady drumming rains that make a house so cosy. He was surprised to see that Joyce was in the garden already; she had set up her easel near the tea-table and was painting. No, he thought, I shan't let her go: we *can* all be happy together. If Phyl knew how much she owes to Joyce she'd fall at her feet.

How wise women would be if they knew that a man who has loved only one has never loved any. But better not mention it. Who wants them to be wise, poor . . . half-tamed leopards!

"There's someone in the bathroom," Phyllis said, coming back.

"Martin, probably."

"No, it's Ruth. I can smell her all down the passage. That mignonette she uses. Funny how sharp one's nose is in damp weather."

"If we ever come here again we'll have the house repapered."

She knelt on the seat beside him.

"Don't let's come again."

Her look followed his into the quiet garden. Both were silent. George guessed well enough why Joyce was there. She was doing a sketch for him, something to leave him. In that little figure at the easel was all the honor and disaster of all the world.

Side by side, his arm about her, he and Phyllis looked down into the cool green refreshment of bird song and dew. The light was filled with mist, too thin to be seen, but sunshine was incapable behind it. Filmy air globed them in, as the glimmering soap bubble spheres a breath of the soap's perfume. A dream, a fog stained with dim color, a bubble of glamour, farce and despair—all the sane comfortable words are no more than wind. One gush of violets rebuts them. Life is too great for those who live it. Purposely they wound and mar it, to bring it to their own tragic dimension. What was Joyce's word? . . Inadequate. Yes, not all the beauty of the world can allay the bitter disproportion. And Time will come to rob us even of this precious grievance, this pang we carry in our dusty knapsack like the marshal's silver baton. And Time will come and take my lust away. . . .

So learn to live on farce, to savor its venom, like the Eastern King, dose and larger dose, until one can relish and thrive on a diet of acid that would blast the normal heart. Isn't it this very disproportion that makes the glory? There would be no laughter in a perfect world. Ever after, digesting his secret poison, he would search other faces too for the sign of that healing bane.

He felt that Phyllis was about to say something. He erased his mind, to be ready to receive her thought, as one parent holds out arms to take the baby from the other.

"I think she's rather wonderful. I think I could . . ."

Joy and clean gusto, the blessed hilarity of living! Why it was so divinely simple, if Phyl would care to understand. . . .

"Dearest, if you . . . if you only . . ."

The half-tamed leopard stirred and showed a yellow spark. George's mind, uneasily changing itself, made swift cusping arcs like the tracks of a turning car. Ruth came rustling from the bathroom. She was amazed to see them doing a few dance steps together.

"Good-morning!" he said. "Perhaps you didn't know, this is our wedding day."

"Hurry up," he whispered to Phyllis. "Grab the bath while you can. I'll get dressed, I'll just have time to mend that railing before breakfast."

XX

Joyce had slipped out early. There was something unbearable in the house's morning stir, its sense of preparation for living in which she would have no part.

Under the pine trees she was far enough from the house to consider it as a whole. With the anxious apprehension of the artist, who needs to *feel* his subject before he can begin work, she studied its weatherbeaten secrecy. The long line of the roof sagged a little, like an animal inured to carry burdens. The two semi-circled bays, flanking the verandah, kept the garden under scrutiny. Each of all those windows had its own outlook on life. A thread of smoke stole from the kitchen chimney,

sifting into the hazy morning. Imperceptible grayness was in the nebulous light, filtered through a prickling gauze of ocean fog. The house was waiting, waiting. That vapory air dimmed the bright world like breath on a mirror. It was as though the sun would never burn again. Yet, for her mood, it was somehow right. A morning of fire and blue would have been indecent.

Houses, built for rest and safety, and then filled with the tension of such trivial sufferings. I wonder if anyone has ever done a true portrait of a house. The opaque pearly light now seemed to her more sincere than any glamour of sun or moon. But how reluctant it was to surrender its meaning. She could hear the excited voices of the children, calling to and fro. Her mind was still pursuing something—she didn't know just what. It was like trying to think of a forgotten word. The house hasn't yet quite got over being empty so long, she thought. It's still a little bit empty. Or it believed that being lived in again would be such fun, and now it's disappointed. It had forgotten that life is like this.

She began to paint. This picture was for George, to remind him of things he did not know he knew. It must have love in it, and something more, too. The name of this picture, she said to herself, is A Portrait of a House Saying Good-by.

The shading was very odd along the verandah, between the two turreted bays and beneath the overhang of the sleeping porch. The light came from no direction, it was latent and diffused, softened in slopes and patches among many angles. She had already dabbed in the profile of the building when she realized what it was that she wanted. It was not the outside of the house but an interior that was forming in her mind. She left the outline tentative, as it was, and imagined the side of the house to be transparent. Under the sharp line of the balcony her brush struck through the glassed verandah and found itself in the dining room. The tinted panes gave her a clean spot of color to focus on. Below these the room was obscure, but then the brush had discovered a pool of candlelight to dip in. Shadowy figures were sitting there, but just as she was about to sketch them they seemed to dissolve from their chairs and run toward the windows, looking outward furtively. There was another, too, outside the little sitting room, whispering in a dapple of black and silver chiaroscuro. Oh, if I could only catch what this means. If someone could help me. If George were here to help me. His large patience, his dear considering voice with the wandering parentheses of thought she had so often mocked and loved. Voice so near her now and soon so impossible to hear. No one would help her. No one can ever help the artist. Others she saves, herself she cannot save. . . .

She had saved him. She had saved Phyllis's George, given Phyllis the greatest gift of all. Given her back those Georges, enriched with understanding and fear. But could she save her own poor phantom, or even herself? Ah, she was going back to her own life. She thought of that adored city waiting for her, its steep geometries of building, its thousand glimpses that inflame the artist's eye. Extraordinary: you'd expect to find a painter exultantly at work on every street corner; and how rarely you see 'em! And the subway, with rows of shrewd and weary faces; girls with their short skirts and vivid scarves; men with clean-shaved sharply modelled mouths . . . the endless beauty of people, and their blessed insensibility to the infernal pang. . . . Yes, that was what Phyllis could do for him better than she: dull and deaden that nerve in his mind; chloroform George the Fourth, the poor little bastard!

She was going back to her own life. Back to the civilized pains of art; its nostalgia for lost simplicity, its full and generous tolerance, its self-studious doubt, its divinely useless mirth, its

disregard of things not worth discussing among the tenderly disenchanted. Never try to explain things you know are true. As soon as you begin to do that, they seem doubtful.

A darkness kept coming into the picture. It was as though the lonely silence that had been stored up in that house was now draining out of it, seeping into the absorbent air. The fog was thickening and distorted perspectives. The house was out of drawing. That tricky shadow under the balcony was baffling: it made the whole porch seem out of plumb. Holding up a brush to get a true horizontal, she saw that Martin was coming across the lawn.

"Why, it's Bunny!" he said, pointing to the figure she had hastily suggested with a few strokes. "I know now why she wanted you to help me."

Joyce did not look up.

"You must go, at once," she said.

"I was lying in bed, waiting for it to be time to get up. I saw that some of the wallpaper, by the window, was torn. When I looked at it I found the mouse-pattern underneath. It's the old nursery."

"That's what Bunny meant! Go and look in the cupboard, see if you can find it, the mouse I gave you. That's your only chance."

"I think I understand now."

"You mean, you know that we're the same—"

"Yes, that this is what we're all coming to. Except Bunny . . . and, and you. *You* haven't done it, not quite. . . ."

"Martin, I'm worst of all," she cried. "I'm neither one nor the other."

"No, I think Ben is the worst," he said slowly. "It's too bad, he was such a nice boy."

"Quick, go away, don't try to learn too much. You must go for *their* sake. If they find out who you are—"

She had a sick presentiment that they must hurry. And still he lingered and she could feel time sloping toward some bottomless plunge.

"Perhaps I don't want to go. There's something I don't quite understand. You all look at one another so queerly: look, and then turn away. What is it? What's happened that hurts you so?"

How could she answer? How tell him that the world is often too fierce for its poor creatures, overstrains and soils them in their most secret nerves; and that with all their horrors they would not have it otherwise? He had come like the unspoiled essence of living, groping blindly for what it divines to be happy and real and true; he was thwarted and damned by the murderous pettiness of his own scarred brethren. If I had two friends called Food and Hunger, I'd never introduce them to each other. Must she, who was born to love him, be the one to tell him this?

"You *must* go. Don't you see, it isn't only us. It's you too. You and George. . . . Oh, I tried not to tell you. George is just you grown up."

He looked at her appalled.

"You're the George that was once. That's why he hates you so. . . . You're George the Fifth, I suppose," she said, forgetting he wouldn't understand.

"I *won't* be like George!" he exclaimed. "But I shan't go unless you'll come with me. Help us to go back and we'll never come again."

She did not tell him that she could never go back; that he must go alone; that they would always be lonely.

"Hurry, hurry," was all she could say.

He was running toward the house.

She tried to follow, but some sluggish seizure was about her limbs. The house, shadowy in deepening mist, loomed over her. She seemed to hear its passages patter with racing feet. There was a face at the pantry window. Perhaps there was a face at every window. There always is. She dared not look.

There *were* racing feet. The three children burst onto the porch above her.

"Time for breakfast!" they called.

"And then we'll be ready for the Picnic!"

Now she knew. The whole dumb face of the house had been warning her; George's premonition last night was the same. She tried wildly to wave them back, but her voice was sealed. Frolicking with excitement, Janet and Sylvia and Rose ran to the railing and leaned over to shout to her.

"See if there are any cobwebs! If there are, it's not going to rain."

Time swayed over her like an impending tree, tremulous, almost cut through. It seemed so gingerly poised that the mere fury of her will could hold it stable for a moment. Where was Martin? Oh, if he found the mouse in time he would get back before this happened, and perhaps his memory would be wiped clean. She saw George appear at the door of the porch with tools in his hands.

"We're going to have ginger ale at the Picnic," Sylvia was calling.

She tried to hold Time still with her mind. She was frantically motioning the children back, crying out and wondering whether her voice made any sound. The balustrade was going, she saw the old splintery wood cracking, swaying, sagging. There was a snapping crash of breaking posts. The children's faces flushed with gaiety, their mouths open, suddenly changed. They leaned forward and still farther forward, holding out their arms to her as though for a terrified embrace. They were beginning to fall. After so many sudden tears and little troubles, how could they know that this was more than one last strange tenderness? And as the railing shattered and they fell she saw that Martin was at the door of the porch. He had found it.

XXI

The candles were still smoking on the cake, the children all trooping toward the hall.

"Wait, wait!" he cried. "Come back a minute!"

They turned in surprise. The Grown Ups, very large in the doorway, looked like gigantic prison guards faced by some sudden unexpected insurrection.

"Don't let's play that game," he said breathlessly. "It's too terrible."

"What game?" asked Mrs. Richmond.

"We made up a game, a game of spies, to—" He realized that he couldn't possibly explain with the Parents standing there. He caught Joyce's eye. She looked frightened.

"Why, Martin, how silly you are," chirped Phyllis. "Of course we weren't going to play it, not really."

"He's not silly!" Joyce cried fiercely. "*I* was going to play it."

"So was I," Bunny flashed. "Phyllis is telling lies. We *were* going to play it, we wanted to find out whether Grown Ups have a good time."

"Bunny, Bunny," said her mother reprovingly. "Tell Phyllis you're sorry. You mustn't forget that she's a guest."

"When I grow up," said Phyllis primly, "I'm going to have a lot of children and teach them lovely manners."

"When *I* grow up," Bunny exclaimed, "my children won't never have to say Thank-you or they're sorry unless they really mean it."

"When *I* grow up," Ruth said, "I'm going to do without children. They're too much of a burden."

"Perhaps when the time comes," said one of the guards, "they'll find it's not so easy as it sounds."

Martin turned hopelessly to the boys. "Ben, don't *you* grow up. It isn't fun. Ben, I— I *advise* you not to grow up."

"Quit your kidding," Ben retorted. "What's biting you?"

"*Ben!*" exclaimed an outraged parent. "Where on earth do you pick up that way of talking? Why, I'm amazed at you."

Martin saw it was too late. Already something had happened. Just the invasion of elders into the room had changed them all.

"Mother!" he appealed. "Tell the

truth, it's important, cross your heart and hope to die. *Do* you have a good time?"

"Why, dear, what an absurd question."

"They won't tell us," he cried bitterly. "They're all liars!"

Fathers and Mothers looked at each other.

"It's time to get them home. Parties always upset them. Ben, stop biting your nails."

"Joyce, what on earth are you snivelling about? Really, it seems as though the more you do for them the less they appreciate it."

The rain had thinned to a drizzle. Martin stood uneasily in the hall while the others collected umbrellas and rubbers and slipped away. The house smelt of raincoats and fresh wallpaper.

"Martin, what *is* it? Don't you see I'm busy talking? What do you keep pulling my arm for?"

He had only wanted to ask her if they could invite Joyce to stay to supper. But he couldn't shout it out before everyone.

"Well, then, if you didn't want anything, what are you bothering about? Go and say good-by to Joyce. Say it politely, and tell her you hope she'll come again. And then your father wants to speak to you."

But Joyce had already gone, and when she looked back to try to show him she understood, she did not see him. His father was asking him if a boy ten years old didn't know better than to insult his parents like that.

THE END

The Lion's Mouth

THE FAITHFUL TROUBADOUR

BY NEWMAN LEVY

IN the far-off land of Mugginheim there once dwelt in a modest ivy-covered cottage a poor but well-meaning troubadour by the name of Pierre. Pierre was what we might call a natural musician. At the age of three he could play "Chop Sticks" upon the old square piano that stood in the kitchen of his mother's humble home. He was, moreover, no mean performer upon the comb and tissue paper, and by the time he reached his twelfth birthday he could strum a lute along with the best lutists in Mugginheim. In addition he had a tenor voice. And so in the fullness of time he arrived at man's estate, whatever that may be. To put it in a phrase, he grew up.

One fine day Pierre, with his trusty lute hung gaily across his shoulder by a bright red ribbon, entered his mother's kitchen.

"Ma," he said cheerfully, "I'm going gypsying."

"You're going right down to the grocers," she said, "to get me—"

"It's springtime," he said, "and the sap of youth runs riot in my veins."

"Sap is right," replied his mother. "How do you get that way? You've got a good job in Meyer's Cloak and Suit House."

"No, ma," said Pierre. "I have dreamed of this for years. To roam the broad highway; to earn my bread with my song and lute; to sleep beneath the moon and the friendly stars—"

"All right. Have it your way," said his mother. "Don't forget to take your heavy underwear."

"A wandering minstrel I," said Pierre. "A thing of shreds—"

"And patches," his mother added in a rich contralto. "Of ballads, songs, and snatches." For she was not without music herself.

And so it came to pass that Pierre went forth a gypsying and wandered through many strange countries and saw many strange things. And in the course of his wanderings he came at last to the land of Dunkelbrau, where lived a wealthy baron named Krausmeyer. This baron dwelt in a mighty castle with his wife and his daughter, the beautiful Lady Felice. Many knights of noble birth, of valor, and of wealth had sought in vain the hand of the fair Felice. She was more radiant than the sun, more beautiful than the moon—in fact, awfully good looking. But to the great sorrow of her excellent and aristocratic parents she stubbornly refused to wed.

One day as Felice chanced to look out the window of the castle billiard room, whither she had gone to practice for the local Kelly Pool tournament, Pierre happened by. He caught one glimpse of the lady's face and he was madly, passionately, hopelessly in love. "Girl of my dreams," he murmured. He seized his lute and sang this serenade:

"Girl of my dreams,
Oh girl of my dreams,
You are my dream girl,
My only dream girl,
Girl of my dreams."

Which was not bad at all, considering that he had made up the words right there on the spot. Had Pierre lived in a later day he would have been a popular song writer. Lady Felice, who had a kind heart, threw him a red rose that she always wore in her hair for that purpose, and the bard departed happy.

That night at seven-thirty sharp he appeared before the window of the billiard room of the castle and serenaded conscientiously until eleven-fifteen. The Lady Felice's room happened to be on the other side of the house, but that did not disturb our minstrel. He did not know it. The castle servants gathered on the garden wall and applauded each number with great gusto. The lovelorn troubadour was obliged to give several encores before he was permitted to depart, tired but happy.

The following night he was back on the job again, and every night thereafter; moonlight, rain, thunder—it was all the same to Pierre. He was a sticker, he was. The fair Felice after a day or two left for the seashore to spend a week with some friends, but Baron Krausmeyer and his good wife Ottilie and the castle servants enjoyed the concerts immensely.

"There's Felice's young man again," said the Baroness one evening as Pierre began tuning up in the garden. "I've been thinking that we ought to give a musicale some night. You know we ought to have the Gabriels and Ottenbergs. They've had us to dinner and we owe them a party."

"A rum bunch, by my halidom," exclaimed the Baron, as Pierre burst into the opening bars of "You are My Dream Girl." "Let's have the Churchills and the Ernsts too, and finish them all up in one evening."

The following Wednesday night the billiard room of the castle was crowded with guests. All the aristocracy of the neighborhood was present. Sandwiches and other refreshments were served and throughout the evening Pierre, standing outside in the garden, entertained them with chanson, ballad, and roundelay. As the guests departed they one and all voted the evening a huge success.

The year wore on, as years have a habit of doing, but throughout the changing seasons, through wind and rain, through storm and sleet, the devoted troubadour stood at his post and poured out nightly his hopeless love.

The Krausmeyers gave frequent musical evenings, and after a while they began to acquire quite a local reputation as patrons of the arts. At times when the minstrel would burst into a more lilting measure, the young folks would roll up the rugs and indulge in the dances of the period.

The following spring the castle was all a bustle with preparation for the wedding of Lady Felice. For the proud beauty had at last yielded her heart to the handsome Prince Roland of Aquitaine.

"I think, mamma," said the Baron, "that we ought to have some musicians for the wedding. It makes the ceremony so impressive, and then the young folks like to dance afterward."

"I've an idea," said the Baroness. "We'll have an evening wedding and Felice's young man—"

"Ex-young man, my dear."

"Ex-young man can furnish the music. It will save expense."

And so it happened that as the Archbishop of Mugginheim spoke the words that made the Lady Felice the Princess of Aquitaine, there floated through the castle windows the poignant song of the love-sick troubadour:

"Girl of my dreams,
Oh girl of my dreams,
You are my dream girl,
My only dream girl,
Girl of my dreams."

They tell in Mugginheim that when the Princess of Aquitaine brings her two children, Lord Ronald, aged ten, and Lady Agatha, aged six, to visit their grandparents, the old folks as a special treat sometimes allow the children to remain up after dinner to hear the strange man singing in the garden.

HELEN, THY BEAUTY IS TO ME——

BY MORRIS BISHOP

HELEN of Troy, thy hair and eyes and lips
Comfort us still; for down the ages come
Tales of that face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium.
(The last two lines are Marlowe's, and not mine,
But, Editor, two dollars yet are due me.
A dollar is my normal rate per line;
If Marlowe claims two dollars, let him sue me.)

Ay, Helen, as the moon draws up the sea,
Whelming her lovers in a watery tomb,
So did thy beauty draw relentlessly
A myriad well-greaved heroes to their doom.
What was the secret of thy beauty rare?
Was it a secret advertised to-day?
Elimination of superfluous hair?
Or incrustation of the face with clay?

Ah, did thy face so moonlight-exquisite
Summon thy hapless lovers from afar
Because the soap with which thou washed'st it
Was properly combined of oil and tar?
Or did'st thou learn that secret none confides,
Save innocent children, in their murmurs low
To them who oft are bridesmaids, never brides,
Because they did not know, they did not know?

Or did'st thou learn that secret yet more dark,
Why friendships wither and why loves decay:
That healthy glow afflicting, we remark,
Maud Muller, raking all a summer's day?
Or does thy beauty triumph o'er the years
Because, when Priam's stalwart sons would feast
On bullocks roasted whole, and sheep and steers,
Thou would'st restrict thyself to cakes of yeast?

Alas, we do not know, we do not know;
Thy beauty now is dust on Mysian plains,
Blown with thy lovers' ashes to and fro,
And only Homer's deathless word remains;
And Homer tells us not the beauty hints
Of Helen, in his poet's heart enshrined;
I'd like to bet that Helen was a quince—
For good old Homer, you recall, was blind.

THE NEW TORIES

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"I HAD a blow the other day," said Tibbetts sadly.

"Physical?" I asked sympathetically.

"Spiritual," said Tibbetts. "I was called conservative."

Now Tibbetts has been called many things but never, to my knowledge, conservative. His lively desire to improve the world has manifested itself in socialism, pacifism, supporting Eugene Debs, picketing at Paterson strikes, interceding for conscientious objectors, getting arrested for reading the Constitution in Jersey City, and otherwise making himself obnoxious to the National Security League. If Tibbetts were called conservative, it could only be because some new and more violent shade of red had been invented.

"But have you changed your mind?" I asked incredulously. "Have you recanted?"

"Not a bit," said he. "That's just it. I still revere the memory of Lenin as much as ever, and my opinion of Andrew Mellon hasn't changed a particle."

"Then who in the name of heaven called you conservative?"

"It was little Lucy Sanderson," said Tibbetts. "You know her? Nineteen years old and filled with an urge to be mentally up to date. People like Lucy are the perfect straws to show which way the intellectual wind blows—that's

why her opinion upsets me. Ten years ago she would have been trying to understand Herbert Croly's editorials in the *New Republic* because that was the advanced thing to do. Five years ago, along with bobbed hair, cigarettes, and petting parties, she'd have taken up syndicalism, W. Z. Foster, and Gandhi, and would have considered me at least a minor prophet. But now—would you believe it?—she regards us as shopworn. She has gone in for the very latest thing: being a jaded anti. She's an anti-reformer, anti-moralist, anti-democrat: in short, a New Conservative. Talking with her has taught me what people mean when they say that the radical of one generation becomes the conservative of the next. They don't mean that he changes his mind; they mean that the pendulum swings the other way and, instead of pushing it, he finds he's pulling it.

"I had quite an illuminating conversation with Lucy," continued Tibbetts. "It began when she said something slurring about Chautauquas, and I told her that they had an educational value if they woke people up to think even a little about their condition of life.

"'Let 'em sleep,' said Lucy, 'and then they won't be so obnoxious, the stupid peasants. Rotarians and Methodists and that sort of thing. Oh, I know you wouldn't agree, but you're so conservative, with all your mushy idealism and your tiresome democratic bunk about the masses, about these—do you know what Mencken would call them?—obscene cattle!'

"'So ho,' said I, 'you follow that jolly old Tory, do you?'

"'Tory!' exclaimed Lucy. 'Why, he's most awfully modern.'

"'He uses violent language, if that's what it is to be modern,' I replied, 'but he's a Tory just the same. Did you ever read his loving praises of Nietzsche during the war? Like every Junker, he wants to be let alone with his privileges and to enjoy the fruits of the earth. He may happen to be, not a social or financial, but an intellectual aristocrat, and to prefer the fruits of literature and the arts to those of the earth, but the principle is the same: essentially he's one with the English country gentleman, the Virginia planter, the Russian nobleman. The amazing thing is that he has performed the incredible feat of making Toryism look shocking.'

"Lucy looked at me as if I were mad. 'But it isn't only Mencken,' she said. '*Everybody* who's modern feels the same way. We hate censors and Congressmen and blue-stockings and sentimentalists and all these tiresome people who want to make the world a better place. We want to be let alone to drink what we please, and keep our servants in their places and read what we please without a lot of illiterate policemen telling us what's good for us. We're intelligent enough to know that we civilized people are superior to the mob—we might as well be honest and admit it—and it's none of their business what we do.'

"'But if everybody acted that way,' I began, 'what about the public?—'

"'The public be damned,' said Lucy promptly.

"She didn't know Commodore Vanderbilt had said it fifty years ago. She thought it was a new and radical protest.

"Since that conversation with Lucy I've been wondering about these new Tories," Tibbetts went on. "I've talked with a lot of them. Their idea of living dangerously is to read Michael Arlen. Their idea of a pioneer is George Jean Nathan, who likes the world very well as it is, thank you, if only nobody interferes with his doing as he pleases. They devour Cabell and Dreiser not because they can write, but because they are supposed to be naughty. They think Bertrand Russell and Lowes Dickinson and Max Eastman and Scott Nearing a lot of old fogies who rant about isms which have nothing to do with the price of gin or of a smuggled copy of *Ulysses*. They despise Calvin Coolidge, not because he's the tool of big business"—Tibbetts is often elo-

quent on this subject—"but because he's moral and dull and the Knights of Pythias swear by him. Where we old radicals abominate Judge Gary, they don't care a rap about him one way or the other; their pet aversion is Dr. Frank Crane—and why? Because he plays into the hands of the capitalists? Not for a moment. Because he's sloppy. They'd like him to be hard, bright, worldly, and cynical: to call human beings incontinent animals and life an obscene farce. And all the time the hunkies in the mills are toiling in economic slavery, and the diplomats are swapping concessions and brewing new and more hideous wars, while these new Tories sit exquisitely and sip their cocktails and fiddle the new jazz, and snap their fingers at the welfare of the common man, and think they're the heralds of a new age!"

Tibbetts was getting violent. I tried to calm him.

"But why bother about them?" said I. "If they're just a new brand of Tories, I'm not surprised you don't like them. You never were very keen on Tories."

"But don't you see?" cried Tibbetts. "If they think they're radical and everybody else thinks so, then they *are*. A radical is just a man who's terribly anxious to have the world move faster in the direction it's going. If this new Toryism is considered radical, that means that the drift is in their direction. And what becomes of us with our Youth Movement and our industrial democracy and our internationalism? We're just trying to hang on to the pendulum.

"Did you ever sit on the front seat of a street car when it reached the end of the line and have the motorman take his little handle and go back to the other end, and wake up to realize that you were in the back seat of a car going the other way? Well, that's how I feel now. It's unsettling. There's a satisfaction in knowing you're in the front seat. But to be back with the conductor and headed the wrong way . . . What's a fellow to do?"

He looked at me dismally.

"Suppose you stay in your seat and wait?" I suggested. "In due time the car will reach the other end of the line. And then . . ."

"Of course!" he cried triumphantly. Then his face fell, and for a moment he was lost in thought.

"Life," said he at last, "is nothing but a damned shuttle."

"You new Tory," said I.

Editor's Easy Chair

SINCE THEY BURIED FITZPATRICK

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN did old times end and the new era begin? . . . In 1914? . . . Before that! . . . With the beginning of the new century?

One would say a little earlier. Somehow, in the mind of the Easy Chair it is associated with Fitzpatrick's funeral. The exact year of the funeral matters not, but it was in the summer, along somewhere in the late '90s, and the picture of it going by on a dusty road as one looked out of the window of a book-lined study in the old house in Owasco, is for some reason extraordinarily vivid in the mind—a long, long succession of buggies and farmers' light wagons filing by after the mortal remnants of Fitzpatrick; summer, sunshine, and dust; and a sense that the affection and regard the funeral showed was all well due, and earned by benefits conferred.

Fitzpatrick was a butcher; doubtless an Irishman; probably a Catholic, else why should his funeral have been proceeding down the road past our house to the town where there was a Catholic church and cemetery? He lived somewhere up the lake, in Sempronius maybe, for Owasco is in classical New York. Somewhere in that neighborhood our fellow-citizen John D. Rockefeller spent his boyhood and first began to practice the art of acquisition in which he has won such great renown. Not so Fitzpatrick. He did nothing momentous in that line. He was a butcher, as said, an active, hearty man, who came down the road two or three times a week on his meat wagon, supplying animal food to households and taking a lively and benevolent interest in the concerns of his fellow-creatures. A very good man, who lived a life of service, as was attested by that long line of farmer vehicles trailing along after a hearse on a dusty road on a summer day.

In '96 or '97 that must have been. Perhaps the Spanish War was going on. Anyhow, it was imminent, and that was the beginning of the new times.

My gracious! Consider what changes thirty years have wrought in this world and in human life! The Spanish War! A more or less absurd proceeding, but we came out of it a different country. Then the Boer War. Then the coruscating era of Roosevelt. Then the Mexican difficulties. Then Wilson, and 1914, and everything that has happened since, and all through this period habits changing, motor cars driving horses off the road, man-flight accomplished, wireless achieved, the Great War, prohibition launched in the United States—all the world mussed up, agitated, and finally left on our hands in a heap, tangled, towseled, perplexed, distraught, as it is to-day.

THE new era has undoubtedly come, but no one can say yet where it is coming out. The more one regards it, the more uncertain he must be as to the details of its development.

We may have ever so much faith that human life is progressing to a better

phase and yet be left full of speculations as to the immediate processes of that progress. The truth is they do not look particularly engaging, though the efforts at Locarno were encouraging.

Consider war! The world has had war, was for a time quite seriously oversupplied with it; is quite positive that it does not want any more; is pretty sure that it is an extremely expensive cure and very liable to kill the patient, and yet it does not know how to get rid of it. It is in a most curious state about that. Its wise men work hard on the problem of putting war out of business. They convene, they discuss, they send disputes to referees and settle a good many of them. The governments they represent no longer threaten force. They know they cannot afford to fight. They know that fighting is not profitable, and yet there never was less turning of swords into plowshares than there is just now. Everybody is afraid that there will be another big fight and nobody, except the Quakers, wants to get into it barehanded. Along with the vision of a new world and new conditions of life go the compulsions and the considerations of the old world and the old conditions. The habit of carrying a gun is extremely strong in nations. The public sentiment of the world is that nobody should go armed except the policemen, but no general rule to that effect has yet been contrived.

And there are morals and there is religion. Neither of them in a very satisfactory case: crimes of violence abounding, divorce very prevalent; the law not respected, and in the opinion of many good minds not respectable; the churches and their members involved in creedal disputes, and not at all pleased with themselves nor with one another; quite aware that things are not going with them as they should; suspicious that they have lost something and very perperplexed where to look for it.

"Youth is on the loose," says a book reviewer, "because the tribal *mores* are in collapse. The adult has lost his relentless faith in right and wrong, a thousand new influences are at work in the child's environment—the comic strips, the 'movies,' the headlines, post-war cynicism, advertising, increasing city congestion—and single inviolable standards have given way to a confusing multiplicity of standards. The old handholds are rotten and the new ones have not been forged." So says Mr. Stuart Chase, described as "of the New York Labor Bureau," reviewing a couple of books in the Sunday *Tribune's* literary supplement.

Prohibition is not dead, neither is it particularly thriving. The Federal Council of Churches has reviewed it punctiliously and at length, and said in effect that it was languishing and needed tonics. Maybe it needs a drink. Certainly it is not giving much satisfaction even to its adherents and supporters. A new program for it is announced; a very good enforcement agent has been put in charge in the person of General Andrews; somewhat more sense has been contributed to the theory of enforcement and a good deal of nonsense has been shown the way to the back door and may have to go out. So Prohibition in the United States after five years of effort is still a speculation. The main discussion about it is whether it can be helped by modification.

BUT that is uncertain like everything else—like the foreign debts, for example. Part of the cure of the world is held to be the funding of the war debts due to the United States from France, Italy, Belgium, and others. That is another speculation. Great Britain has arranged for the payment of her debt to us and her payments are coming in, but they do not give any great degree of satisfaction. A lot of people here squirm about it and are afraid that England cannot afford what she is paying nor we to receive what we are taking. There is no great peace of mind about these payments, nor will there be about other payments so long as they come

out of countries heavily burdened with obligations and hampered by a great falling off of trade. If the countries that owe us money came jointly to the counting room with bags of it gathered out of their prosperity and turned it in with thanks for the accommodation, that would be one thing; but nothing like that is going on at all. All payments are made more or less under protest and the gratitude of mankind to us at present is almost exclusively the sense of favors to come, especially of loans. It is a grand thing to be unpopular in a good cause but less felicitous to be so when one is worried for fear he is not doing entirely right.

Also, connected with the foreign debts is the glaring fact that if paid at all they must be paid by imports from the countries that owe them. The fear of imports is always strong in our manufacturers, and we run a tariff up sky high against the very payments we arrange for. And there is every prospect that we shall run it up higher if our manufacturers find themselves in competition with the cheaper labor of debt-paying Europe. Somehow it seems neither good sense nor good morals to insist upon repayments and at the same time build up a wall against them. All that one can hope is that payments in goods will not be abundant enough to raise the tariff wall extortionately and increase in a serious measure the prices of things we have to buy.

Then there is the curious disturbance over evolution, considerably mixed up, sad to say, with politics. It was the same way with prohibition. The people who wanted prohibition put it into politics as strongly as they could. They organized to beat all candidates for office who opposed it and organized with great effectiveness. So the anti-evolutionists, who insist that evolution is contrary to the accepted theories of religion, are ready to organize against candidates who do not take that view. Undoubtedly there is coming a restatement of the religious belief of religious people in our day. So much news has come to the world about so many things, and so much more is coming so fast, that the old statements which were good in their day, do not hold the contemporary mind. It does not understand how to reconcile the facts of life and the history of life as it knows them with the religious statements that have come down to them. If they knew more about those statements and how they came to be, and if they knew more about the new knowledge and how far from complete it is, and how many of its deductions will not hold water, they would understand that the reconcilement which must be made is not so difficult as they suppose. There is no true conflict between different statements of truth, but there is plenty of conflict between half-truths, and that is what is going on now. It is not calamitous; it is not really serious, because in due time it will work out, and because new knowledge will correct the errors of old knowledge; but these adjustments while they are going on are troublesome, and the age-old disposition of human creatures to insist that other human creatures shall accept the religious and moral and political conclusions that they have themselves arrived at is making trouble and will make more trouble just as it always has.

BY MACHINERY and by the great development of what we call education, and by the immense increase of the powers of man over material things we have made enormous gains in efficiency, but we have not gained equally in tolerance. That is the main trouble with us and the cure for it is more knowledge, and especially more knowledge of spiritual things. The efficiency of man is increased by what is taught in the schools —reading, writing, arithmetic, chemistry, physics, and all the sciences, but no increase of knowledge in those subjects alone will save the world or bring peace to it; for one may be skilled in all those matters and yet have no true concep-

tion of the purpose of human life and the spiritual laws that govern us.

Materialism—says a current writer—is bankrupt as a practical philosophy of conduct. In its practical working it is not a philosophical theory but a habit of mind. Its effects are always disastrous because it reduces morality to convention. It always degenerates into Epicureanism and regards Religion as a dope for the masses in the interests of property. It removes God from the world, makes the human will the only arbiter of conduct, exalts selfishness (enlightened or otherwise) as the only rule of life, and the logical result never fails to work out in conflicts and the dominance of brute force. It was so in Greece, in Rome and in Judæa, and there are plenty of modern examples of the same sequences, both international and social. This ignoring of the actual and inevitable result of the Law of Spiritual Consequences which is the real governance of God, is exceedingly common at the present day. Whole classes in every nation act as though God were a negligible quantity. It is this forgetfulness which moved the warnings of the Hebrew prophets, and it invariably works out in national disaster just because the moral law is as much a part of the constitution of the universe as gravitation.

That is a good statement (by Stanley De Brath) of what ails our world at the present time. It is a picture of the slough we are in and it suggests the true reason for the embarrassment of us Americans about those foreign debts. It is a habit of our minds to consider that borrowed money must be repaid. So, as a rule, it must, but there is a higher law about it, and that we do not seem capable of comprehending or applying. But events may apply it and in ways we shall not like by consequences that will be both painful and expensive and so, possibly, we shall learn.

In great crises, so long as they last, selfish habits of mind seem to dissolve. When San Francisco was shaken down and burned up everyone for a time seemed to look after everybody else. So it was very considerably in the war. So it is when floods drive antagonistic animals to hill tops. They don't fight one another while the waters are high, but when the waters subside again the animals return to their hereditary antagonisms, and dog and cat dispute as before. Must it be that this world is to fall again into torment before the nations finally learn to be brotherly to one another? That is really the great question of the time; whether we can learn soon enough to be good to avert a lot more punishment, or whether we are so stupid that our heads must be knocked together, our treasures wasted, and hearts broken again by wholesale bereavement? No one knows the answer to that question. We have gained in efficiency and lost in tolerance. Somehow we must make up that loss; somehow we must get better understanding of what life is about and of what Mr. De Brath calls the law of Spiritual Consequences, which is the real governance of God.

The means to do so are not lacking. The quest for saving spiritual knowledge was never keener than it is now, never pressed more resolutely, and never with richer and more astonishing results. Not in all our concerns are the blind leading the blind. There are those who see and practice constantly to see better; who find a message worth giving and give it. In all religious companies and outside of organized religion altogether, one finds such people, and the pith of their messages is the same. The world is by no means going out in darkness. On the contrary it never was more conscious of light ahead, and never more eager to reach it. Its necessities compel that eagerness, and if it seems to lag, as it does, it is only because the critical state of its affairs seems so urgently to demand haste.

So they do, but no living man can make a timetable for mankind. The best he can do is to try to increase and diffuse true intelligence, for according to the true intelligence of men is their behavior, and according to their behavior events befall.

Personal and Otherwise

IS THE institution of marriage collapsing? What hope is there that it will survive the vicissitudes of this new age? We give the opening position this month to a thoroughgoing study of the present condition of American marriage, by ***Doctor Beatrice M. Hinkle,*** a prominent New York physician who is one of the leading authorities on psychoanalysis and particularly on the work of Jung. She is the author of *The Re-Creating of the Individual.* "The Chaos of Modern Marriage" is to be included as a chapter in the forthcoming *Book of Marriage,* edited by Count Hermann Keyserling and published by Harcourt, Brace & Co.

Whatever ***Frank R. Kent*** says about our political decline is worth listening to, for he knows American public affairs inside and out, and is one of the most respected political correspondents in the country. He wrote *The Great Game of Politics,* and has been with the Baltimore *Sun* (of which he is now vice-president) almost uninterruptedly since 1898.

The first story of the month comes to us from a writer who, still in his twenties, has already two successful novels to his credit. ***Cyril Hume*** was not long out of Yale when he wrote *The Wife of the Centaur;* his second book is *Cruel Fellowship.*

The publication of an article by ***Colonel Edward M. House*** is an event of importance; for few men in the world have had an experience in international affairs comparable with his, and he seldom breaks his silence. His opinion of Paderewski will surprise many a reader who is not accustomed to think of the greatest pianist of the age as also one of the greatest statesmen.

Gordon Arthur Smith, who contributes "The Sapphire," is a New York story writer whose work has appeared frequently in HARPER'S and other magazines.

Is Mr. Coolidge the wisest statesman of our time, as many are wont to declare; or is he merely a small, shrewd man whose uncanny hold on public esteem is due to amazing luck, as some of his strident critics claim? "Why," as Mr. Martin wrote last month in the Easy Chair, "does he give all but universal satisfaction?" This is the great Coolidge mystery to which ***Bruce Bliven,*** former managing editor of the New York *Globe,* now on the editorial board of the *New Republic,* addresses himself.

The domestic disclosures in "Living on the Ragged Edge" are so intimate that the author naturally prefers to conceal her identity. A few names in her account have been altered to prevent identification; otherwise it faithfully follows the facts of her heart-rending struggle to live inside the family income. Thousands of her contemporaries are in the same boat, and we anticipate a lively discussion. In fact, it is already beginning: on another page we print the comments of two readers who saw the article in proofs.

Doctor Harry Emerson Fosdick no longer needs any introduction to the HARPER public. His department, "Religion and Life," will continue to be a regular monthly feature of the Magazine.

Some ten years ago ***H. G. Dwight*** published a remarkable collection of Turkish stories called *Stamboul Nights.* After the War his duties with the State Department were for some time too arduous to permit of any writing, but his article in our October issue, "The Washington Express," marked his engaging return to the field of letters, and this month we print the second of his new series of papers. The residents of Washington may be expected to greet it with mingled applause and vituperation.

The latest story from the vigorous pen of ***Wilbur Daniel Steele*** will be welcomed by those who enjoyed "The Man Who Saw

Through Heaven" (in our September issue) and "Blue Murder" (in October). Mr. Steele is also the author of two recent novels, *The Isles of the Blest* and *Taboo*.

The bunk in Colonial history as taught to young Americans and remembered by older Americans is isolated by ***Harold U. Faulkner,*** author of *American Economic History,* who recently left an assistant professorship at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to become associate professor of history at Smith College.

The fourth and last short story of this issue is the work of ***Parkhurst Whitney,*** one-time member of the New York *Tribune* staff, who has returned to New York from a sojourn in that paradise of antique-collectors, Hingham, Massachusetts. This is Mr. Whitney's first appearance in HARPER'S.

William Beebe, director of the department of research at the New York Zoölogical Society, author of *Galápagos* and other books, and recent voyager to the Sargasso Sea and points south, is the most widely known of all American naturalists. It is some time since he contributed to HARPER'S, and we welcome the opportunity to publish his latest article.

When ***Philip Guedalla*** was outlining to us his plan for a series of American Revolutionary portraits, he told us he expected to include a "red-faced general." The general now appears in the person of Cornwallis. Mr. Guedalla, formerly a London barrister, is one of the most brilliant English exponents of the art of biographical portraiture. He has written *The Second Empire, Masters and Men,* etc.

We publish this month the final installment of ***Christopher Morley's*** extraordinary serial. Our regret at taking leave of Martin and the five Georges is tempered by Mr. Morley's promise to follow "Thunder on the Left" with a new serial story before long and with other contributions for which he is now gathering material in Europe. Meanwhile "Thunder on the Left" is to appear shortly in book form. It will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co.

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The poets this month are ***Henriette De Saussure Blanding*** (Mrs. Chauncey Goodrich) of Saratoga, California; ***Ethel M. Hewitt,*** an English writer who has previously appeared in HARPER'S; and ***Granville Paul Smith,*** of New York, whose first contribution, "Grief and Sorrow," came out in the October number.

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The Lion's hunger is assuaged by ***Newman Levy,*** New York lawyer and humorist, author of *The Opera Guyed,* etc.; ***Morris Bishop,*** of Ithaca, New York; and ***Frederick L. Allen*** of the HARPER editorial staff.

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For the frontispiece we have selected a winter landscape, painted with ***Jonas Lie's*** characteristic force and brilliance. Born in Norway in 1880, Mr. Lie came to America in 1893. He graduated four years later from the Ethical Culture School, took up the study of painting at the National Academy of Design and the Art Students' League, and made his way to the high position he now occupies among American artists. He is represented in most of the leading American museums.

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Here are two comments, representing two contrasting points of view, on the well-nigh universal problem of income vs. outgo so eloquently set forth in "Living on the Ragged Edge." They come from readers to whom we showed the article in proof. It will be interesting to learn from others how they are solving the problem or how they think it should be solved.

You are quite right in thinking that the problem presented by your anonymous feminine correspondent on the subject of living expenses is of general concern. I should say it represents the condition of from 60 to 70 per cent of the married college graduates between the ages of 25 and 45. I cannot profess any great wisdom on the subject and yet I am intimately acquainted with all of the details. I have lived in or near New York City for 19 years; have been married for 13 of those years; have two children of 6 and 10; my wife has been employed for 10 of the 13 years; and each year finds us barely clear of debt. Yet our joint income would have been a handsome sum a few years ago. It still seems preposterous to us that we cannot save substantially out of it, inasmuch as we live most circumspectly.

Is there any answer?

Well—yes and no.

After much meditation and anguished discussion I have arrived at certain conclusions which satisfy me intellectually even if they do not change the facts or wholly reconcile me to the state of affairs. I cannot say that my conclusions carry a 100% endorsement from my wife. But then I observe that temperament plays a large part in analyses of this sort. For what they are worth I will set down my conclusions.

As far as budgets are concerned, they may all be dropped into the East River.

Because they are no good, you ask? Not at all, I reply cheerfully. On the contrary, because they are, or can be, perfectly sound and workable, but will not be tolerated for a minute by you or by me. Let me explain.

The thing that will be immediately discovered in any honest analysis of expenditures is that the so-called "luxury expenses," the things one is likely to have a bad conscience about, are so small as to be negligible when compared with the major items that cannot be escaped. Write down the figures for house or apartment rent, food, maid, school fees, a minimum of clothes, and a modest summer vacation, and so much of the total income is at once wiped out that there is hardly enough for insurance, dentists or doctors.

You who read these lines, and I too, know that it would be entirely possible for us to give up the flat we are living in and save possibly one-third of our rent. We could also send our children to the public schools; it might even be more American to do so. We could probably dispense with the maid, though this might not gain much, as one of us would have to stop work. We could, however, remain in New York in the summer. A few million other people do and seem to survive. And so on down the list. In fact, any efficient little budget-maker like General Dawes could take your problem or mine and show how $1,000 annually could be banked on it and no lives lost.

Yet I daresay you would refuse to accept the program, just as I would refuse it. Personally I am quite convinced that we do a service to our time in refusing to accept it. And therein resides a certain philosophy which I shall set down briefly for any who like it.

You and I and most of those who feel the grip of these economic pincers are victims of a misfit age. We have been educated for a kind of life which our time regards so contemptuously that it will not reward it with gold or silver. For example, I think I should have made a good mechanic. I like tools and machines. Unquestionably if I had been trained for that trade, my lot in life would have been far more comfortable. The whole vexing social problem of trying to live up to what has become a wealthy man's standard and of giving one's children the surroundings of refinement would be done away with. Unfortunately I received what used to be called the "education of a gentleman," than which I know nothing of less specific gravity to-day in terms of dollars and cents. Yet that has nothing to do with the real value of such an education or with the intrinsic value of the things it prizes in life. The question is: should these be jettisoned for the sake of a bank account? Is success in dollars of so great value that most of the intellectual and spiritual increments should be sternly refused in order to save money? It is this cultural compromise which balks the acceptance of the budget expert, so far as I am concerned.

For myself the choice is clear and I make it, not without some anguish, but still willingly. I do not want money enough to become a go-getter, even if I could be one, which I doubt. On the other hand I value the kind of life we live, with its graces, its luxuries, if you choose, so much for myself and my children that I am willing to go broke each year rather than surrender it for a cheaper, more graceless ideal. Money, after all, is a means to an end. If the end is vulgar, as most of the ends are in our commercialized life, a bank account is a symbol of intellectual poverty.

Perhaps that sounds snobbish; perhaps it has some of the acidity of sour grapes. It need not be either. The truth is, I think, that in every generation certain men and women care more for the beauties of life than for money or place. I do not mean that they would not like money and position but that they stand always on the side of the angels when a choice must be made. To-day, those who prize these things most are chiefly men and women who are fighting to keep afloat in a vast industrial sea and sacrificing much for the things they love.

But who will say it is not a good fight?

It is indeed so fine a cause that it calls for audacity—the kind of impudence that can face a budget in hopeless arrears and then go forth singing to purchase a long-coveted piano, a cherished desk, or an etching that has seduced one to the ultimate surrender. S. F. E.

I feel so strongly about the predicament in which Anonymous and her husband find themselves, that I cannot help writing a few words on the subject.

A few years ago my husband and I discovered that we were in a strangle hold of living expenses that mortgaged all of our small income and pretty good salaries for months ahead.

We stood it for a little while, getting more and more nervous and disheartened, figuring desperate and deceptive budgets, until we realized that we

couldn't cut down on anything and continue our modest but agreeable manner of living. We were both hampered, as Anonymous confesses she is, by standards. There was a long discussion, during which we decided several things—first, that plans to increase our income would not help, we would no doubt soon be as badly off again; second, that we would not give up our standards and wear impossible clothes, eat cheap food, or move to a suburb that we could never be at home in (for, like Mr. and Mrs. Anonymous, we are city people); that we would take a drastic step, rent our house, give up our jobs, move to a rural community where living was actually cheap, go to work there and live there for a year or more if necessary until the rent from the house, our income, and the savings from our rural life should give us enough money to live as we liked for two years or more, without that ghastly burden of no extra money. We hoped for better luck but made our plans to face the worst.

We did move to the country and there we lived for a year, according to schedule. I did housework, my husband got a job that paid enough for us to save a tidy sum, and surprisingly enough we had a delightful time. On returning to New York, our luck improved astonishingly. We resumed our several jobs, our pretty house, our sympathetic manner of living. And we are prepared to resort to the same measures again, cheerfully and with the best of grace, if the need arises.

With this experience vividly in mind, and still enjoying the results, I should suggest that Anonymous and her husband do something drastic for a year or so until they accumulate that precious balance in the bank. Why can't they spend another winter in the country—within commuting range—and rent their town house? The question of the children's school arises, I know, but why would it hurt them to be out of their particular schools for a year, or perhaps two? Here, again, my experience in the mountains prompts me, for the children of eleven whom I knew well there were better equipped for living than any of the children of my friends who are being taught according to the dictates of science or fashion.

After all, I wonder if the children's schooling—I take all this back if they are over fifteen—should be sacrificed to the mental health of their father and mother. And of one thing I am sure: that no small economizing is going to help Anonymous, and that a drastic step will be much more exciting and entertaining than she would seem to think.

H. R. A.

Difficult are the decisions of an editor. The other day a circular sent out by our Subscription Department was returned from Itasca Station, Superior, Wisconsin, with the following ultimatum typed on the back of it in red and blue ink:

GENTLEMEN—

On the return of this letter I will promise to Subscribe for the enclosed offer on the Following Conditions—That with EVERY Magazine YR will have SONG-Birds pictures in & APPEALING the world to SAVE the SONG-BIRDS. FROM the DESTRUCTION of their WORST enemy—The dirty cat & english-Sparrow. & to HELP to TEACH People to ABOLISH the cat.

Now we hold ourselves second to none in our admiration of song-birds, and not a voice has been raised in our editorial councils on behalf of the English sparrow. Yet eager as we are to please each and every subscriber, we find ourselves unable to endorse the total abolition of cats. The decision has been made, and it is adverse. There may be one subscriber lost to us, but our conscience is clear.

* * *

From a new reader in St. Thomas, Virgin Islands.

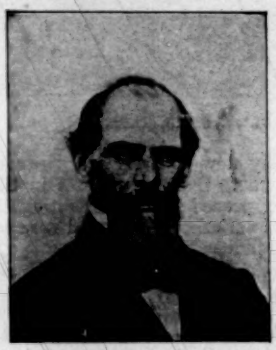
To the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

A few days since I received a very courteous letter from your subscription department, explaining that owing to the rather unusual demand for the September number of the magazine, my copy would be delayed, and would I please have patience, etc. My dear Mr. Editor, if your subscription department or any other is ever guilty of delay in sending me my copy, and it has any such matter as has your October number, just received, there is going to be a scotching of Harper employees, if I ever come to New York. I would not have had a happy moment had you kept from my reach such a delightful collection of stories as is now before me, . . . Steele, Lewisohn, Chesterton, and by no means least that story of Dwight's, "The Washington Express." The glum-looking man who got off at Baltimore was no doubt Mencken. Many thanks—and hurry up the November issue.

JOHN A. ROEBLING'S SONS COMPANY

ESTABLISHED - 1840

NO MORE conspicuous and enduring testimonial exists to the genius and energy of a single man than the Brooklyn Bridge, which has been termed the Eighth Wonder of the World. The name of John A. Roebling and the great industrial organization that he founded, have an almost romantic appeal to the imagination because



JOHN A. ROEBLING

of the picturesque and daring nature of the successive enterprises that now cover a period of nearly one hundred years.

The story of the youth who emigrated from Saxony in 1831 and took to farming in western Pennsylvania, begins prosaically enough; but young Roebling had studied civil engineering in Germany, and in the new world opportunity soon presented itself for a signal demonstration of his future genius.

In those days the primitive methods of transportation by canal-boats included haulage by rope and windlass up inclined planes in the hill country. The hemp ropes used for this purpose were huge, clumsy affairs, costly and short-lived. John Roebling conceived the idea of weaving a rope out of wire, which would have flexibility and far greater strength and durability than ropes woven from vegetable fibre. In his back-yard, so to speak, where he fabricated the first wire rope ever made in America, the first step was taken in the founding of one of America's greatest industrial enterprises Roebling had inaugurated the age of wire. The success of the experiment was instantaneous. The demand for wire ropes poured in upon him from everywhere.

So the little farm at Saxonburg no longer waved with wheat but was transformed into what is known as a "rope-walk"; friends and neighbors who had assisted in the enterprise gave place to a force of regular employees. Within the space of eight years (1840–1848) after the first wire rope was attempted, the business so far outgrew the facilities of the little plant in Saxonburg that John A. Roebling, after consultation with Peter Cooper, moved to Trenton, New Jersey, and began to build what was to become the foremost wire-rope factory in the world.

And again the far-seeing genius of this man was to be demonstrated, and this time in more spectacular fashion. Not content with supplying wire rope and cables for the ordinary uses to which rope is put, Mr. Roebling conceived of a new and startling use which would effect a revolution in transportation. He conceived of an aqueduct or bridge across a stream which need not be supported upon piers but might hang in mid-air from wire cables.

The risk and daring of such a novel conception can still be imagined even in this day of airplanes and super-engineering triumphs. In the face of much opposition and derision, Mr. Roebling had the courage of his convictions, and achieved across the Monongahela River a suspended aqueduct which constituted practically the first suspension bridge.

Other similar constructions followed; but far more spectacular, because of its unique situation, was the suspension bridge which Roebling erected across the gorge at Niagara Falls, carrying the first wire across the vast chasm by flying a kite. The idea of carrying railroad trains over the turmoil of waters on a web apparently so frail, evoked a storm of protest from the engineers of that day, but

ORIGINAL PLANT AT TRENTON, 1848

in March, 1855, the first train passed over it. With one remodelling it continued to carry increasingly heavy loads until, nearly half a century later, it was replaced by a larger structure.

There followed the great bridge across the Ohio at Cincinnati, and then Roebling approached his supreme achievement. He pro-

posed to connect New York and Brooklyn by a gigantic span over the East River. The distance was far greater than any previously attempted, and again criticism and distrust of the enterprise were rampant. This continued for years, but the demand for a bridge eventually rose to a clamor. In May, 1867, the initial charter was granted and Roebling was empowered to begin the great task after his own designs.

The great work, which required thirteen years in building, was completed by his son, Washington A. Roebling, the father having lost his life through an accident during the progress of construction. It evoked the admiration of all mankind. After nearly a half century of use, bearing a vastly greater burden than it was ever designed to carry (so great was John Roebling's calculated margin of safety), it remains a thing of beauty and an enduring tribute to its builder's immortal genius.

UPPER WORKS, TRENTON

LOWER WORKS, TRENTON

In the background of these enterprises stands the great Roebling plant at Trenton, growing from decade to decade with the ever-increasing demand for wire, wire ropes and cables, to greater and greater proportions as a world industry. From a one-story mill employing twenty-five men in 1848, the business expanded in the next quarter of a century until the plant covered several acres of ground and employed one thousand men. But the succeeding quarter century (1875–1900) witnessed a still more phenomenal growth, the Roebling enterprise spreading out over numerous city blocks until it was virtually a small city in itself.

Constantly new methods and refinements in the fabrication of high-grade wires and ropes, and the employment of such wires and ropes in almost every field of modern industry, transportation, and electric communication, has enlarged the products of the Roebling Company to an almost bewildering variety of wires of every shape, size, and complexity.

In 1903 still further expansion of the vast industry led to the selection of a site ten miles distant from Trenton, where a modern industrial plant has been erected to provide the high grades of steel required. Here are located the steel furnaces, blooming, rolling, and wire-drawing mills, so that the Roebling Company now controls every process from crude ore to finished product in the entire complex procedure of fabricating the hundreds of varieties of wire and wire rope that modern industry uses.

Upon a barren tract of land along the Delaware River has sprung up a town of four thousand inhabitants, now named Roebling, with finely paved streets, a park, a hospital, general store, motion picture theatre, athletic field, and a bank in which the Roebling employees are stockholders. Including the two plants at Trenton, N. J., these employees now number eight thousand men.

The extension of uses to which the wire products of the Roebling Company are put to-day are too innumerable to mention. Trolley systems, power plants, automobiles, airplanes, elevators, oil-well drilling, dredging, mining, telephone and telegraph systems are dependent upon wire as an essential. All modern industry, it may be said, is a maze of wire of one sort or another, and this vast world-flung steel net is largely of the weaving of the Roebling Company.

THE NEW PLANT AT ROEBLING, N. J.

Throughout its eighty-five years of history Roebling products have maintained such high-grade standards of utility and durability that the name "Roebling" has become a trade-mark of excellence and reliability known throughout the world.

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